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Willard-Bradley Memoirs

H. A. Willard

Sarah B. Willard

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A Memorial

to

Henry Augustus Willard

and

Sarah Bradley Willard

HENRY KELLOGG WILLARD

PRIVATELY PRINTED

1925

W695
1925

Knopf
Dec. 20, 1944
H

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HENRY K. WILLARD

Henry Augustus Willard

An honorable gentleman who, by the virtue, simplicity and integrity of a long life of more than four score and five years, exemplified the powerful influence of the intelligence, industry, and self-denial which characterized his Puritan ancestors.

Sarah Bradley Willard

A faithful, loving, self-sacrificing wife, a tender and wise mother, who exemplified in her pure life the influence of the discipline and religious teachings of her ancestors. Her heart was warm with the sweetest charities of humanity, and her friendships were as enduring as life itself.

FOREWORD

The motive of this book is two-fold; first — to prepare biographies of my parents as a memorial to them; second — to place before my children the best possible examples of good and upright living, a priceless legacy to them and to me.

If they will keep constantly before them the virtues of honesty, truth, purity, and self-sacrifice, so distinctly manifested in the lives of their beloved grandparents, my effort will not have been in vain. So fascinating has been the genealogical research in both paternal and maternal lines, that the scope of the work has been extended far beyond the original plan.

I desire to express to many friends my sincere gratitude for their invaluable assistance rendered in the compilation of this book.

Henry Kellogg Willard

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LIST OF ABBREVIATED TITLES

W. C. B.	Willard Czar Bradley
H. A. W.	Henry Augustus Willard
S. B. K.	Sarah Bradley Kellogg
S. B. W.	Sarah Bradley Willard
S. R.	Sarah Richards — Sarah Richards Bradley
S. R. B.	Stephen Rowe Bradley
M. R.	Mark Richards
A. R. R.	Ann Ruggles Richards
J. D. B.	Jonathan Dorr Bradley

Part One

Old Meeting House, Westminster, Vt.

Homestead William Czar Bradley
Westminster, Vt., 1807

South Chamber, William Czar Bradley Homestead, Westminster, Vt.

Wallpaper — Chariot Race, about 1808

WESTMINSTER

In the southeastern part of the Green Mountain State, resting in the broad, beautiful valley of the Connecticut, lies the quiet, rural town of Westminster. The township embraces an area of six miles square, traversed by three parallel ranges of gradually rising hills.

The principal village is enclosed by these semi-circular ranges of rounded hills, that, with the gently rolling slope on the New Hampshire side, form a natural amphitheatre — the stage on which were played the most dramatic acts in the early history of Vermont and the American Revolution.

The four "terraces" of Westminster Village, contributing so much to its picturesque beauty, are supposed to have formed the river-bed of the Connecticut at different periods, and correspond to four terraces on the opposite side of the valley.

The first extends along the river bank twenty-four feet above the river-bed, and forms the broad alluvial meadows, crossed by the "Upper Street." The second, ninety feet above the river-bed, extends about one mile each way, and is crossed by the "Lower Street," the central part of the village. The "Upper" and "Lower" streets form the broad and historic avenue, two miles in length and ninety-six feet in width, running nearly parallel with the river. This avenue, laid out in the time of George II, was originally one hundred and sixty feet wide and was called the "King's Highway."

On the second terrace, at the beginning of the "Lower Street," stood the Court House erected in 1772, with a broad, level space to the south and west. A short distance to the south was the "Old Meeting House" built in the centre of the "Highway" in 1767. Its soaring steeple typified the faith of the deeply religious Puritans. Still further south was "Gould's Tavern," the meeting-place of the Whigs.

The William Czar Bradley homestead, the marriage gift of Mark Richards to his daughter Sarah, stands midway between the sites of the Meeting House and Gould Tavern. The following letter written to Merab, the daughter of William Czar and Sarah Bradley, gives an interesting glimpse of the village life of a hundred years ago:

Westminster, January 28, 1823

Since you left, most of the good people of our quiet village keep snugly within doors, attending closely to self and its concerns; we, now, for a rarity sally forth twice a week to attend singing-school — for a week past the *spirit* has moved us to visit considerably; last Wednesday Emily, Sophia, Mehitabel,

Mary Ann, and myself visited Mrs. Susan Willard, we had a *merry time* — in the eve, Doct. S———, your brother Jonathan Dorr, Richard and Frederick made their appearance. After they became quietly seated, singing was introduced. Knowing Mr. Hall to be a dear lover of musick I cast my eyes upon him, and saw his placid countenance was terribly distorted. I thought it not best to alarm the company . . . . After a while he said, Sibbil, you better sing a little louder . . . I obeyed and he seemed more than satisfied. . . . He made bitter complaints the next day — considered it very improper to sing in company — he asked your Father's opinion on the subject, the reply he gave him was this — if *you* have *Asses' ears* you ought not to wish to deprive others that have not, of the pleasure of hearing musick.

Sibbil H. Sage

In the meadows of the first "terrace," below the Court House Hill, stood the commodious dwelling of Stephen Rowe Bradley, the scene of Ethan Allen's second and unique marriage.[1] Further north was "Norton's Tavern," the Royal Inn of the village.

All these historic buildings that witnessed the stirring scenes that preceded the independence of our country are gone. All that remains of that soul-inspiring drama is the memory — and the "Old Cemetery" lying just beyond the "Meeting House," where together with Tory and Whig, rest the ashes of William French, the martyr-patriot.

The original document shows that a tract of land, nearly answering to the present territory of Westminster, was granted to certain petitioners from Taunton by the Great and General Court of Massachusetts, November 24, 1735-36, and was called Township No. 1. Richard Ellis did settle in Township No. 1 in 1739, built a dwelling, and broke up five or six acres of land. This settlement was abandoned probably at the breaking out of the Cape Breton War.

In the beginning of 1751, there were but two houses in the place, one on top and the other at the foot of Willard's or Clapp's Hill. At the southern end of the "King's Highway" Henry Augustus Willard was born in the house on the top of this hill.

Township No. 1, under New Hampshire Grants, was re-chartered November 9, 1752, and its name changed to Westminster. Among the proprietors named were Josiah Willard and William Willard. The first meeting of the grantees was held at the house of Josiah Willard, Winchester, August 22, 1753. During the latter part of the summer of 1754, the Indians began their attacks on several of the settlements of New Hampshire, alarming the inhabitants of Westminster, who were few in number and poorly protected. For a time the settlement was abandoned.

On June 11, 1760, Josiah Willard, Jr., obtained a renewal of the charter of Westminster. Josiah Willard and William Willard head the list of names of the

[1] Part Two, Chapter Two.

proprietors, which included ten other Willards. The names of the twelve Willards among the fifty-nine proprietors of Westminster, June 11, 1760, were:

Josiah Willard	Prentice Willard
William Willard	Nathan Willard, Jr.
Nathan Willard	Solomon Willard
Oliver Willard	Billy Willard
Wilder Willard	Josiah Willard, Jr.
William Willard, Jr.	Jonathan Willard

At a meeting held May 6, 1761, certain valuable lands — fifty acres on the Mill Brook and sixty acres at the lower end of the Governor's Meadows, were voted under certain conditions to Josiah Willard for encouragement to build a saw and grist mill. William Willard was appointed one of a committee of five to lay out roads and make the same.

In the year of 1763, there arose a controversy between the governors of New Hampshire and New York, each claiming the land lying on the west side of the Connecticut River. Finally, the subject was referred to the decision of the King, who, by an order dated July 20, 1764, declared the western bank of the Connecticut River, from where it enters the province of Massachusetts Bay as far north as 45 latitude, to be the boundary line between the two provinces of New Hampshire and New York. Westminster came under the jurisdiction of New York.

Westminster enjoyed a good degree of prosperity, attracting settlers from the older provinces. Before the close of 1766, there were upwards of fifty families in the place. On March 26, 1772, a new charter was issued by the Governor of New York to certain grantees, who conveyed to Col. Josiah Willard, and he executed releases to such of the former proprietors as chose to take titles under the new authority. In 1772, the courts of Cumberland County (embracing nearly the same territory as the counties of Windsor and Windham), were removed to Westminster. Here was soon to be witnessed the first grand uprising of the people in resistance to the authority of the government of Great Britain — and, here, was to flow the first blood in the cause of American Independence, March 13, 1775.

A Continental Congress was convened at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, to adopt measures against the usurpation of royal authority in the Colonies. A convention met at the Court House at Westminster, October 19, 1774, when it was resolved:

"That as true and loyal subjects of the King, they would spend their lives and fortunes in his service — and that they would defend the King while he reigned over them as his subjects; so they would defend their just rights, as British subjects, against every foreign power that should attempt to deprive them of those rights, while breath was in their nostrils and blood in their veins."

A second convention met at Westminster, November 30, 1774, which adopted all the resolutions of the Continental Congress and the delegates bound themselves, as representatives of their constituents, "religiously to adhere to the *non-importation*, *non-consumption* and *non-exportation* Association." The "acts and resolves" of the Continental Congress, which had been adopted by the people of Cumberland in open convention, had, however, been rejected by the General Assembly of New York.

On February 7, 1775, a third convention was held at Westminster, whose main object was to obtain, if possible, from the legislature of New York, the passage of such laws as would tend to improve the mode of administering justice in County courts. The people were no longer willing to trust themselves in the hands of those whom they regarded as enemies of American liberty. And "in duty to God, to themselves and to their posterity, they thought themselves under the strongest obligations to resist and oppose all authority that would not accede to the resolves of the Continental Congress."

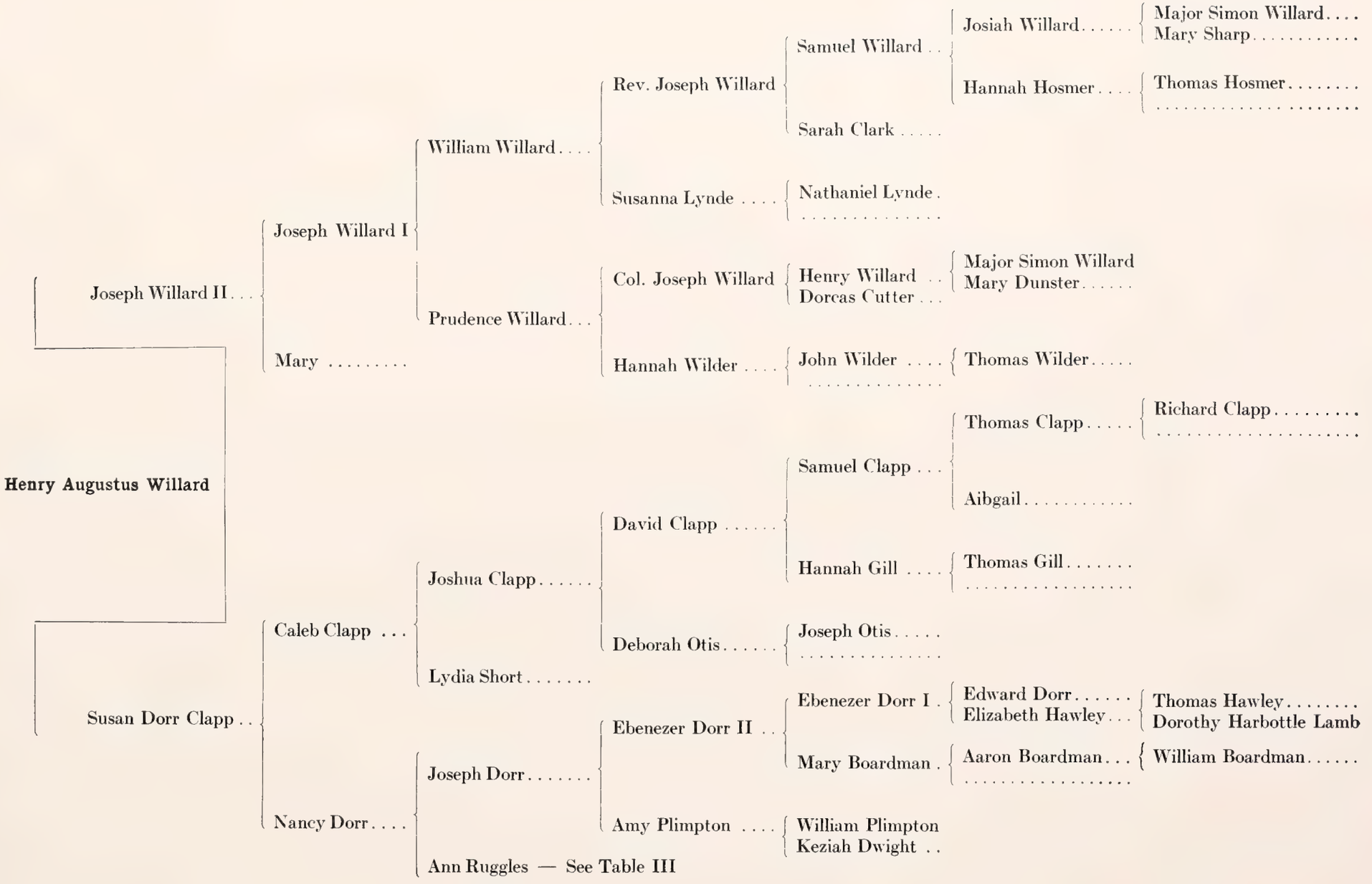
Such was the state of feeling which led to that memorable event in the history of Westminster known as "The Westminster Massacre," March 13, 1775. It was at Westminster that the convention was held, January 15, 1777, which declared Vermont a free and independent State. Westminster was for a time practically the capital of the State. The General Assembly convened here in 1780 and at several subsequent sessions. The first printing office in Vermont was established here in 1778, and the State Bank in 1807.

In Cumberland County the people of each town chose their own Committee of Safety, and each town sent delegates to sit in the Committee of Safety of the County. At one meeting held in the Court House from the 11th to the 21st of June, 1776, thirty-four delegates from twenty towns compressed into a sentence the heroic principle of the Revolution:

"ALL CIVIL POWER UNDER GOD IS IN THE PEOPLE."

Ancestry

TABLE I


Henry Augustus Willard
Joseph Willard II
Joseph Willard I
William Willard
Rev. Joseph Willard
Samuel Willard
Josiah Willard
Major Simon Willard
Mary Sharp
Hannah Hosmer
Thomas Hosmer
Sarah Clark
Susanna Lynde
Nathaniel Lynde
Prudence Willard
Col. Joseph Willard
Henry Willard
Dorcas Cutter
Major Simon Willard
Mary Dunster
Hannah Wilder
John Wilder
Thomas Wilder
Mary
Susan Dorr Clapp
Caleb Clapp
Joshua Clapp
David Clapp
Thomas Clapp
Richard Clapp
Samuel Clapp
Aibgail
Hannah Gill
Thomas Gill
Deborah Otis
Joseph Otis
Lydia Short
Nancy Dorr
Joseph Dorr
Ebenezer Dorr II
Ebenezer Dorr I
Edward Dorr
Elizabeth Hawley
Thomas Hawley
Dorothy Harbottle Lamb
Mary Boardman
Aaron Boardman
William Boardman
Amy Plimpton
William Plimpton
Keziah Dwight
Ann Ruggles — See Table III

Chapter I

WILLARD

Burke's Heraldic Register gives the origin of the Willard family: Caen, Normandie, France. Tradition affirms that the celebrated Admiral Coligny was of the house of the French Willard (Villiard). An American member of the family traveling in France on the borders of Switzerland and Germany found Willards who claimed to be of ancient French lineage.

The Willard family was fully established in England in the reign of William the Conqueror. In five instances, the name Wielard (Wielardus) and Wilard (Wilardus) is found in the Domesday Book at the time of the Survey. It may be that the five names refer to one and the same individual — a follower of the Conqueror, who received his share of the English spoils. Owing to the poor orthography of olden times, the name appears spelled — Wellard, Willihard, Wilard, Willarde, Wylard, and Wihelard. This surname is found in the Subsidy Rolls, and other documents of the counties of Sussex and Kent.

Wihelardus de Trophil lived in Kent, 1168.
Wilard, Willielmus 2 and 3 Henry III 1218. One of the provosts of Canterbury, Kent.
Wilard de Pikeden 1227, Kent.
Wylard, Nicholas 23 Edward I 1304-05, 11th and 7th Com. Sussex, rape of Pevensey (chiefly within fifteen or twenty miles of the border of Kent, on the side next to Horsmonden, Brenchley, etc.).
Willard, Lawrence and *Thomas* Edward III. 1327, XXth Com. Sussex, rape of Pevensey.
Willarde, John Sen. and *Jr.* 26 Henry VIII. 1535, Kent, hundred of Berkeley.

The Coat of Arms was used a century and a half ago by Thomas Willard, Esquire, Eastbourne, County Sussex, England. It is from the time of Edward III, 1327. The *Herald's College* describes it, as follows:

Arms — Argent (Silver), a chevron ermines between three weals proper.
Crest — Upon a wreath of six twists in the tinctures of the field, argent and sable, alternating, a griffin's head erased "or" (gold).
Motto — *Gaudet Patientia Duris.* "Patience rejoiceth in hardships."
Significance. Argent denotes purity — black or sable, a family of remote lineage. Chevron represents a seat or estate. Ermines, also called Armines, furs from Armenia. Weels indicate fishing privileges — Weel, also spelled Weal, an obsolete or provincial word derived from Willy, a willow basket, a kind of trap or snare for fish. In heraldry, Weal (Weel) is a bearing representing a kind of eel-pot. Apparently this charge or mark on the shield is

Willard Coat of Arms

suggestive of the name Williard, which is called canting, or a play on the name. The helmet in three-quarters profile is in the degree of an Esquire. The griffin, a fabled creature, half-eagle, half-lion, represents swiftness and agility.

In the southeastern part of Kent, England, lie the retired parishes of Brenchley, Gowthurst, and Horsmonden. A farm in Brenchley still retains the name of Willard's and there is a place near Tunbridge Wells called "Willard's Hill." In this neighborhood can be traced in the Willard genealogy definite records of the following three generations:

I. Richard Willard of Brenchley, yeoman, made his will, September 18, 1558, proved October 24, 1558. He had sons named Robert, Alexander, George, Richard, Andrew, Symon, Thomas, and William, and two daughters, Alice and Agnes.

II. Symon Willarde of Gowthurst, County Kent, yeoman, made his will, February 6, proved February 26, 1584. His wife was named Elizabeth, and their children were Thomas and Richard, and two daughters, Thomasine and another, who married Mr. Bolde and had children. He bequeathed a messuage in Horsmonden purchased of Richard Everenden. Elizabeth was buried at Horsmonden, April 12, 1587.

III. Richard Willard of Horsmonden, County Kent, yeoman, married Catherine, who d. at Horsmonden, March 11, 1597. His second wife was Margery, who d. December 12, 1608. His third wife, Jean Morebread, survived him but a few days. She d. February 25, 1616. His children were Mary, Thomas, Elizabeth, Richard, Margery, Simon, Catherine, Edward, John, and George. He d. at Horsmonden, February 20, 1616. He made his will February 12, 1616, which was proved March 8, 1616.

Will of Richard Willard of Horsmonden (extracted from the registry of the Consistory Court of the Lord Bishop of Rochester):

"In the name of God Amen the Xiith day of feburary ano. dmi 1616 accordinge to the computacon of the Church of Englande I Richard Willard of Horsmonden in the Countie of Kente yeoman in good and pfecte remembrance (thanks be given to Almightie God) dve make & ordaine this my Testament & last Will in manner & forme followeings ffirste & princcipallie I comend my soule to Almightie God my maker & redeemer by whose death & passion I surely trust to have forgevinis of all my sinnes & to be an inheritor of the Kingdome of Heaven and my body to Christian buriall."

After making bequests to the poor of the Parish, he bequeathes to "Joan my wyfe six pewter porringers six pewter saussers one pewter basson one pewter plattr. ij pewter candlesticks one doubbell pewter salte sellar j pewter pote ij pewter cuppes Xij pewter sponnes" . . . . Among other household goods and property to his son George Willard, he gave six silver spoons and a silver and gilt cup to be delivered to him after his mother's death; to his four daughters, Mary, Elizabeth, Margery, and Catherine,

his household stuff, excepting that bequeathed to his wife; to his son Richard Wyllard, the income from certain lands; to his daughter Elizabeth a sum of money; to his kinsman Thomas Bolde, some woodland. He refers to his late brother, Thomas Willarde, his brothers-in-law, Thomas Humferie and Robert Goure, and his son-in-law, John Tyboull. He further gives to his daughters Margery and Catherine a barn, close, garden and orchard; to his son Symon Willard all the rest of his messuages and lands when he should come to age; directs that Symon be placed with some honest man, where he may learn some good trade and be instructed; and in case of Symon's

Horsmonden Church, County Kent, England

death before reaching maturity, George was to have the lands bequeathed to Symon. The executor, John Tyboull, was to sell certain estate and apply the proceeds toward the payment of debts, and "the virtuous bringing up of the children."

The boys, "Symon" and "George," are the emigrant ancestors of the American Willards.

Horsmonden Parish Register
Ano Dmi.
1605 The Vij day of April Simon Willarde, sonne of Richarde Willarde was christenede.

EDWARD ALCHINE, *Rector*

Simon Willard, the son of Richard and Margery Willard, m. (1) Mary, bap. October 16, 1614, Horsmonden, the daughter of Henry and Jane Ffeylde Sharp. She came to New England with her husband and two children. He m. (2) Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Dunster, of Balehoult, Lancashire, and a sister of President Henry Dunster of Harvard College. She lived but a few months after her marriage. He m. (3) Mary, the daughter of Robert and Mary Gerrett Dunster, a niece of the second wife. She d. December 28, 1715.

Simon Willard reached New England in 1634. He was twenty-nine and his wife, Mary, twenty years old. He settled in Cambridge upon the west side of the Charles River. He had a grant dated August 4, 1634, of one hundred acres with a dwelling house, adjoining the land of his brother-in-law, Dolard (Dolor) Davis — Boston Bounds on the south, the Common on the southwest, now the boundary line between Brighton and Brookline. (*Cambridge Proprietor Records.*)

He immediately identified himself with the principles and views of his Puritan associates in Church and Commonwealth. On September 2, 1635, a grant of land six miles square was made by the General Court to Mr. Bulkeley and Simon Willard, merchant, and about twelve more families. The place was named Concord (Home of Agreeing Men). Rev. Peter Bulkeley was a man of great learning and large heart, of noble family, possessed of wealth and distinguished as a divine. He arrived in Cambridge early in the summer of 1635, and to him Simon Willard attached himself with affectionate regard. The late Miss Susanna Willard possessed the document, the agreement of Concord people in 1653, to pay a yearly contribution to "the College at Cambridge," now Harvard University, in which Simon Willard's signature follows that of the pastor, Rev. Peter Bulkeley (Pet: Bulkeley).

Upon the organization of the town of Concord, Simon Willard was chosen Clerk of Writs, and was continued in that office by annual election for nineteen years. The second year he was appointed Surveyor of Arms, having been a Captain in England. His first commission in the Colony was that of Lieutenant-Commandant. He and Major-General Gibbons, with some twenty men under their control, were sent by Governor John Winthrop, Sr., to Connecticut with instructions to take possession of the place and to erect buildings. He was afterwards made Captain, and in 1653 was chosen Major of Middlesex, second in rank only to the Commander-in-Chief of the forces of the Colony.

He was employed by the government in various transactions with the Indians, and was associated with Apostle Eliot and Major Gookins in their friendly missions. When a company was formed to encourage the trade in furs with the Indians, he was intrusted with the superintendence. The Indians about Concord chose him "to record, and keep in writing" what they had generally agreed upon touching their religion and civil government. Passaconaway, the chief sachem of the Merrimac,

requested that the Apostle Eliot and the "worshipful Major Willard" would live near his people to teach them. He was one of the Committee chosen by the General Court to consider the subject of supplies. This resulted in a law requiring "that all hands not necessarily employed in other occupations, as women, boys and girls should spin, according to their skill and ability."

Simon Willard held office of Surveyor, and in 1652, he and Captain Edward Johnson were the joint commissioners to find the most northerly part of the Merrimac River. An interesting memorial of the Survey was the first sculptured inscription of the Massachusetts colonists. On the very spot which the Commissioners established as the most northerly line of the patent — at the point where Lake Winnipiseogee discharges its waters into the Upper Merrimac, is a large rock about twenty feet in circumference, deeply imbedded in the gravel with its surface but little above the water.

On the rock was cut the following inscription:

E J S W
W P J O H N
E N D I C U T
G O V

John Endicott was the Governor of the Colony of Massachusetts Bay, so his name was inscribed with the abbreviation W. P. for Worshipful, together with the initials of Simon Willard and Edward Johnson. The rock is called the Endicott Rock. Massachusetts was establishing her claim to a wider jurisdiction covering the whole of the westerly part of Maine. The court allowed Simon Willard and Edward Johnson, associates in public and friends in private life, their expenses and "twenty markes[1] a piece for their pajnes."

In 1654, Simon Willard was placed by the Freemen of the Colony in a more distinguished, responsible and widely useful position, as Assistant, or member of the higher branch of the Legislature, which office he held continuously till his death. He resided in Concord, Massachusetts, twenty-five years, and was a leading and valued citizen. His Mansion House was afterwards owned by Dr. Joseph Lee, who, being a strong Tory, was imprisoned during the Revolutionary War; and the house was taken by the Patriots, and used for a time as a boarding-house for Harvard students, when the college, in 1775, was removed to Concord by order of the Provincial Congress. The College buildings at Cambridge were needed for the soldiers of the American Army. The house was burned some years ago.

Simon Willard removed from Concord to Lancaster, Massachusetts, about 1660, being importuned by the inhabitants to come and instruct them in municipal affairs. His residence was near the opening of the present "Center Road" in the middle of the

[1] Mark — two-thirds of a pound sterling.

town. His estate was bounded on two sides by the river Nashaway, and the house situated on a hill commanded a lovely view of the valley. At the end of twelve years, when the town had been brought to a good condition of peace and order, Simon Willard removed to Groton.

The records show he was a citizen of Groton in January 1672, when he was chairman of the Committee to "seat the persons in the new Meeting House." In October 1672, he was made a free commoner for "feed" for cattle and for wool and timber. In December 1673, he was chosen chairman of the Board of Selectmen. Here he made his home until the destruction of the town by the Indians, and his family fled for refuge to the older settlements.

When King Philip's War began the "christian and courageous" Major Willard, at the advanced age of seventy years, was summoned from the Court over which he was presiding to lead the Middlesex Militia, and drive back the foe from the exposed towns of his district. In a letter to the Governor and Council, dated July 25, 1675, he writes: "You haply may think we are afraid. *We will not boast thereabout, but we dare say our lives are not dear unto us in any way that God shall call us.*"

Increase Mather writes: "In the very nick of opportunity, God sent that worthy Major Willard, who with forty and eight men set upon the Indians and caused them to turn their backs." Baillies in his "History of the Plymouth Colony" states, that Major Willard "so silently and skilfully managed his approach, that he was perceived by the garrison before he was discovered by the Indians." He adds, "his fate was disastrous. He was cashiered for disobedience of orders in marching to the relief of Brookfield, August 4, 1675. Unable to brook the disgrace this brave and humane man died of a broken heart."

There is doubt as to whether he was really cashiered. Official documents show that he was Commander of the Middlesex regiment until his death. On February 21, 1675, at a special meeting of the General Court, a law was enacted allowing the Commander of a regiment to use his discretion "for engaging, pursuing, or destroying the enemy." Simon Willard's public service after his return from his perilous expedition to Brookfield was large and laborious. On March 29, he was residing at Charlestown, with his hastily gathered family. His home was desolate, his Mansion House in Groton with all its contents having been destroyed. On April 11, 1676, he had the pleasure of knowing that a grateful public still acknowledged the value of his faithful labors, now extending over a period of forty years, when the official court of votes placed him the highest on the list of proposed "Assistants" for the political year beginning in May 1676. In the spring of 1676 there was an unusual amount of sickness — the disease was an epidemic cold of a very malignant type. After a short illness, Simon Willard fell a victim at Charlestown on Monday, April 24, 1676.

He was a stalwart Puritan, a conscientious, religious man, a man of sound and enlightened understanding, and a man of brave and enduring spirit. He held important trusts as legislator, judge and military commander until his death. He possessed a mild and affectionate nature, shown in his friendly bearing towards the Indian and in his loving regard of his fellowman.

Major Willard received a number of grants of land, making in all between four and five thousand acres, exclusive of his rights to subsequent division in lands of Lancaster. The towns of Acton, Stow, Rutland and part of Groton are on lands granted to him. After his death, his children received a grant of land containing one thousand acres in payment of money that was due Major Willard from the Indians. In 1686, a tract of land twelve miles, afterwards the township of Rutland, was conveyed by the Indian proprietor to Henry and Benjamin, sons of Major Willard.

There is a Tablet to the memory of Major Simon Willard in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, placed there in 1901 by Sylvester D. Willard, an American descendant residing in London; and, also, a Tablet has been placed in the Parish Church in which he was baptized in Horsmonden, County Kent, the gift of his distinguished descendant, Frances Willard.

Josiah Willard b. 1635, the eldest son of Simon and Mary Ffeylde Sharp Willard; m. March 20, 1656-7, Hannah Hosmer, the daughter of Thomas Hosmer, Hartford, Connecticut. He resided some years at Hartford; removed about 1662 to Wethersfield, Connecticut, where he taught school for many years. He d. 1674.

Samuel Willard b. September 19, 1658, Hartford, Connecticut, the eldest son of Josiah and Hannah Hosmer Willard; m. June 6, 1683, Sarah Clark, who d. January 25, 1722-3. He bought five acres of land in Saybrook, Connecticut, of David Parker, June 6, 1687; and built a house; had command of the fort in Saybrook, 1696; was elected town clerk, April 10, 1713, and d. there January 19, 1716.

Joseph Willard b. July 23, 1696, Saybrook, Connecticut, the second son of Samuel and Sarah Clark Willard; graduated from Yale College, 1714; received the honorary degree of A.M. from Harvard, 1723; m. Susanna Lynde b. April 11, 1700, the daughter of Nathaniel and Susanna Willoughby Lynde, Saybrook, Connecticut. She survived her husband, and m. (2) Rev. Andrew Gardner; d. 1748.

Rev. Joseph Willard supplied the church at Norwich, Connecticut, a short time, September 1716; was settled minister at Sunderland, Massachusetts, for three years, from January 1, 1719; began to preach in Rutland, July 2, 1721, but when he was about to be installed, was slain by the Indians in one of their swift attacks, August 14, 1723. He was a man of unusual nobility of character and was greatly mourned. He left one son, William, between two and three years of age; a second son, Joseph, was

born three months after the death of his father, and his family is supposed to be the one taken captive by the Indians in 1760 at Charlestown, New Hampshire, and carried to Canada.

WILLIAM WILLARD (Joseph, Samuel, Josiah, Simon) b. January 1720-21, Sunderland, Massachusetts, the son of Joseph and Susanna Lynde Willard; m. Prudence Willard b. September 30, 1727, Lunenberg, the daughter of Colonel Josiah and Hannah Wilder Willard; she d. February 26, 1794, Westminster, Vermont. He d. October 23, 1804, Brattleboro, Vermont.

Colonel Josiah Willard (Henry, Simon) b. 1693, Lancaster, Massachusetts, the son of Henry and Dorcas Cutler Willard; m. Hannah Wilder, the daughter of John Wilder and granddaughter of Thomas Wilder; was one of the founders of Lunenberg; a Captain in the frontier service against the Indian; became a Colonel and commanded Fort Dummer, Brattleboro, Vermont, 1740 to 1750; distinguished himself in the protection of the exposed settlements and was "faithful, vigilant, careful" and without reproach in private and public life. He was one of the early proprietors of Westminster and original proprietor in the town of Arlington; d. December 8, 1750.

William Willard in his youth lived at Winchester, New Hampshire; was a proprietor in 1752 and a soldier at Fort Dummer as late as 1756; lived at Putney for a short time; "bought land in Westminster in 1760." He was one of the men who believed that the lands about Westminster, Vermont, were legitimate parts of the province and state of New York; and many were the conflicts which he and his partisans had with those who favored the claims of New Hampshire or for a new Green Mountain State to be called Vermont. He suffered from his opinions all the more because he had held offices under the New York government. He was Justice of the Peace 1766, '68, '72, and Associate Justice of Common Pleas in 1768 and '72.

He was one of the original nine members of the Congregational Church, June 11, 1767. His house was at the lower end of Westminster Street at the foot of Willard's or Clapp's Hill, the spot where Richard Ellis settled in 1729. He owned considerable property in Westminster; gave tracts of land to three of his sons, Joseph, Abel, and Lynde. His son and grandson, the two Josephs, the line of descent of Henry Augustus Willard, resided in Westminster, the family home for a century and a half. William and Prudence lie buried in the Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Children of William and Prudence Willard:

I. Willoughby Willard, b. November 24, 1745.

II. Susanna Willard b. September 11, 1748, Deerfield, Massachusetts; d. September 11, 1775, Brattleboro, Vermont.

III. William (Bela or Billy) Willard b. about 1750; m. August 29, 1784, Agnes Blaire, Westminster, Vermont; lived at Brattleboro, Vermont; d. June 5, 1838.

Joseph Willard

Susan Dorr Clapp Willard

"As hale and hearty as ever." (W. C. B.)

Children of William and Agnes Blair Willard:

1. Melinda Willard b. July 12, 1785; m. September 18, 1803, Stephen Rowe Bradley.
2. Electa Willard b. December 23, 1787; m. July 28, 1812, Asa Green.
3. William Willard b. July 19, 1789.
4. Betsey Willard b. April 15, 1793.
5. Margaret Schoolcraft Willard b. February 19, 1797; d. December 28, 1825.
6. Jairus Willard d. December 4, 1798.

*IV. Joseph Willard b. 1780.
V. Abel Willard.
VI. Lynde Willard.

Joseph Willard I. b. 1760; m. Mary ——. She d. February 22, 1834, aged seventy-five years. His father conveyed a tract of land in the township to him in 1780, on the summit of Willard's Hill. He and his brother "Bela" were among the men imprisoned in the old Court House at Westminster at the time young French was killed.

"The family (Willard) was certainly an eminent one in Westminster until the mistake in taking too loyal ground at the coming on of the Revolution. They were great sticklers for the administration and, disregarding the signs of the times, went down with it for a time. . . . . A singular coincidence was the marriage of my father,[1] one of the leading and uncompromising Whigs, with the daughter of Bela Willard, who has always been supposed to be the identical person who shot William French, the proto-martyr. Such things will occur when troublous times are over, and if women are said to be at the bottom of almost every quarrel, they certainly are quite as often the occasions of peace."

W. C. B. to H. A. W. 1857, November 20, Westminster

Joseph Willard d. November 5, 1817. He and his wife, Mary, buried in Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Children of Joseph and Mary Willard:

I. Susan Willard b. 1780; d. August 27, 1848.
*II. Joseph Willard II b. 1792, Westminster, Vermont.

Joseph Willard II. b. 1792; m. January 28, 1816, Susan Dorr Clapp b. March 18, 1797, the daughter of Caleb and Nancy Dorr Clapp; she d. January 12, 1890, Charlestown, New Hampshire. He was a farmer and lived on the old place; d. April 23, 1845, aged fifty-three years. He and his wife lie buried in the Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Children of Joseph II and Susan Dorr Clapp Willard:

I. Edwin Dorr Willard b. March 11, 1817; d. October 21, 1863.
II. Joseph Clapp Willard b. December 11, 1820; d. January 17, 1897.
*III. Henry Augustus Willard b. May 14, 1822; d. December 4, 1909.
IV. Mary Ann Willard b. December 18, 1824; d. March 17, 1905.
V. Susan Dorr Willard b. October 23, 1826; d. December 18, 1907.
VI. Cyprian Stevens Willard b. April 29, 1831; d. January 17, 1905.
VII. Caleb Clapp Willard b. August 10, 1834; d. August 2, 1905.

[1] Stephen Rowe Bradley.

Stones to Joseph and Susan Dorr Willard, Westminster, Vt.

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD b. May 14, 1822; m. November 6, 1855, Sarah Bradley Kellogg b. August 17, 1831, Saxton's River, Vermont, the daughter of Daniel and Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg; d. November 3, 1909, Washington D. C. He d. December 4, 1909, Walpole, New Hampshire.

Child of Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Willard:

HENRY KELLOGG WILLARD b. October 20, 1856, Washington, D. C.; m. November 6, 1901, Helen Wilson Parker b. November 21 1873 ,the daughter of Edmund Southard and M. Isabella Parker.

Children of Henry Kellogg and Helen Parker Willard:

1. HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD II b. September 20, 1902, Washington, D. C.; m. November 6, 1925, Abby Fuller Hooker, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Fisk Hooker, of Schenectady, New York.
2. WILLIAM BRADLEY WILLARD b. August 17, 1904, Washington, D. C.
3. SARAH KELLOGG WILLARD b. July 16, 1906, Chevy Chase, Maryland.

Clapp Family Coat of Arms

CLAPP

"Clappa, an obsolete Saxon name,
Clapp, Clapps, Clapson,
Clapham is the ham or house of Clappa, a Saxon who held the Manor in the time of Edward, the Confessor."— (See Burke's Heraldic Register.)

The family of Clapp, originally Clapa, claims descent from Osgod Clapa, a Danish noble at the Court of King Canute (King of England, 1017-36). From him, it is supposed that Clapham County, Surrey, where he had a country house, derived its name. The family was long settled in Devonshire, and possessed the estate of Salcombe.

Clapp Coat of Arms

Vairé[1] Gules and Argent.
A Quarter Azure, charged with the Sun.
Crest — a Pike naiant proper.
A genuine Clapp Arms of a fmily of the name in England.
The legend attached: *Fais ce que dois advienne que puerta.*
Do your duty come what may.

Heraldic description of the Clapp Coat of Arms:

"He bearth Sable A Lion Read in Camp Black spoted with goold. A Hair and a Gray houn' speed in green Camp, spoted with goold. Between a Chueron Black boarder'd with goold, by ye name of Richard Clap, Earl of Hampton."

Legend: "*Cassis tutissimo Virtus.*"
Virtue is the safest Helmet.

During the seventeenth century many of the Clapp family, people of prominence and possessing large Estates in England, came to America. They helped to establish a government, the effect of which will be felt throughout all time. Five settled in or near Boston, the others, further south on the Atlantic coast. Captain Roger, his brother Edward, and three cousins, Thomas, Nicholas and John, came to Dorchester.

Roger Clapp commanded the great ship "Mary and John," and brought "a precious band (140) of humble but intelligent and earnest Puritans" to Dorchester, New England, June 1630. It is probable that Thomas Clapp, cousin of Roger, came over on the vessel that arrived July 24, 1633.

"July 24. 1633. A ship arrived from Weymouth, with about eighty passengers and twelve kine, who sate down at Dorchester: They were twelve weeks coming, being forced into the Western Islands by a leak, where they staid three weeks and were very courteously used by the Portugals: but the extremity of the heat there, and the continual rain brought sickness upon them, so that ——— died." — *Winthrop's History of New England*

[1] A field vair is composed of pieces of fur, or conventionally of silver and blue, cut to resemble the flowers of the campanula and opposed to each other in rows. When the pieces are of different color, they are specified and described as *vairé* of those colors.

Thomas Clapp b. 1597, Dorchester, England, the son of Richard. His name appears in the Town Register of Dorchester, New England, 1634; was admitted as a "Freeman" in 1638; moved to Weymouth, Massachusetts, where his farm was near what has since been the residence of Christopher Webb; had grants of land in Hingham; about 1640, went to Scituate where he was deacon in the church (1647) and for thirty-three years waged a heated controversy with Rev. Charles Chauncey (later President of Harvard College), respecting the ordinances of the church. The Rev. Mr. Chauncey believed "the Lord's Supper ought to be administered in the evening and every Lord's Day; and that Baptism ought to be only by dipping or plunging the whole body under the water, whether in the case of children or adults." In 1675, Thomas Clapp was one of a Committee of Three, who sent a letter to the Second Church informing them that a reconciliation had taken place.

His farm in Scituate was on the southwest of Stockbridge Millpond. Thomas Clapp was Deputy to the Court, 1649, and Overseer of the Poor, 1667 — the first year such officers were chosen. He was a man of energy and ability; and, in church, town and colony affairs held important offices. Nothing is known of his wife, except her Christian name, Abigail; his children were Thomas, Elizabeth, Prudence, John, Samuel, and Abigail; the oldest child, Thomas b. March 15, 1639. Thomas Clapp, Sr., d. April 20, 1684.

Samuel Clapp, third son of Thomas and Abigail Clapp; m. June 14, 1666, Hannah Gill, the daughter of Thomas Gill, Hingham, Massachusetts. He inherited his father's residence in Scituate, and had a grist and saw mill on the site of Stockbridge Mill; was one of the most distinguished men in a town containing some of the ablest men in the Colony; was Deputy to the government of Plymouth Colony, 1680-86, and again in 1690-91; and on May 27, 1686, was one of the committee chosen by the town "to draw up their grievances and impart their apprehensions to the town" concerning the new laws that day read to them. Samuel Clapp and John Cushing of Scituate addressed a "very spirited declaration to Governor Andros (1687), upon the account of his granting a warrant to Humphrey Johnson to lay out land for his (Johnson's) use." After the union of the Massachusetts and Plymouth Colonies, he was representative to the General Court, 1692-96, 1699, 1703, '04, '05, '07, '08, '09, '14, '15; was chosen one of the Commissioners, 1682, to settle the boundary line between Scituate and Marshfield, and the line between Conihassett Grant and Scituate. He d. at an advanced age; his wife d. February 27, 1722. They had ten children.

David Clapp b. November 1684, Scituate, the eighth child of Samuel and Hannah Gill Clapp; m. Deborah Otis b. April 24, 1694, the daughter of Joseph Otis.

Caleb Clapp

Nancy Dorr Clapp

They lived in Scituate, and had ten children — Joshua, Deborah, Mary, David, James, Noah, Abijah, Joshua, Galen, and Increase.

Joshua Clapp b. January 7, 1729, the eighth child of David and Deborah Otis Clapp; m. (1) March 13, 1756, Lydia Short, d. July 16, 1786; m. (2) October 21, 1787, Hannah Briggs, d. October 18, 1794. He d. August 11, 1812, Westminster, Vermont, where he lived with his son Caleb, and is buried in the Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Children of Joshua and Lydia Short Clapp:

I. Lydia Clapp b. September 14, 1758; d. young.
II. Bela Clapp b. July 2, 1760; d. July 12, 1812.
III. Lydia Clapp b. July 3, 1762; m. October 22, 1792, Pollylarpus Jacobs.
*IV. Caleb Clapp b. May 9, 1764; d. May 19, 1829.
V. Matthew Short Clapp b. October 4, 1766.
VI. Ann Clapp b. August 30, 1771; m. Mr. Holbrook, Scituate.

5 4 3 2 1
Caleb Clapp (Joshua, David, Samuel, Thomas) b. May 9, 1764, the son of Joshua and Lydia Short Clapp; m. April 18, 1793, Nancy Dorr, Boston, Massachusetts; was a carpenter by trade and settled in Westminster, Vermont, and is buried in the Old Cemetery, Westminster. His wife, Nancy Dorr, was a sister of Jonathan Dorr, Roxbury, Massachusetts. After the death of her husband, she removed to Aztalan, Wisconsin, where she d. September 17, 1840.

Children of Caleb and Nancy Dorr Clapp:

I. Caleb Clapp b. January 18, 1794; d. October 26, 1794.
II. Ann Clapp b. September 18, 1795; m. September 28, 1817, Cyprian Stevens; d. November 24, 1864, Milford, Wisconsin.
*III. Susan Dorr Clapp b. March 18, 1797; m. January 28, 1816, Joseph Willard. (See Willard Ancestry.)
IV. George Washington Clapp b. February 22, 1801; d. February 28, 1801.
V. Mark Richards Clapp b. March 3, 1803, Roxbury, Massachusetts; m. February 5, 1839, Olivia Arnold Holton.
VI. Frances Elizabeth Clapp b. August 22, 1809; m. December 3, 1840, Nathaniel Fisher Hyer, Arlington, Vermont.
VII. Joseph Dorr Clapp b. December 31, 1811, Westminster, Vermont; m. (1) September 26, 1841, Zida Ann May, d. February 14, 1868; m. (2) September 23, 1869, Mrs. Lavinia C. Weld.
VIII. Sarah Bradley Clapp b. March 21, 1814; m. April 13, 1842, Levi Pierpont Drake; d. November 1896, Salsbury, New York.

DORR

Edward Dorr, the emigrant ancestor, was born (1648) in the western part of England. He was a resident of Pemaquid, a Colonial town on the coast of Maine; and was one of the sixty-five men who took the oath of allegiance to the government of Massachusetts Bay, July 22, 1674, as recorded in the records of the Colony.

He appeared in Boston, Massachusetts, and bought a house and land "neare the new Meeting House at the North end of Boston, July 29, 1679"; in the deed he is called "shop-keeper." He was one of the tything men chosen by the Selectmen, July 9, 1679; also, one of the men certified by Rev. Increase Mather, March 19, 1681-82, as a member of the Second Church, Boston. He m. 1679, Elizabeth Hawley, the daughter of Thomas and Dorothy Harbottle Lamb Hawley, bap. June 29, 1656, Roxbury, Massachusetts. When Elizabeth's father, Thomas Hawley, died, August 11, 1698, his Estate was divided between his children — "my daughter Elizabeth, wife of Edward Dorr" received a tract of land with buildings, as her share of the property. Thomas Hawley was a soldier in King Philip's War, and was slain at Sudbury, April 21, 1676; for this service and sacrifice in defence of the infant country, his descendants have the right to membership in the Society of the Colonial Wars and Colonial Dames.

Edward Dorr was taxed in Boston, 1681 — and his children began to be recorded in Roxbury, 1683; he bought, August 1, 1683, a house and barn, and three-quarters of an acre of land in Roxbury — and was called in the deed "Edward Dorr of Roxbury, Shop-keeper." The Dorr family were prominent in the history of Roxbury; Edward Dorr was intrusted with public office and was a large landed proprietor; was one of the officers to handle the land problems when the people of Roxbury extended their borders and took in what is now Woodstock, Connecticut. Elizabeth Hawley d. 1719 — that year Edward Dorr signed deeds alone.

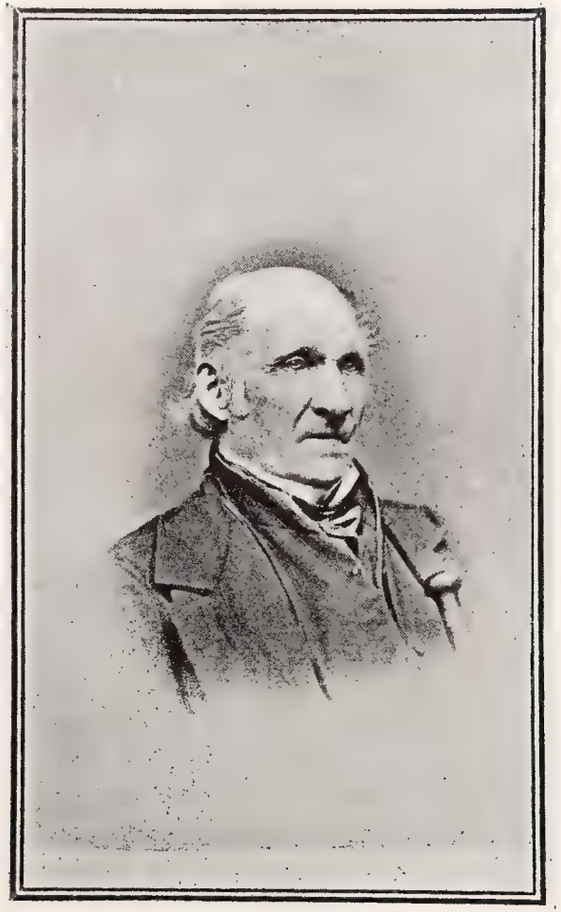
He m. (2) 1722, Elizabeth Dickerman Clap, widow of Ebenezer Clap, Milton, Massachusetts; she d. May 8, 1728; her will proved February 27, 1732, — she left ten pounds to her husband, and a pound to each of his sons, and an extra pound to the son Joseph; a gold ring to each of his daughters, a pound to each of his grandchildren except Susannah, daughter of Harbottle Dorr, to whom she left five pounds. He made his will, April 10, 1733, calling himself "aged and under infirmities"; he gave bequests to his eldest son, Ebenezer (whom he appointed executor); and to his other sons, Joseph, Edmund, Harbottle, and daughters, Elizabeth Scott and Clemence Weld. He d. February 9, 1734 — the will was proved, February 19, 1734.

The Boston Tea Party — Destruction of the Tea in Boston Harbor, December 16, 1773

Among the disguised Indians, prominent in the boat, are Ebenezer Dorr II, and Joshua Clapp. Reproduced from an old print, kindly loaned by Mrs. Elizabeth C. Bennett, Nantucket, Mass.

Ebenezer Dorr b. January 25, 1687, Roxbury, Massachusetts, the son of Edward and Elizabeth Hawley Dorr; m. (1) February 16, 1709, Mary Boardman b. May 6, 1689, the daughter of Aaron Boardman, the son of William, Cambridge. He m. (2) widow Hannah Jackson Loring, d. March 17, 1748; m. (3) September 25, 1749, widow Mary Bridge, Boston. He inherited from his father the lot of land on the Dedham Road with the dwelling house, mill and tan pit thereon. In this house Ebenezer Dorr lived, continuing the tanning business throughout his life. He prospered and became a prominent member of the community; was Captain of the militia; he d. February 28, 1760, leaving a will dated August 22, 1759 — proved March 7, 1760. He made bequests to his sons, Edward and Ebenezer (whom he made executors, with Noah Perrin); to grandchildren, Joseph and Sarah Pierpont, — to "grandson Joseph Dorr, son of Ebenezer Dorr, two pounds in money in token of my respect for him" — a testimony to the character of Joseph Dorr, who, at this time, was sixteen years old.

Ebenezer Dorr II b. February 2, 1712, the son of Ebenezer and Mary Boardman Dorr; m. March 5, 1735, Amy Plimpton b. March 5, 1714, the daughter of William and Keziah Dwight Plimpton, Newfield and Boston — d. November 21,



Nathaniel Dorr

Emily Penelope Bradley Dorr

1782. The town clerk wrote "Amey," and the church clerk called her "Naomi," while the husband has it "Amy" in his will.

Ebenezer Dorr II was a fell-monger; often served on church committees in Roxbury; was a vigorous man in the period of the Revolution, and his neighbors elected him one of the seven members of their Committee of Correspondence and Safety, December 14, 1772, during the struggle for Independence. It has been said of him, that he was a loyalist who never wavered in his allegiance to the cause of the Colonists; but by his zeal kept alive the Revolutionary spirit; and Ebenezer Dorr was among those who counseled resistance and probably was present at that famous "tea party" in Boston Harbor. When the town of Boston was singled out to receive punishment for the "tea party," and it was seen that a conflict was imminent, he was chosen December 26, 1774, one of an important committee of fifteen members to take measures for defence, and to organize Minute-men, in order to carry into effect the agreement with the late Continental Congress. This was an organization of the people, which paved the way for the "Declaration," July 4, 1776.

Eleven children are recorded in the Roxbury Town Records. He d. 1782, leaving his Estate to his children and the children of his son, Joseph.

Joseph Dorr b. February 12, 1742-3, the son of Ebenezer and Amy Plimpton Dorr; m. February 16, 1769, Ann Ruggles; he lived under the alarm of war, but did not enter the service, though heartily in favor of the cause; d. July 20, 1780. His elder brother, Ebenezer III, left Boston, April 17, 1775, by way of the Neck, conveying the information of the intended expedition of the British troops to Lexington and Concord.[1]

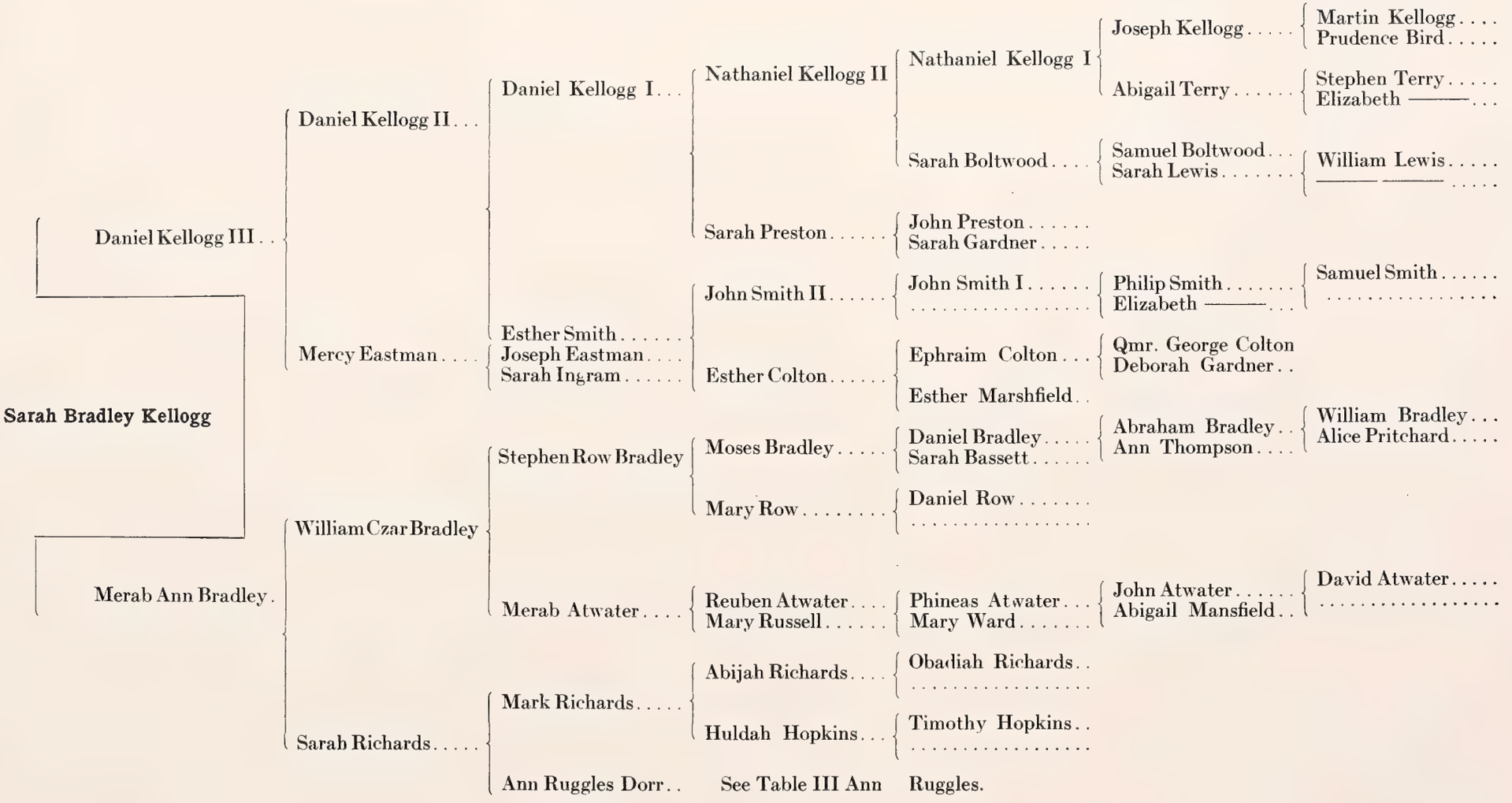
Children of Joseph and Ann Ruggles Dorr:

*I. Nancy Dorr b. May 21, 1770; m. Caleb Clapp. (See Clapp Ancestry.)
II. Joseph Dorr b. December 14, 1771; m. Fanny Briggs.
III. Sally Dorr b. July 1773; d. November 1774.
IV. Susan Dorr b. April 12, 1775; m. February 16, 1800, Cyrus Baldwin; d. September 18, 1860.
V. Jonathan Dorr b. April 5, 1777; m. Betsey Smith.
VI. Nathaniel Dorr b. March 22, 1779; m. (1)[2] January 4, 1808, Susan Lambert b. February 14, 1790, d. December 28, 1834. He m. (2) October 6, 1836, Westminster, Vermont, Emily Penelope Bradley b. January 4, 1799, Walpole, New Hampshire, d. November 18, 1865. He d. November 8, 1850. All three buried in Roxbury, Massachusetts.
VII. Ezekiel H. Dorr b. March 7, 1781; d. September 15, 1783.

[1] See Part Two, Chapter I, pp. 235-237.

[2] See Part Two, Chapter I, p. 238.

TABLE II


Sarah Bradley Kellogg
Daniel Kellogg III
Merab Ann Bradley
Daniel Kellogg II
Mercy Eastman
William Czar Bradley
Sarah Richards
Daniel Kellogg I
Esther Smith
Joseph Eastman
Sarah Ingram
Stephen Row Bradley
Merab Atwater
Mark Richards
Ann Ruggles Dorr
Nathaniel Kellogg II
Sarah Preston
John Smith II
Esther Colton
Moses Bradley
Mary Row
Reuben Atwater
Mary Russell
Abijah Richards
Huldah Hopkins
See Table III Ann Ruggles.
Nathaniel Kellogg I
Sarah Boltwood
John Preston
Sarah Gardner
John Smith I
Ephraim Colton
Esther Marshfield
Daniel Bradley
Sarah Bassett
Daniel Row
Phineas Atwater
Mary Ward
Obadiah Richards
Timothy Hopkins
Joseph Kellogg
Abigail Terry
Samuel Boltwood
Sarah Lewis
Philip Smith
Elizabeth ———
Qmr. George Colton
Deborah Gardner
Abraham Bradley
Ann Thompson
John Atwater
Abigail Mansfield
Martin Kellogg
Prudence Bird
Stephen Terry
Elizabeth ———
William Lewis
——— ———
Samuel Smith
William Bradley
Alice Pritchard
David Atwater

Chapter II

BRADLEY

Bradley, an Anglo-Saxon name meaning Broad-Lea, Broad Land, Broad Country, etc. — in French, Long-champ. It is difficult to ascertain from what county the family originally came to London; Bradleys abounded in many counties, the name is found applied to persons and parishes, towns and villages, as far back as Domesday Book.

The name of Bradley is mentioned in England in the year 1183 at the feast of St. Cuthbert in London in Lent, when the Lord Hugh, Bishop of Durham, caused to be described all the resources of his whole Bishopric: among others — "Roger de Bradley, who holds forty acres at Bradley, is to render half a marc besides forest service, forty days in fawn season, and forty in the rutting season." In 1437, there is mention made of Bradley of Bradley; — in the will of Ralph Snaith which was proved March 23, 1472 or 3, he mentions a farm had of Bradley; again in 1475, the will of Sir John Pilkington, Knight of Yorkshire, bequeaths to his brother Charles, a place named Bradley.

Heralds Register, England

I. William Bradley, of Sheriff-Hutton in Co. York.
II. William Bradley, of city of Coventry, Co. Warwick; m. Agnes Margate.
  1. Francis Bradley, eldest son; m. Francesca Watkins.
    a. Francis Bradley, a son and heir, aged 24 in 1619.
    b. Anna Maria.
  2. Thomas Bradley, 2nd son; m. Maria Cotes.
  3. William Bradley, 3rd son; m. Johanna Waddington, and had (a) Anna, (b) Magdalen, (c) Elizabeth, (d) Letiticia, (e) infant boy, September 1, 1619.

William, third son, must have married as early as 1610 — born (say) ten years before his nephew, Francis.[1]

Judge Joseph Bradley of the Supreme Court, United States, conjectures that William Bradley, born in 1585, and Francis, born in 1595 were, respectively, the fathers of William Bradley of New Haven, and Francis Bradley of Fairfield, Connecticut. His reasons are:

1. The family name.
2. The arms which have been claimed by the family in this country.

[1] From "The Bradlee Family." Samuel Bradlee Daggett. Congressional Library.

Bradley Family Coat of Arms

3. The fact that William and Francis, of Connecticut, were followers and adherents of Theophilus Eaton and Rev. John Davenport. The significance of this circumstance arises from the fact that William and Francis of Coventry, and Eaton and Davenport were originally Coventry boys, almost of the same age; and no doubt brought up in the congregation of Eaton's father in Coventry. Their ages were as follows:

William Bradley born about 1585 to 1590.
Theophilus Eaton born 1592.
Francis Bradley born 1595.
John Davenport born 1597.

As Theophilus Eaton became a very wealthy merchant, and they were all Puritans, William Bradley and Francis Bradley would be likely to place their sons with him, or under his auspices in London. He maintained an immense establishment at New Haven — sometimes as many as thirty members of his own household sitting down at his table, to whom it was his habit to administer wise and godly discourse.[1]

Bradley Coat of Arms

Shield, red with chevrons white, between three boars' head couped, gilded, with a crest containing a boar's head, couped and gilded.

Legend: *Liber ac Sapiens esto.*
Be Broadminded and Wise.

Leonard A. Bradley, Esq., states[2] that William C. Bradley of Westminster, Vermont, informed him by letter (1859), that when he studied law with Judge Simeon Strong, Amherst, Massachusetts, he boarded in the house of Dr. Coleman and on the dinner table there was a silver tankard engraved with the Bradley Coat of Arms. The tankard was given to Dr. Coleman's first wife, Sally Beecher, daughter of Eliphalet and Sarah Bradley Beecher.

W. C. Bradley sent several impressions in wax of the seal made from this coat of arms to Hon. Harry Bradley, father of George H. M. Bradley, Burlington, Vermont, from one of which Leonard A. Bradley had a brass seal engraved. The tankard, at that time, was in the possession of Philip Livingston, but George H. M. Bradley hoped to get possession of it.

William Bradley of New Haven must have been born about 1620 — he may have been the very child born September 1, 1619, when the Heraldic Visitors were going their rounds.

William Bradley joined the Colony of Governor Theophilus Eaton in New England, 1644. He was the eldest of the New Haven family, and was half-brother to

[1] An account of his life and mode of living is found in Mather's Magnalia, Vol. I, Book II, chap. IX, p. 152.
[2] Letter to Judge Bradley, Supreme Court, Washington, D. C., from Leonard A. Bradley, 63 Wall Street, N. Y., July 8, 1887.

Daniel, Joshua, Nathan, Stephen and Ellen. His step-mother Mrs. Bradley came from England to New Haven at a time not known; she was first recorded as the wife and the widow of John Parmeley. After his death, she married a third husband, John Evarts, whom she also outlived; John Evarts bequeathed his property to his son, William Bradley — several other children of hers were mentioned in the settlement of the estate.

William Bradley is called "Brother Bradley" in the early New Haven Records, and took the oath of Fidelity on the 5th day of August, 1644, — Governor Eaton and others having taken it on the first of July preceding. It is probable they had belonged to Rev. Mr. Davenport's congregation in London. Eaton and Davenport were intimate friends and the former was Davenport's strong supporter.

According to tradition, the Bradleys were all Cromwell men and staunch dissenters. They held important offices among Cromwell's "Ironsides." On the behavior of the Protector's troops when disbanded, Macaulay has passed the highest praise: —

> "Fifty thousand men, accustomed to the profession of arms, were at once thrown on the world; and experience seemed to warrant the belief that this change would produce much misery and crime,— that the discharged veterans would be seen begging in every street, or that they would be driven by hunger to pillage. But no such result followed. In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that, in every department of honest industry the discarded warriors prospered beyond other men, that none was charged with any theft or robbery, that none was heard to ask alms, and that if a baker, a mason, or a waggoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety, he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers."

Consistent with this description of the scarred and war-worn veterans of the Protectorate was the conduct of the Bradleys.

William Bradley m. February 18, 1645, Alice Pritchard d. 1691, the daughter of Roger and Frances Pritchard; he left a will in which all his children are mentioned.

Children of William and Alice Pritchard Bradley:

I. Joseph Bradley bap. January 1646.
II. Martin Bradley, October 1648.
*III. Abraham Bradley b. October 24, 1650.
IV. Mary Bradley b. September 30, 1655.
V. Benjamin Bradley b. April 1657.
VI. Esther Bradley b. September 29, 1659.
VII. Nathaniel Bradley, b. February 26, 1661.
VIII. Sarah Bradley b. January 21, 1665.

Abraham Bradley m. December 25, 1675, Ann Thompson.

Daniel Bradley b. 1679, the son of Abraham and Ann Thompson Bradley; m. Sarah Bassett.

Moses Bradley, the second son of Daniel and Sarah Bassett Bradley, Cheshire, Connecticut; m. Mary Row, only daughter and heiress of Daniel Row, Mt. Carmel, now Hamden, Connecticut.

Stephen Row Bradley b. February 20, 1754, Parish Wallingford, Cheshire, Connecticut, the son of Moses and Mary Row Bradley; m. (1) May 16, 1780, Merab Atwater b. June 19, 1757, d. April 7, 1785, the daughter of Reuben and Mary Russell Atwater, Cheshire, Connecticut; m. (2) April 12, 1789, Gratia (Thankful) Taylor, the daughter of Thomas and Sarah Taylor, d. January 10, 1802; m. (3) September 18, 1803, Melinda Willard b. August 29, 1784, d. April 10, 1837, the daughter of William and Agnes Blaire Willard. He d. December 9, 1830.

William Czar Bradley b. March 23, 1782, the son of Stephen Row and Merab Atwater Bradley; m. 1802, Sarah Richards b. March 9, 1783, d. August 7, 1866, the daughter of Mark and Ann Ruggles Dorr Richards, Westminster, Vermont. He d. March 3, 1867.

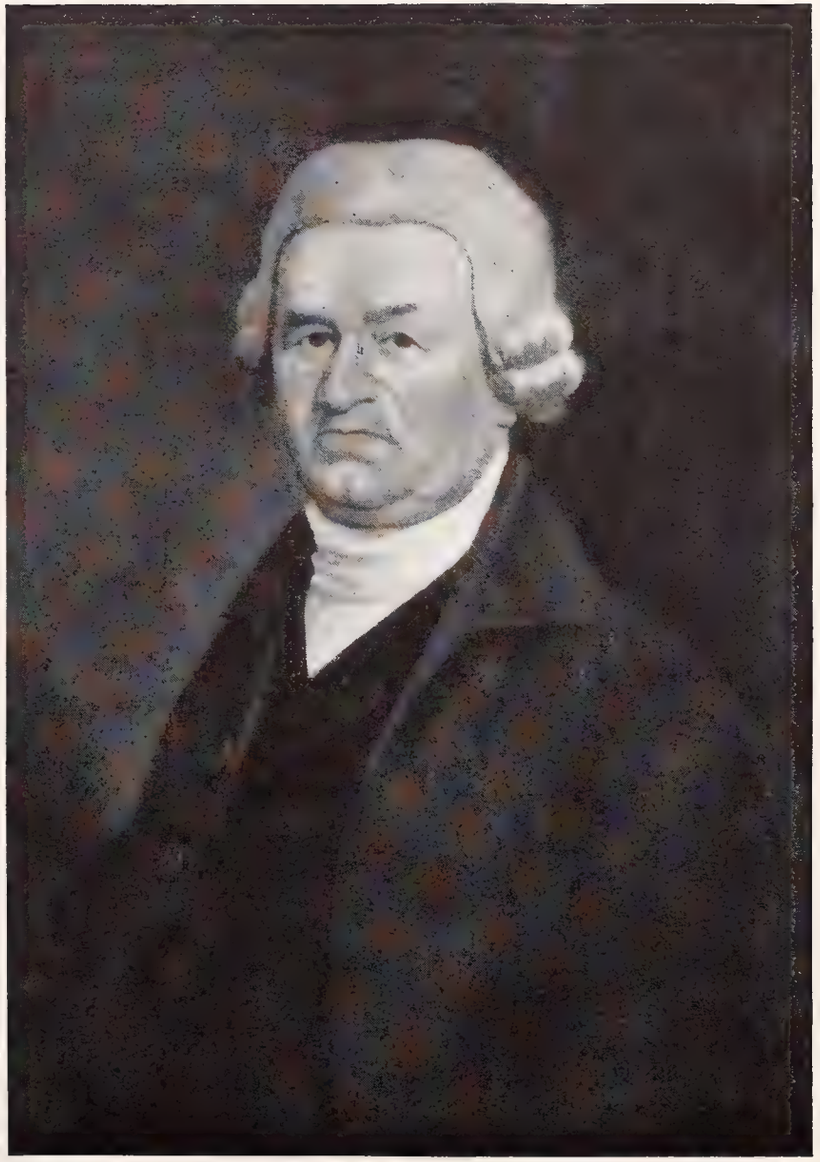
Children of William Czar and Sarah Richards Bradley:

I. Emily Penelope Bradley (adopted daughter) b. 1799; m. Nathaniel Dorr; d. 1865, Brattleboro, Vermont.
II. Jonathan Dorr Bradley b. April 17, 1803; d. September 8, 1862.
*III. Merab Ann Bradley b. February 4, 1806; d. March 27, 1845. Buried in the Bradley Tomb, Old Cemetery, Westminster.

Merab Ann Bradley b. February 4, 1806, the daughter of William Czar and Sarah Richards Bradley; m. February 2, 1830, Daniel Kellogg b. February 10, 1791, d. May 10, 1875, the son of Daniel and Mercy Eastman Kellogg. She d. March 27, 1845, Saxton's River, Vermont.

Children of Daniel and Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg:

*I. Sarah Bradley Kellogg b. August 17, 1831; m. November 6, 1855, Henry Augustus Willard; d. November 3, 1909. (See Willard Ancestry)
II. Daniel Kellogg b. 1833; d. 1834.
III. Daniel Kellogg b. April 9, 1835; d. October 7, 1918.



Reuben Atwater

Mary Russell Atwater

Owned by Jonathan Dorr Bradley, Lake Forest, Illinois

MERAB ATWATER

David Atwater, one of the first settlers of New Haven — a farm was assigned him in the "Neck," a tract of land between Mill and Quinnipiac Rivers, upon which, it is believed, he lived until his death, October 5, 1692. He had several children.

John Atwater, the son of David Atwater; m. September 1, 1682, Abigail Mansfield. He settled in Wallingford, Connecticut, upon a farm which had belonged to his brother Joshua. He d. 1748.

Phineas Atwater, the son of John and Abigail Mansfield Atwater; m. (1) November 9, 1727, Mary Ward; m. (2) January 15, 1768, Widow Hannah Ines of Goshen. He d. October 1781.

Reuben Atwater b. October 1728, Wallingford, Connecticut, the son of Phineas and Mary Ward Atwater; m. (1) April 29, 1752, Sarah Hull; m. (2) January 28, 1755, Mary Russell b. November 21, 1726, Derby, Connecticut, d. May 6, 1807, Cheshire, Connecticut, where she is buried. He d. August 19, 1801, Blandford, Massachusetts.

Merab Atwater b. June 19, 1757, the daughter of Reuben and Mary Russell Atwater; m. May 16, 1780, Stephen Row Bradley; d. April 7, 1785.

Note. The above is taken from "A Genealogical Register of the Descendants of the Male Line of David Atwater of New Haven, Connecticut, to the Sixth Generation," printed at New Haven in 1883.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Stephen Rowe Bradley, the son of Moses and Mary Row Bradley, was born February 20, 1754, Wallingford, Connecticut. He graduated from Yale with the degree of A.B. in 1775; and received from his Alma Mater the degree A.M. in 1778. During his senior year, he prepared an almanac; and an edition of 2000 copies was published November 1, 1774, by Ebenezer Watson, Hartford, Connecticut. He taught school at Cheshire, Connecticut. He received the honorary degrees A.M. and LL.D. from Dartmouth and Middlebury Colleges; and was appointed a fellow of Middlebury in 1800.

Soon after graduating, he enlisted in the American service; and in January 1776, was Captain of a company called the "Cheshire Volunteers." In December of the same year, with the rank of Adjutant, he received the appointment of vendue-master and quarter-master. He served as aide-de-camp to General Wooster, when that noble officer fell mortally wounded April 27, 1777, during the attack on Danbury.

His first public appearance in Westminster, Vermont, May 26, 1779, was at an adjourned session of the Superior Court, as attorney-at-law, with a license to plead at the bar within the "independent" State of Vermont; he was appointed clerk of the court. After listening to a petition of the delinquents praying to the judge for a month's adjournment in order to secure competent counsel, he offered his services.[1]

His knowledge and ability shown in the practice of law, as well as his "popular manners" and "keen insight" into men soon made him a prominent political leader, with considerable influence in the affairs of the "independent" State.

He was the author of the fair but firm proclamation to uphold the authority of the State, issued June 3, 1779, by his Excellency, Governor Thomas Chittenden to the inhabitants of Cumberland County (Windsor and Windham).

A Proclamation:

"Whereas, sundry persons, inhabitants of this State, forgetting that great tie of allegiance that ought to bind every subject in a faithful obedience to that power, which protects life, liberty and fortune . . . . not considering that all power originates from the people, whose voice is the voice of God . . .

"And whereas, the supreme authority of this State, are ever willing to alleviate the miseries of those unhappy subjects, who transgress laws through mistaken notions . . . . a full and free pardon of all public offences, crimes and misdemeanors, heretofore, committed against the honor and dignity of the freemen thereof; remitting . . . . all penalties incurred for breaches of the peace . . . . excepting only, the crime of high treason . . . .

"And I do further recommend and enjoin upon every denomination of men strict obedience to the laws — as the executive authority are determined to carry into execution every good and wholesome law made by the freemen of this State."

On June 16, 1780, he was appointed State's-Attorney for the county of Cumberland. He represented the town of Westminster in the General Assembly, and on February 1, 1780, was chosen to present the views of Vermont at the session of Congress. Highly elated by his election, he immediately presented the following bill for

[1] See Part Two, Chapter II. An Account of the Trial.

Stephen R. Bradley

the sanction of the Assembly: "The State of Vermont by the Grace of God, free and independent, have elected Stephen Rowe Bradley Esq. to represent, etc." General E., a member of the Assembly, proposed an amendment to the bill, by crossing out the words "By the Grace of God, free and independent" — and inserting in their stead "without the fear of God before their eyes, and being moved by the instigation of the Devil, have elected Stephen Rowe Bradley, Esq. to represent, etc."

His pamphlet, entitled "Vermont's Appeal to the Candid and Impartial World" had been read before the Council of Vermont at Arlington, December 10, approved and ordered to be published. The following extracts show the vigorous and masterly treatment of the cause:

"The State of Vermont, we have now clearly shown, has a natural right to independence — honor, justice and humanity forbid us tamely to surrender that freedom which our innocent posterity has a right to demand and receive from their ancestors. Full well may they hereafter rise up in judgment against us, if, like profane Esau, we mortgage away their birthrights and leave them at the expense of their lives to obtain freedom."

Appealing to the inhabitants of the United States of America, he said:

"We have existed as a free and independent state almost four years — have fought Britains, Canadians, Hessians, Waldeckers, Dutchmen, Indians, Tories and all,— and have waded in blood to maintain our independence. We beg leave to appeal to your own memories, with what resolution we have fought by your side, and what wounds we have received fighting in the grand American cause; and let your own recollection tell what Vermont has done and suffered in the cause of the civil liberty and the rights of mankind, and must we now tamely give up all worth fighting for? No, sirs, while we wear the name of Americans, we never will surrender those glorious privileges for which so many have fought, bled and died; we appeal to your own feelings, as men of like sufferings, whether you would submit your freedom and independence to the arbitrement of any court, or referees under heaven! If you would, after wasting so much blood and treasure, you are unworthy the names of Americans: if you would not, condemn not others in what you allow yourselves."

Stephen Rowe Bradley laid the appeal before Congress early in February, 1780; but no opportunity was granted him to appear before a Committee of Congress. He and Ira Allen visited Philadelphia the September following, as Commissioners in behalf of Vermont. At the end of two weeks, they were convinced that Congress was determined to decide upon the controversy without considering Vermont as a party. Before leaving, they presented a remonstrance dated September 22, 1780, and deplored the policy which would divide Vermont between New Hampshire and New York, or annex it to the latter.

Mr. Bradley was equally strenuous in his military service. By commission, dated August 27, 1781, he was appointed a lieutenant in the first regiment of Vermont militia; and, in October, he was raised to the rank of a colonel. He played a most important part in the Windham County Rebellion, the last of those stirring events in the struggle against the New York party, who refused to pay taxes to the new state, or to serve in its militia.

On March 15, 1780, he was appointed by the General Assembly of Vermont, one of a committee of three "to enquire into the cause, and officially, to take the reasons why certain of the inhabitants of Cumberland County are opposed to the authority of their State, and wherein the grievances consist." But the Yorkers would agree to no compromise, or any kind of permanent or temporary settlement with any committee. On January 10, 1784, Stephen Rowe Bradley made a more earnest appeal.[1]

"To the inhabitants of the town of Guilford and its vicinity, who have been opposing the government of Vermont:

"I officially acquaint you, as Attorney-General for the freemen of the State of Vermont, that Government wishes for your welfare as a people, and notwithstanding the coercive measures that are adopted, are willing to do everything for you consistent with the welfare of government; and I now assure you, upon your desisting from your opposition, and returning peaceably to your families, your persons and properties shall be protected; and in order for that, upon your certifying under your hands on your parole of honor, that you will not directly nor indirectly do any act or thing prejudicial to the State of Vermont, all prosecutions against any of you shall be no further prosecuted till the rising of the next General Assembly, when I trust you may meet with all desired lenity, except, nevertheless, all persons who have been taken by officers of Government and such as have been banished.

"What you do in this respect must be soon, as the matter is now serious."

The irritated Yorkers would not accept any of the conditions nor make any promises. The Vermonters continued to enforce the laws of their State. When the sheriff attempted to seize property equal to the amount owed to the State for taxes or hiring of military substitutes, a riotous mob would prevent him from executing his warrant, until it was necessary to call out the State Militia.

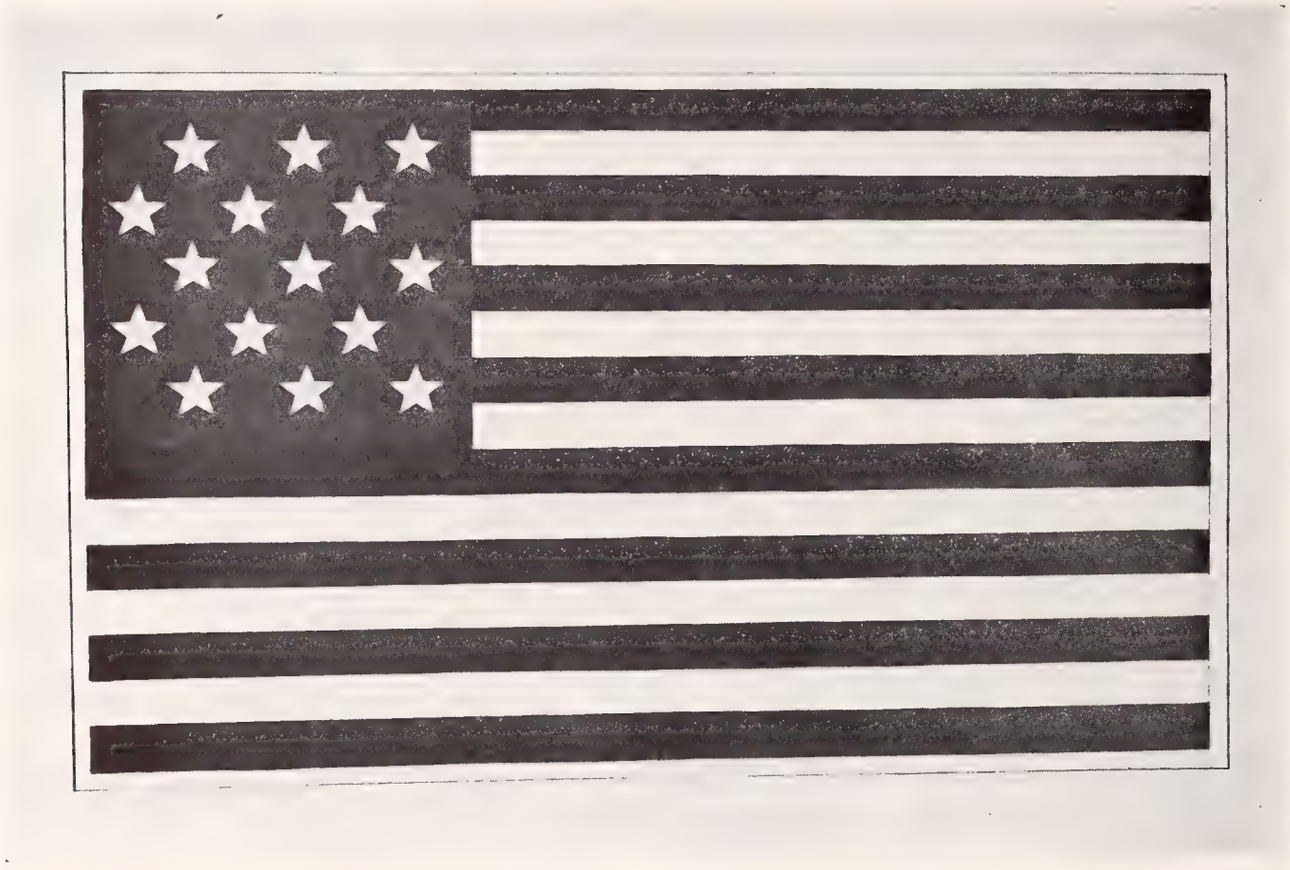
Brigadier-General Ethan Allen was ordered to raise two hundred and fifty "Green Mountain Boys" to support the civil authority. Colonel Stephen Rowe Bradley was ordered to lead the Westminster Militia, a regiment of two hundred able, effective men, by draft, or by volunteers, and to supply them with three days' provision. As Allen advanced, proclaiming "I, Ethan Allen, do declare I will give no quarter to the man, woman or child who shall oppose me, and unless the inhabitants of Guilford peacefully submit to the authority of Vermont, I will lay them as desolate as Sodom and Gomorrah," the Yorkers who feared him "more than the Devil" quickly and quietly submitted. Before the end of the year 1784, they were so harshly handled by the civil and military authority of Vermont, and their property mostly confiscated, that they either took the oath of allegiance to the State or abandoned the country.

The following curious letter written to Stephen Rowe Bradley by William Page, Charlestown, New Hampshire, May 1, 1789, alludes to the measures adopted to subdue the supporters of New York residing at Guilford, and its neighborhood:

"You doubtless remember of once calling on me for a sword . . . .I think you desired to cut, slay and destroy the Yorkers. Having accomplished all this and having not only changed your manner and mode of attack, but your weapon also, you will please send to me the sword by the bearer, for as all other weapons fail me, it is time to take the sword."

[1] Hall's History of Eastern Vermont.

The following are some of the offices held by Stephen Rowe Bradley: 1782, one of the selectmen and town clerk of Westminster, and Registrar of Probate, an office he held ten years: 1783, County Judge for Windham County; 1788, side-Judge in the Superior Court of Vermont; 1793, he was admitted to practise in the Circuit Court of the United States. He represented the town of Westminster in the Assembly seven years — 1780-81, 1784-85, 1788, 1790 and 1800; 1785, was elected Speaker of the House; 1791, a member of the State Constitutional Convention; 1798, a member of



The Bradley Flag

the Council. In the year 1789, Mr. Bradley was chosen one of the Commissioners to ascertain and establish the line between New York and Vermont.

On February 18, 1791, Congress declared that on the fourth of March following, Vermont should be admitted as a new and entire member of the United States. Stephen Rowe Bradley and Moses Robinson were elected October 17, 1791, the first United States Senators from Vermont. Mr. Bradley drew the term for four years. Senator Bradley in a speech in Congress 1794, said: "Kentucky and Vermont have been added to the Union, and they consider themselves of as much importance as the thirteen original Colonies, and desire to be represented on the flag. I therefore, move that the flag be fifteen stars and fifteen stripes." This action was carried to take

effect May 1, 1795. This was the United States flag for twenty-three years and was the flag used during the War of 1812.[1]

He was "happy as happy can be" when he was re-elected to Congress for the term of six years, from March 4, 1801. During the greater part of the next two years, he was president pro-tem of the Senate, in the absence of Aaron Burr, Vice-President. He denounced the "perfidy and ambition" of Aaron Burr, and at that time believed the facts conclusive as to the "wickedness" and "nefarious designs" of the man. In a letter dated December 27, 1806, he gave a detailed account of General Wilkinson's information to President Jefferson.

The carefully preserved letters to his son, William Czar Bradley, written when he was "entombed in Washington in the grave of politics," reveal the strong personality of the man, his vital interest in affairs international and national, and the deep affection and care for the family and home.

He followed closely the European War —"The success of the French Emperor is truly beyond all calculation .... The French have gained two very important victories — over the Austrians in Italy, and have dispersed the Russians on their way to Vienna .... God grant that Napoleon may knock them all down and that something may arise out of their ruins more favorable to liberty and the rights of man."

1806, January 5

He thought the Administration to be "paralyzed in a great measure, not knowing what part to act .... from which Congress will appear to the world like sheep on a mountain without a shepherd, every one pursuing his own way, and the opposition has become so weak that the majority feel no oppression from them, and of course have nothing like a hoop that tends to keep them together. I fear we shall split on the same rock the federal administration did, but from a direct opposite cause. *Adams* was so obstinate and stubborn that he would take no advice — *Jefferson* is so fearful and timid that he will give none, and the effect to Congress is the same."

1806, March 14

At the expiration of his second term, he entered upon another six years from March 4, 1807; and in 1808, was again president pro-tem in place of George Clinton, Vice-President, his old adversary in the New York controversy, who had denounced him as a "Rioter." Mr. Bradley was a strong Republican as opposed to the Federalist, Tory, Malcontent, etc. He was a firm friend and staunch supporter of Thomas Jefferson, from whom he received many favors.

Desiring to secure Mr. Madison's succession to the Presidency, he issued the following circular letter to each Republican member:

Sir:

In pursuance of the powers vested in me, as president of the late convention of Republican members of both Houses of Congress, I deem it expedient, for the purpose of nominating suitable and

[1] See Part Two, Chapter II, pp. 244-245.

proper characters for President and Vice-President of the United States at the next presidential election, to call a convention of said Republican members to meet at the Senate Chamber on Saturday, the 23rd inst., at six o'clock P.M., at which time and place your personal attendance is requested, to aid the meeting with your influence, information and talents.

S. R. BRADLEY

Washington, 19th January, 1808.

His reason for calling the meeting, he thus explained — "On Mr. Monroe's arrival in the United States, it was found that a strong combination of his friends, the disaffected Randolphites, the Federalists, Tories, and British Agents, were forming for the purpose of making him President, to counteract which, and to prevent their dividing and distracting the Republican interests by their secret intrigues and machinations, I deemed it expedient to call a meeting for that purpose which was approved by all the Republicans.

"Little doubt can be entertained that the plan of Mr. Monroe being made President has been projected in London, the object of which is to attain an ascendancy over the Councils of this Nation, which Britain has been so long striving to obtain."

Mr. Madison was nominated with apparent unanimity.

Mr. Bradley strongly opposed the War of 1812. Chosen by the Senate, one of a Committee of Seven to consider *War* with England, he was with the four who "will pause before they plunge the people under their present situation into a war for maritime rights." He felt the country to be "in a very critical situation . . . . without compass, without rudder, and without a pilot, and in the midst of a fog, with a heavy storm approaching . . . . if the government is saved it will not be of ourselves but the gift of God."

1809, December 3

"Whether it was that they expected I would arrive or from what motive I know not, but notwithstanding all the resistance and opposition that could be made from the more rational part of the Senate, they did on yesterday pass the bill that came from the House of Representatives, making a formal declaration of war against Great Britain, and this day the President signed the same . . . . if ever folly and madness generated such a monster before, it's to be lamented that some historian had not recorded it, that the Congress of the United States might not have stood alone such a contemptible spectacle to angels and to men . . . . had I arrived twenty-four hours sooner in this place it would possibly have put off the war till the country had been better prepared."

1812, January 18

So dissatisfied was he with the national policy, he was glad to return to the quiet life at Westminster at the close of his term, March 4, 1813.

1813, June 25

"It seems we have learned under the present administration to step the old federal tune to perfection. *War-taxes, armies* and *Navy — Tenor, treble, bass* and *high bass* — all parts at once — glorious music for some."

At this time, his only son, William Czar Bradley, entered the arena of politics as Representative in Congress from Vermont. His father urged on him "the duty of every well-wisher to the Constitution and Government of his country to endeavor to obtain an honorable peace as soon as possible." He remembered with cordial affection, Mrs. Madison, "whose wisdom and virtue I entertain the highest veneration, and still believe that had not the opposition pushed the administration beyond all bounds of prudence and safety, her influence would have saved the nation from the calamities we now feel and fear."

Although he grew "more and more domesticated every day" of his life, and looked forward to his son being at home to take care of the law business — still his vital interest in public affairs did not wane. He considered President Monroe's Message "a very important document. It is a firm, dignified and patriotic stand which does honor to the United States . . . . It is most confidently hoped that Congress will go all lengths with the President in the firm and manly ground he has taken. The time has now come when all nations and people who enjoy any liberty should unite against that cursed *Un-holy Alliance*, called the Allied Powers — they seem determined to abolish not only all civil and religious liberty but to wage War against the moral and intellectual world . . . . to retrograde mankind back to the dark ages subjected to the absolute domination of *King-craft* and *Priest-craft*. Let us protect Liberty with hands, arms, courage and even life. May it like the little stone cut out of the mountain without hands, fill the whole earth."

1823, November 15

The same letters testify to his deep affections — a faithful husband and a loving, devoted father and grandfather. "The anxiety I feel for Mrs. Bradley and my little family is almost insupportable. I hope you will do the best you can, take care of the family — take care of the children, let them want for nothing." "See that they are kept well clothed, and mention to the women to give them sulphur and molasses every full and change of the moon — constantly charge the family as to fire." "I would wish the children to be kept at school as much as possible. Papa longs to see them — they must be good children until he comes home, and he will bring them some fine things." On the death of his second wife, he wrote: "To me the world appears an empty phantom and I should feel but little anxiety at my own summons were it not for a father's care, that the children stand so much in need of. I live for my children."

Over the graves of his first and second wife, he placed a marble slab wide enough to cover both, on which was cut the following inscription:

VITÆ SUMMA BREVIS SPERU NOS VETAT INCHOARE LONGAM

To Perpetuate the Memory
of

MRS. GRATIA BRADLEY
the
Amiable Consort
of
The Honorable
STEPHEN R. BRADLEY
Member of the
Senate of the United States
who Died
The 10th day of January in the
Year of Redemption
1802
And of her age
the 34th.

MRS. MERAB BRADLEY
the
Early Wife
and
Affectionate Friend of
STEPHEN R. BRADLEY Esq.
who
Departed this life
on the
7th day of April in the
Year of Our Lord
1785
In the 28th Year
Of her Age.

Accept departed friends the last tribute of affection which your devoted and disconsolate partner can bestow. His last hope will be to rest from his sorrows beside you, or to dwell with you in the habitations "made without hands — eternal in the heavens," then perhaps when "there shall be none to mourn," some stranger who has known and felt the loss of those virtues which adorn the Wife, the Mother, the Sister and the Friend, will pause and drop a tear over the ashes in which they once resided.

Insatiate Archer, could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew twice, and twice my peace was slain.

Mr. Bradley mourned deeply the death of his "beloved grandson," his namesake, whom he ever remembered "with affection and delight" and in whom he "looked for a kind of immortality." "I know your sufferings, my heart aches for you. I forget my own sorrows when I reflect on yours and Sally's distress — we should endeavor to assuage our grief in the calm reflection that afflictions are the benevolent correction of an affectionate heavenly parent . . . . May God grant that they may work for us a far more exceeding weight of joy and of glory in the coming world is the constant prayer of your affectionate and disconsolate Father."

S. R. B. to W. C. B.

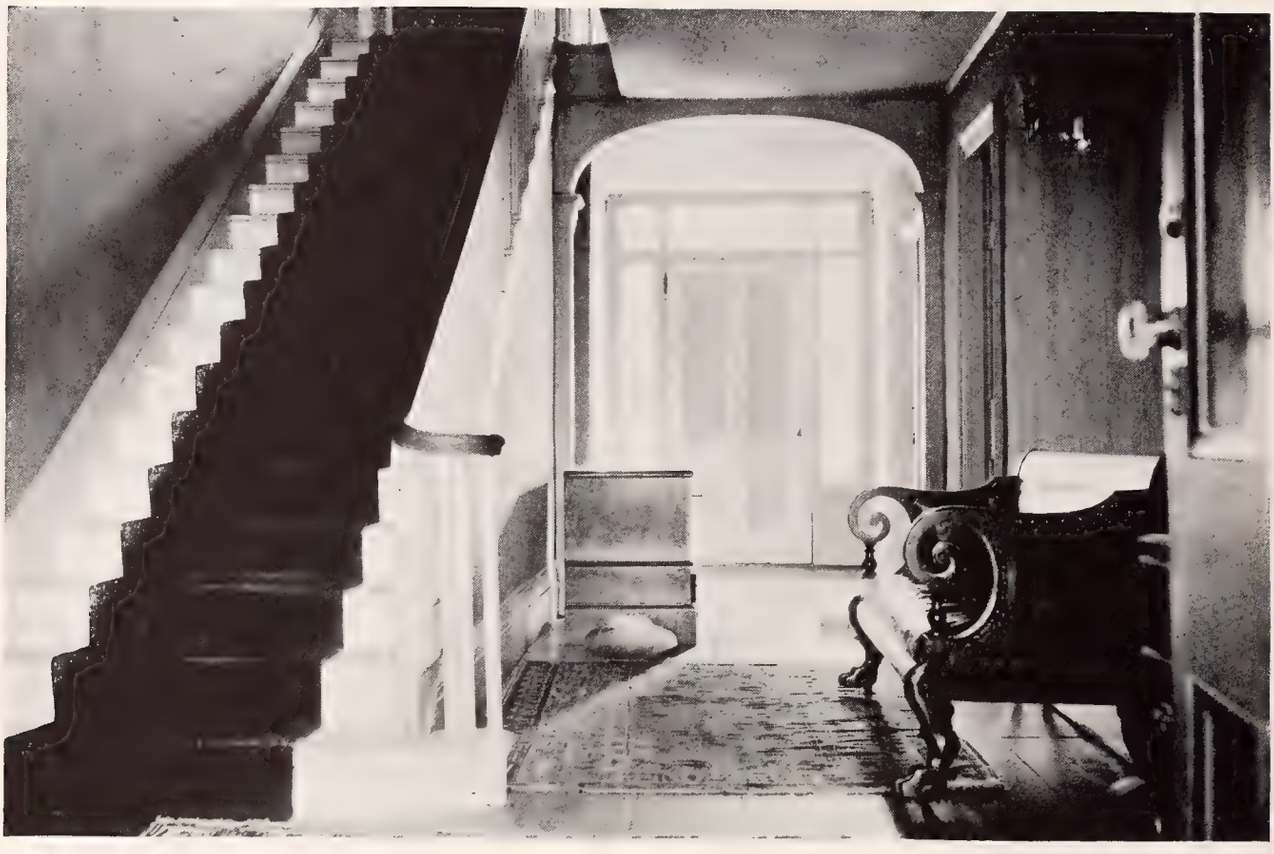
He was a deeply religious man and well-versed in the Scriptures, which he constantly quoted in his letters. 1815, the first Sunday School was started in Westminster — some children were gathered together and taught on the Sabbath at his home.

On the occasion of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Congregational Church, June 17, 1867, the Reverend Pliny H. White preached the sermon on the

Home of Stephen Rowe Bradley, 1817-1830

text, "But, call to remembrance the former days" (Hebrews x, 32), and referred to the old Meeting House, where "the pews nearest the pulpit were the first built and were occupied by those whose social rank was the highest. General Stephen R. Bradley occupied the wall-pew next the pulpit, on the right hand of the minister .... The front pew on the right of the central aisle was the minister's pew, and directly opposite was the pew of the Hon. Mark Richards."

Mr. Bradley removed in 1817 across the river to Walpole, owing, it is said, to a disagreement with the Selectmen of Westminster. The Colonial Mansion overlooking



Hall in Home of Stephen Rowe Bradley

the Connecticut River, with thirty acres of land, was deeded, January 23, 1817, to him by David Stone, in consideration of $6000.

One day he happened to meet one of his poor Westminster neighbors — he asked him how he got along with his large family. "Poorly enough," was the reply. "Well," said Mr. B., "the next time you come over bring a bag and get some corn." It was not long before the poor man was at Mr. B.'s with his bag — "What do you want in that bag?" said Mr. B. "I came after the corn you promised me," was the reply. "Corn! I never promised you any corn," said Mr. B. "Well," said the man, "my neighbors told me before I started that you would not give me any." "Go to

my bin and fill your bag," said Mr. B., "and when you get home, tell your neighbors they are all a pack of —— liars."

To outsiders, he may have seemed hard and exacting, but at heart he was kindly disposed. He wrote his son to "make any agreement with F—— so as not to distress the man, the sum is too small to affect me and may be so large as to distress

Music Room, Stephen Rowe Bradley Home, Walpole, New Hampshire

him. When I wrote you last to press the collection of my debts I meant to be understood that you should do it in mercy and sound policy. I do not wish to distress the poor or that you should get the name of an unfeeling collector, but prevent the debts from running into sheriff's receipts and unnecessary costs."

"Peter Parley" (S. G. Goodrich) in his "Recollections of a Lifetime," noted some of the prominent characteristics of his father-in-law:

"He was distinguished for political sagacity, a ready wit, boundless stores of anecdote, a large acquaintance with mankind and an extensive range of historical knowledge. His conversation was

exceedingly attractive, being always illustrated by pertinent anecdotes and apt historical references. His development of the interior machinery of parties, during the time of Washington, Jefferson and Madison; his portraitures of the political leaders of these interesting eras in our history were in the highest degree interesting and instructive. . . . Mr. Bradley lived in Walpole in ease, independence and honor, until he took his willing, and not painful departure, with the cheerful expression of a mind at peace with itself, with the world and with heaven."

Library in Home of Stephen Rowe Bradley

His death occurred on the evening of Thursday, December 9, 1830.

Henry Augustus Willard, a lad of eight years, attended the funeral of General Bradley and was much impressed by the length of the funeral procession. When the hearse was entering the cemetery in Westminster, the last carriage was leaving the house in Walpole, nearly two miles away.

Stephen Rowe Bradley d. December 9, 1830.
Merab Atwater Bradley d. April 7, 1785.
Buried in the Bradley Tomb, Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

William Czar Bradley, "Cromwellian by birth, Indian by adoption and a little everything by practice" (as he describes himself), was the son of Stephen Rowe and Merab Atwater Bradley. He was born March 23, 1782, in the house on the Upper Street, under Court House Hill, Westminster, Vermont.

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1862, April 24

"When I was an infant there was a flood of surpassing height, the marks of which were shown me in my youth — one of which was its coming to a certain depth into the cellar of the house in which I was born. Now, the house, cellar and all vestiges have disappeared." It is said that Ethan Allen gave him his first suit of boy's clothes fashioned after the British uniforms. He was a brilliant, serious lad — writing poetry and reading the Bible when very young.

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1858, April 1
Westminster

"Till of age I used also to be troubled with earache and many a time when I have awoke in the night crying, my good old grandfather Atwater has gone down cellar to cut off a little piece of the rind of salt pork to insert in my ear which was the old-fashioned remedy. One time the Doctor put a crescent of blistering plaster behind my ear which relieved me as soon as it began to draw, but brought on a roaring and buzzing in my ear which has never since ceased, and but for use would almost distract me."

When ten years old, he was pursuing his studies under Parson Olcott at Charlestown, New Hampshire. His father, Senator in Congress 1791-95, wrote to him frequently "anxious for his future welfare as well as present happiness." He urged him to pursue his studies with "diligence and attention" — "much depends on your application during the present period of your life, . . . the foundation is laid of either future knowledge, information and happiness, or of ignorance and contempt." "You must let nothing divert your mind from the close study of the Dead Languages. Am pleased to find you make such progress in your 'Novum Testamentum,' but above all, maintain a good character both with your Superiors and Equals, and in so doing you will please a Friend and Father." His father sent him the newspapers and at the boy's request some plays.

William published his first prose work at twelve years with the following title page:

THE RIGHTS OF YOUTH
Composed, revised and submitted to
The Candid Reader
By
William C. Bradley
Author of the Poem on Allen and Ticknor's Duel.
Westminster
Printed by John Gould
MDCCXCIV

Hon. William Czar Bradley

He entered Yale College at thirteen years, but was expelled while a freshman, having been accused of being implicated in the placing of a donkey in the pulpit of the Chapel, a charge he always denied. Returning home, he worked on the farm, until he went to Amherst to study law with Judge Simeon Strong. His father's censure seemed severe, but William found among his father's papers, the copy of a letter written to the faculty of the College, stating that it was wrong to expel his son, who was a mere boy and should have been disciplined. The Yale Corporation conferred on William the honorary degree of Master of Arts in 1817, and the University of Vermont, LL.D. in 1851.

At the age of seventeen, he delivered the Fourth of July Oration[1] followed by an original Ode. The pamphlet has become very rare and is highly prized by bibliomaniacs.

After Mr. Strong's appointment as Judge of the Supreme Court, 1800, William studied with Mr. Ashmun of Blandford, and in his father's office in Westminster. He was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty (June 1802), but on account of his extreme youth was refused practice in the Supreme Court. The Legislature appreciating his talents appointed him Attorney for Windham, and thus secured his admission to the desired Court. This office he held seven years, 1804-11.

When his father was re-elected Senator in Congress (1801), his "joy was full not only because the Republicans have triumphed in the choice of the Man who pleases them, but that, — that Man is — my Respected Father. The wishes of my heart are complete & it only remains for him to so discharge his duty that his friends may be satisfied & himself honored."

W. C. B. to M. R.
1801, October 21
Westminster

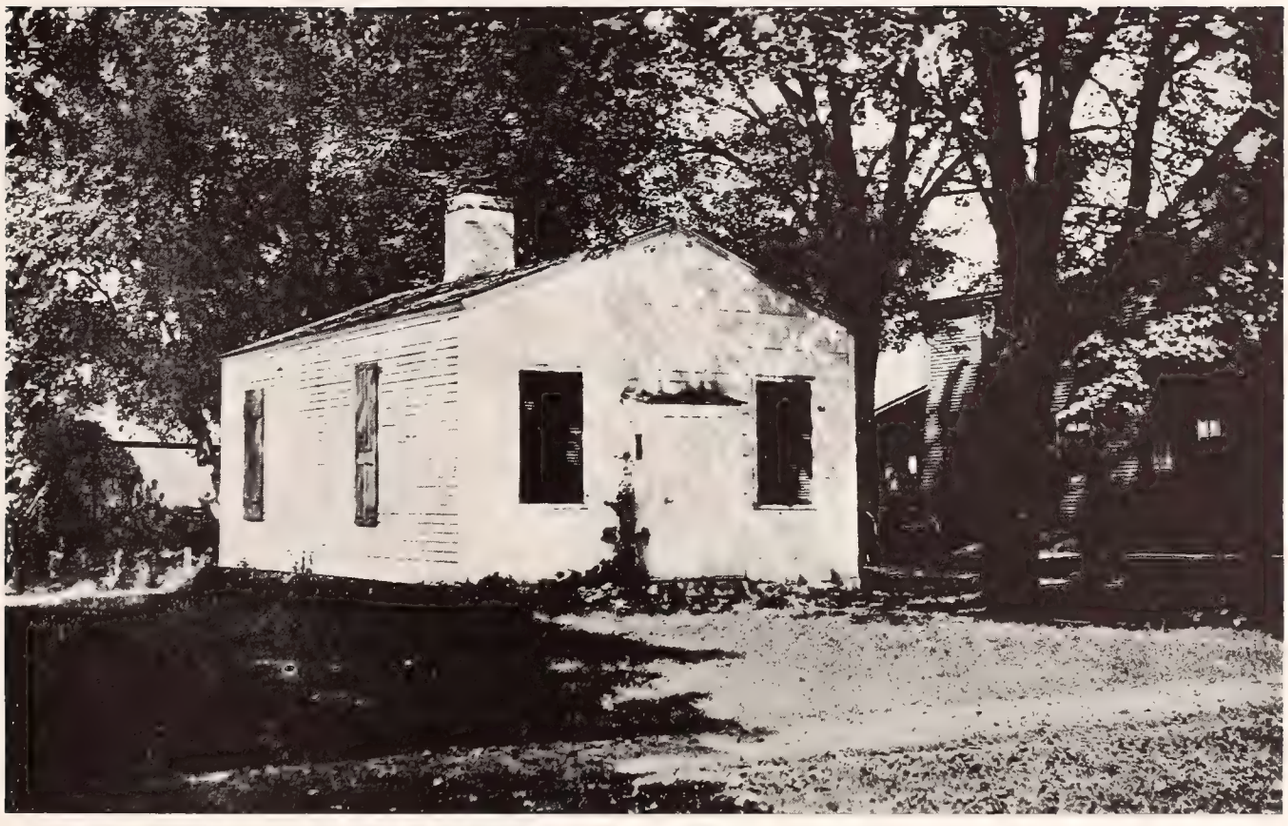
The interesting, historic letters written to William during these years reveal the implicit confidence of the loving father in the son. He intrusted to him "all the household cares — the family — the 'creatures of the farm' — the planting — the keys of the wine cellar — the Law Office and all his other business."

"Your management of affairs at home meets with my highest approbation and esteem . . . . I have no hesitancy, William, to say that my confidence in you is unbounded and I feel as little concern while you are with them as I should were I present." "Remember about getting some spring rye to sow — enclosed cotton-seed which I wish you to plant in a hill, and plant the hills about two feet apart in the garden. I want George should scrape away the snow whenever it falls round the peach trees, and charge him not to hurt the small quince trees." "See that the boys take good care of the horses, remember the hogs. In relation to the business of the office, you must conduct it as well

S. R. B. to W. C. B.
1802, April 22
Washington, D. C.

[1] His great-grandson, Henry Kellogg Willard, read the Oration on the 115th Anniversary, July 4, 1914, at Westminster.

Sarah Richards Bradley



Law Office of William Czar Bradley, Westminster, Vt.

as you can; be careful to lay by the silver and keep the banknotes in circulation . . . lend to good men for a short time."

William Czar Bradley married Sarah Richards, the daughter of Mark and Ann Ruggles Richards, December 1802. It was an ideal union lasting nearly sixty-four years. "Few persons can say that, and fewer that they have been blessed with such happy and affectionate children including all our descendants and I do not think many are more grateful for it than we are."

A lovable portrait of Sarah Richards and their ideal home can be traced in the old letters.

"Tell Sister Sally that people thought she was a perfect angel descended from . . . . the Green Mountains when she was here."

Adeline to W. C. B.
1813, September 15

"Merab Ann was learning to dance . . . . I have no doubt she dances the cotillons with you, and as for Dorr I suppose you want no other music than that of his violin."

Stella to W. C. B.
1820, January 20

"My Darling Soul I intended to write you a long letter today and trust Providence to get it to you . . . . be assured your Sarah's heart is always with you, my love — how cruel for us is it that there is no regular mail . . . . the poor eye, I can say little for, but the heart altho more than *40* is the same as ever yours and only yours."

S. B. to W. C. B.
1824, February 20

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

William Czar Bradley opened a law office in a small building still standing on the grounds of his home (corner of School and the Lower Street). Among his students was Albert Merriam Allbe of Bellows Falls, who, when past ninety years of age (February 24, 1914), thus reminisces:

"It is with great pleasure that I remember my days as a student in the Law Office of William C. Bradley and I shall never forget his kindness to me. When he decided to open a Law School in his office I was one of his first students to whom he gave free tuition. When I passed my examination for admission to the practice of law I had the reputation of having passed the best examination of any one who had been examined for years. It was not on account of any great scholarship on my part, but on account of the great amount of help that he gave me and his large and valuable library."

That library contained a little volume which belonged successively to Thomas Jefferson, Stephen Rowe Bradley and William Czar Bradley; and in which are the autographs of all three on the same page. When the third name was added, Mr. Bradley remarked "there is a regular taper from first to last."

A young man sought his services as Attorney for a case, that Mr. Bradley thought almost hopeless — he reluctantly consented. On the morning of the trial, he heard that the presiding Judge had expressed an opinion on the case. At the opening of the Court, Mr. Bradley asked the Judge if this were true. The Judge confessed to a casual remark in reference to it, but pressed further, he finally acknowledged a positive opinion had been expressed. "Well," said Mr. Bradley, "if your Honor has expressed an opinion in advance of the trial, I will not demean the profession to which I belong by trying the case before you"; and, with a "Good morning," he took up his hat and walked out of the Court Room. The crestfallen young man followed him, saying, "Mr. Bradley, this action of yours has lost me the case." "Young man," he replied, "it has won the case." And so it had.

"Sometimes a set of young lawyers would get a case so muddled that it was almost impossible to unravel it, and then I might be retained like a Dr. called to a dying patient, to put the matter straight."

S. B. to S. B. W.
1858, February 4

"What little strength of body & mind Papa has must be employed in preparing for the Court which sits one week from Monday & when he will close his more than half a century's labors as an advocate."

"You say you wish a full detail of the supper and I will give it to you as well as I can recollect. One day a committee with Judge Stoddard at the head came to my quarters with a request from the bar that, as I had notified them of my intention to withdraw I would allow them to give me an entertainment on the occasion to take place at the Hotel on the following Friday evening. I replied that altho such a thing was entirely alien to my habits I could not well refuse my brethren in their last request.

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1858, April 1

Court Room, Newfane, Vermont

"In my absence the likeness over the Judge keeps them from forgetting me." (W. C. B.)

It seems that they sent to the members who were absent and some of them came forty miles on purpose to attend. The Judges of the Supreme and County Courts were also invited as well as the Sheriff's department. Judge Aldis, the brother of Mrs. Kellogg, was so struck with the circumstance that he said if he could live to such an age and be so esteemed by all his brethren it seemed to him he would be willing to die. Well — Friday came and I argued my two last cases in the course of the day and about seven o'clock in the evening we were seated at the table, myself & ten Judges at the head on each side of the Chairman, C. K. Field. In due time the resolutions which you have doubtless seen were read by Mr. Kirkland and I rose to respond, somewhat feeble to be sure.

"I told them that I hardly knew what to say on the occasion — that if I had ever possessed any faculties of eloquence or imagination they were long since extinguished by old age; that I had supposed all sensibility to worldly distinction was dead in my bosom and even then it was not the complimentary language they offered me nor the very honorary attendance comprising the first Judges in the land that moved me. No — it was the conviction pressed upon my soul that the same good feeling, attachment and friendship which had encouraged me on the first entrance upon the professional career — which invigorated my efforts in middle life and which sustained and

consoled me in my decline had endured to the end. That a stranger on hearing the resolutions would naturally conclude that the bar was under obligations to me. It was not so, the debt was on the other side, when forty years before I had been stricken with deafness so that left to myself I could not have practised in Court for a single day and when conscious of the fact I withdrew from all engagements in other counties and threw myself on the generosity and forbearance of the Windham County bar — most nobly did they answer to the appeal and all of them seemed willing to assist me.

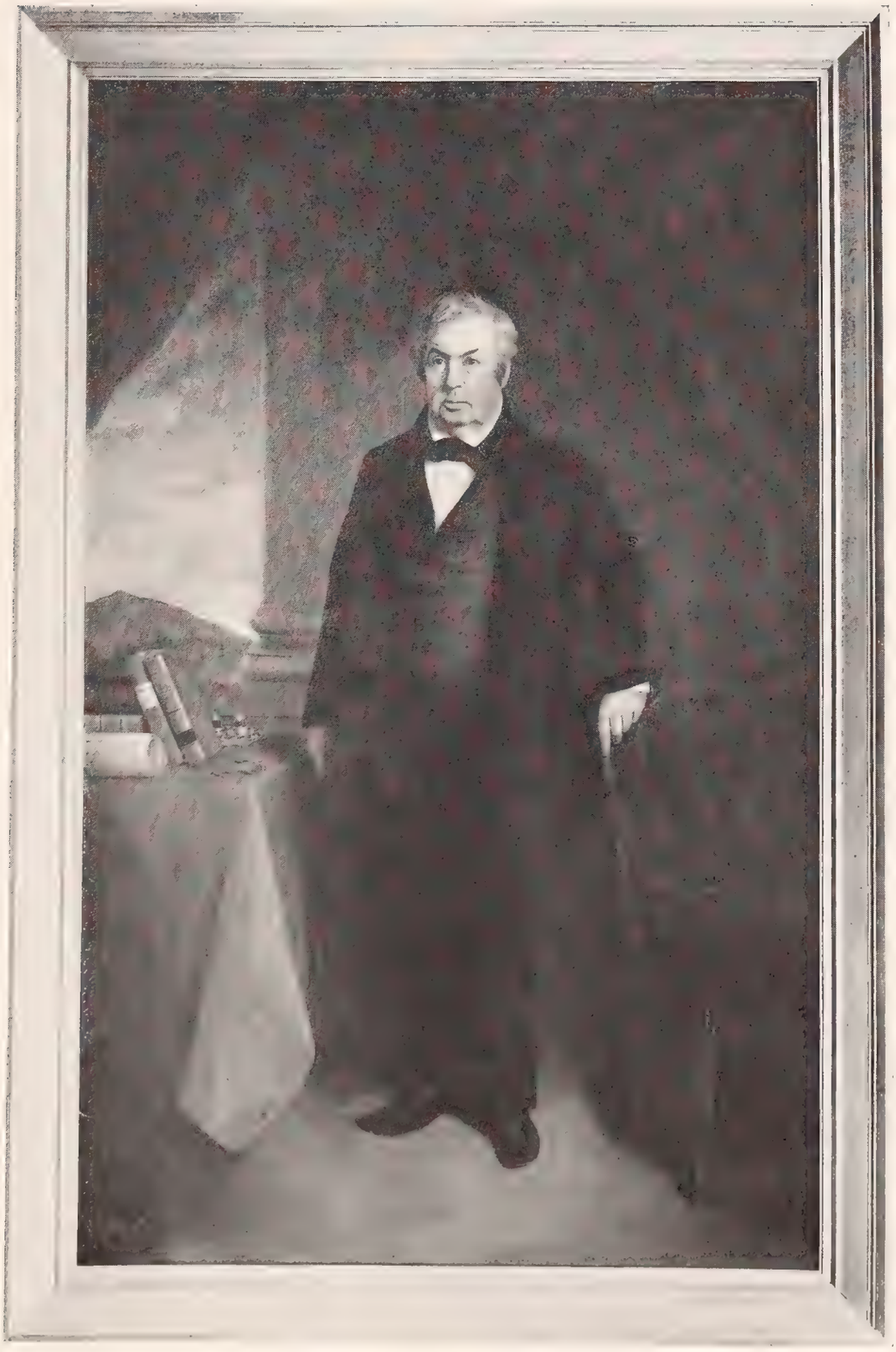
"Several members then young, but who since have risen to the first rank, offered me their ears and their pens and by the aid of their ministry I have been enabled during all that time to fulfil the duties of a profession which I ardently loved — for it was when properly followed a noble profession. Here I dwelt for some time on that topic and then proceeded by saying that it was a matter of some pride to me to have belonged to the oldest bar in the State and one which contained able members before the Revolution and to which I was admitted fifty-six years ago — just two years before our excellent Chief Justice Redfield (who was present) was born. That I had seen and practised before a numerous succession of Judges all of whom have treated me with distinguished kindness, that in enumerating them my mind went back to C. Jus. Woodbridge in the last century, followed in this by Robinson, Tyler, Nathaniel Chipman, decidedly the first lawyers in the State, the elder Judge Aldis, whose son I was happy to see on the same honored bench, Skinner, Chase, Prentiss, Hutchinson and Williams — of each of whom as named I gave as characteristic a sketch as I was able, and as this concluded the list of the deceased jurists I must be excused from going further in that direction and returning to the subject with which I began closed with expressions of gratitude to the bar and wishes for the individual prosperity of all those who composed it. Your Uncle Dorr then called upon the Judges and each, beginning with C. Jus Redfield, spoke in his turn and then your father and ever so many others — but in consequence of fatigue I left as soon as the Judges were through.

"Such my dear child are my recollections of a scene which has had no example in the State and which has restored me to my fireside where I hope you and Henry and Baby will sometimes come and cheer me."

"In my absence the likeness over the Judge keeps them from forgetting me." This full-length standing portrait painted by Tenney of Hanover is the only portrait in the Court House, Newfane, Vermont, that is a mark of popular appreciation — the gift of the bar and officers of the Court. The portrait was painted in the north parlor of his Westminster home.

Offices Held by William Czar Bradley

When he was twenty-four he was elected representative to the State Legislature, 1805; at thirty, a member of the State Council; in the same year, 1812, he was elected



Portrait of William Czar Bradley, Court Room, Newfane, Vermont

Representative to Congress; at the close of the War of 1812 he was appointed Agent of the United States under the Treaty of Ghent to establish the boundary between Maine and the British Provinces. This work which he considered the great public service of his life lasted five years. He traveled through the northwest frontier to lay down the line, which, rejected by Great Britain, and disputed over with a bitterness that well-nigh ended in war, he had the satisfaction of seeing adopted in the Ashburton Treaty.

He represented Vermont again in Congress for two terms, 1823-27; he was elected an "Adams" man, but in 1825, owing to a difference of opinion with the President, he supported Jackson, the rising chief of the Democratic party. This party was and continued to be in a hopeless minority in Vermont, and could only give him repeated unsuccessful nominations for Congress, for the U. S. Senate and for Governor.

At the time of Lincoln's first nomination, he wrote:

"Although my preferences are the other yet the reading both sides occasionally has the good tendency to keep the mind from being too one-sided. The old parties are so completely shattered and confused that an old-fashioned politician has no better way before him than to keep out of the disturbance and let younger persons do the work."

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1860, May 27
Brattleboro, Vt.

"It must be confessed that Mr. Buchanan's term, whether it ought to be applauded or not, has somehow or other tapered off like a carrot. . . . . There is something refreshing in the pertinacity with which old politicians and old fashionable ladies cling to a state of existence trying enough to break down Samson."

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1861, June 18

"My faith, as I have often said, is in GOD and Gen'l Scott and I begin to believe that the President himself has more firmness than he has credit for, and that he will keep on until he has restored the republic . . . . His only danger is from Congress which like an unruly wife he can live neither with nor without."

June 20

His associates in Congress were Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Randolph and Everett. It was a brilliant era unrivaled in the history of the United States. Mr. Webster said of him, that he had one of the greatest minds in the country. Two of Mr. Bradley's speeches were of considerable length and of great ability — one, on the Bill appropriating money for a monument to William French, the first martyr in the cause of American Independence, a speech replete with patriotic zeal, forcible arguments and historic facts. "At any rate I have done my duty and shall not worry about it. It will not be my fault if this patriotism is like a fire made of shavings, very bright for a while and then extinguished." The other was the eulogy on Daniel Webster, an enduring tribute to his opponent in politics. He said it seemed to him "as if the Great Author of our being was sometime

W. C. B. to S. B. K.
1852, November 11
Montpelier

pleased to stamp upon the countenance of men made in His image some portion of His own divinity and I appeal to anyone who ever saw Webster in public life whether he was not struck at once by the indications of power contained in every look, ... When my heart becomes too contracted to swell at the manifestations of talent, worth and greatness, may it cease to beat."

W. C. B. to S. B. K.
1852, December 28

"As for you being in the midst of strong Webster men, that is well enough for it was said at Montpelier that Papa had done more for Mr. Webster's praise in half an hour than all his friends would do in a month."

At the age of sixty-eight, he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and at seventy-four, 1856, Presidential Elector, and went to Washington to cast the vote of Vermont for John C. Fremont. The following year, 1857, he was chosen a member of the State Constitutional Convention.

Mr. Bradley was a poet, a man of large talent and learning — for the most of his life he read at least seven hours a day. He was as much at home in theology as in law: "Theology," he said, "is the noblest profession, Law is second to it."

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1859, October 25

"Let each respect the sincere convictions of the other and always remember that they are all children of one common Father and so brethren of one family, that of one Mankind."

1859, November 1

"I think religious sectarianism is a blessed thing — the world is too independent and too pugnacious to take much general interest in matters which it cannot quarrel about, and like party spirit in politics, divisions are necessary to create permanent excitement and exertions."

1861, November 1

"As for me I do not care what is the name of the Church if it but promotes truth and godliness; and by truth, I do not mean theological or doctrinal truth but that which eschews falsehood in life and conversation."

1858, October 21

"When you are old as I am, if you are spared so long, there will be no moments more precious than those spent in reflecting upon the good deeds we have done for others, without taking their gratitude into account."

1859, December 29

"Let each enjoy their own opinion, since no essential point of religion or morals is involved, but for myself I think the Yankee days of merriment are too few in this world of care, and although my own capacity of relishing them is about over I can find happiness in seeing that of others, and even in imagination see and rejoice in Harry's Christmas tree and the enjoyment of children."

A small, worn calf-bound volume containing *Extracts of Remarks* of theologians with the following unique title-page is still preserved:

FRESH
RESEARCHES
INTO
OLD MATTERS
By Caesar Broadfield, A.M.

And they said unto Him, Thou wast altogether born in sins, and dost thou teach us? And they cast him out.
John chap. IX, verse 34

His poems reflect a simple and broad faith.

"I strive to walk where duty tends,
"With love of God, good will to man,
Let me pass."

The classic lyric, "Dawn, Noon, Twilight," in his copper-plate handwriting, is framed and preserved on its walls by the Vermont Historical Society, Montpelier. To the poem "A Ballad of Judgment and Mercy," he added an extract from the Bishop's Bible that he thought necessary "to prevent the reader from supposing that the lines expressed my own feelings and beliefs, rather than a mere flight of imagination, for even Judge Aldis when I read it to him and he had expressed his satisfaction, gravely asked me whether I really had such a dream? Certainly, if I had I should have been apt to have considered it in the ancient manner as a divine communication . . . . If folks will only rightly improve the present day, the Day of Judgment will take care of itself."

For a Roman Catholic friend doomed with an incurable disease, he made a translation of the Latin hymn which Mary, Queen of Scots composed in her imprisonment:

Queen Mary's Hymn

"O Lord my God, I hoped in Thee
O my dear Jesus — now liberate me.
In cruel chains
In wretched pains
With moanings and groanings
And bending the knee
I adore, I implore
Thee to liberate me."

When eighty-five years old, the Muse "who only visits me in mid-summer" was still with him.

"Alas! now I am deaf and old,
Lame, blind and imbecile;
I do not think the Muse cajoled,
Can ever seek my domicile
Even though she bear no malice.

"But she may let me come at whiles
Up to her gardens gay,
Rejoiced to see where Fancy smiles,
Cropping the flowers, and — as I stray,
Hold forth a sprig to Alice."

Mr. Bradley had "a sense almost religious of the duties we owe to those domestic animals which are compelled to be obedient to our will and are dependent on our care and protection." In the front yard of the Bradley home there was a small mound and a small marble slab, inscribed "To our gentle, kind and faithful Penny." Penny attended his master to County Court, — once, when Mr. Bradley had made one of his eloquent pleas, he took his seat and as usual little Penny jumped into his lap. His opponent desirous of displaying his forensic ability, commenced his reply in a loud voice and with wild gesticulations. Then little Penny from some cause commenced a furious barking. The old orator patted the little dog on the head and said, "Hist, hist Penny, only one puppy at a time."

He possessed a "treasury of superstitions." Mr. Bradley would never pay out a cent of money on a Monday — he would often say to his wife on Saturday: "Mama, if you need any money you must get it from me today, for you know I cannot pay out any on Monday." It was an invariable rule which was strictly adhered to throughout his life.

His grandson, Daniel Kellogg, relates that on a spring morning, while driving to Newfane to Court, Mr. Bradley exclaimed, "Hold on, we must kill that snake," and sprang out, cane in hand as quick as he could and chased the meandering reptile until it escaped into a stonewall. More than a rod of stonewall was torn down before the snake was found and killed. "How long would you have worked at it?" asked Daniel. "I would have hunted for him until dark," replied his grandfather, "otherwise I should have lost every case." At the farmhouse he paid the owner a two-dollar bill for the repairing of the wall.

This "grand old man of charming countenance and figure — tall, large, rather nobly developed, and crowned with a hoary head," possessed a wonderful memory, accompanied with rare conversational powers. S. G. Goodrich in "Recollections of a Lifetime" writes of Mr. Bradley, his brother-in-law:

"His passion for books,— the love of the beautiful, remained to the last. A courtier might envy the ease and elegance with which, when past seventy, he would enter a brilliantly lighted drawing-room and charm the hearts of all the ladies by his sallies of wit and the grace of his compliments. When visiting Washington . . . . an accomplished and fashionable widow (now the wife of Commodore Dahlgren), said to me, 'I have lately formed a delightful friendship with an old gentleman.' She could hardly believe that a man over seventy years of age from Vermont could surpass the foreign ministers . . . . in elegance of manners and real *bonhomie*."

When his beloved granddaughter, Sarah Bradley Kellogg, was married, November 6, 1855, to Henry Augustus Willard, and left the old home to go to Washington, there began a series of letters in the beautiful, engraved-like hand-writing, that continued to within two months of his death.

"Goodbye darling. Treasure up our love and write whenever you can." These letters give an intimate insight into the two lonely, loving hearts, — the home life and "the continual advance of old age which if it makes us lame is not so himself but comes on with a steady pace."

1855, December 16

"Your letters not only benefit me, but they are life to Mama. The old hen likes to have the chicken peep cheerfully and we perceive that your note is in a very happy key."

Mama writes: "I went to bed *without the dear good night* — more happy for having read your letter. Although the large term of school has commenced and the preparation for the Fair going on out of doors, still I feel a void within. I keep the little Daguerreotype on my table, but it won't speak. I must content myself with thinking and *loving you as I ever did* and *shall*."

S. B. to S. B. W.
1856, January 8

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1861, May 16

"My fighting days are over. Mama and I crawl along through life as well as we can — loving our friends and not hating our enemies if we have any."

1860, June 27

"Mama and Emily play their dismal game of backgammon and seem to like it very much, while I take my amusement and delight in writing to you."

The return of the birds, — the sugar-making, — "the admission of the summer air with the fragrance of the grass and of the flowering shrubs and trees," brought joy to their hearts.

1857, February 25
Westminster

"Our first bluebirds came today, and sugar-making has commenced."

"After an almost total cessation of ornithological life — we have been for three or four days greeted by the advent of the birds of song, fluttering and flying and filling every tree and shrub with their preparations for housekeeping and so far from looking upon their sprightliness as a reproach upon my own hobbling efforts to get about, I view them as attempts to cheer and amuse me in my old age — thankful that we have so good a measure of health as we now enjoy."

1857, May 24

"Mama enters heartily into your gratification of the new rose and as it is entirely in her line, I hope that when it is suitable, you will cut off a short limb which has no flower or bud on it and put it in one of your letters as she is great in turning cuttings into fine plants."

1859, May 1

"We have had charming weather until a day or two ago when it came raw and windy with spits of snow, which will give time to the boilers to finish working the

sap which has run more profusely than ever known — and is calculated that the crop of sugar in Vermont will exceed that of any former year, — which makes all the little folks glad, some of the big ones too. In my present state it does not agree with me — but the memory of when it did so is very sweet in my mouth."

1860, March 25

"Why cannot second childhood be as merry and innocent as the first? The answer involves a deep moral and theological question which we will not dwell upon lest it should turn out a mere physiological one — like the difference between a new and old machine almost perished in the using." "Happy if we can leave something from the wreck which will endear our memories to those who come after us . . . . ."

1861, December 20

The return of the granddaughter for "the hot weather to sleep under the cool shadow of the elm tree" was eagerly anticipated.

1858, April 12

"There is a door under the elm tree which would almost open of itself, if you were to present yourselves before it."

Henry Kellogg Willard was born October 20, 1856. "We hope that our first great-grandson may live and prove to you both a great blessing." "As to the little Master looking like his grandfather Bradley, all goodlooking babies do that when they first come, but somehow or other the resemblance disappears as they grow older."

1856, October 21

October 26

"Oh! Mama has two very little shoes with a stocking in each — and keeps one on her table in the parlor, and the other on her toilet in her bed chamber. What can she do it for?"

1857, October 18

"As you are one of her plants and little Harry a bud, you may be sure that a great deal of her affectionate tenderness is bestowed upon you both."

"Harry's raspberry bushes are all in good order, and the old elm tree sends vigorous branches quite to the ground so as to make an umbrella of foliage for him to play under when he comes."

1859, May 1

In the early part of December 1859, Papa and Mama Bradley went to stay with their son, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, in Brattleboro, Vermont, owing to the feeble health of Mama.

"We live a great deal out of the world which after all better comports with our age and habits — and have plenty of reading such as it is, but I must confess that I often think of the old library in the Entry which has been my comfort for so many years — and although Mama finds comfort in sewing, reading and taking care of the room, — I sometimes think she has her mind among her old traps at Westminster."

1860, May 12
Brattleboro, Vt.

"It was a pleasure to Papa to hear or rather to see you write as you did about the old library at home, for after all it is the Ark of the Covenant with him, — now he has become a man of the past rather than a man of progress."

1860, May 13

"Uncle Dorr and Aunt Susan, a most excellent woman devoted to every duty, whether in prosperity or adversity, say they wish us to do everything that we think will most content us both as to residence and occupation." "Still we cannot but feel an attachment for the old spot where we have lived so long and our ancestors before us, and where we expect to join them at last."

1860, April 15

Three Generations of Bradley Family

Richards and Sarah Merry Bradley
"Papa" Bradley "Mama" Bradley
Susan Crosman Bradley Jonathan Dorr Bradley

It was their desire and purpose to return to Westminster every summer to be ready to receive the granddaughter "in the good old fashioned way and the old unchanged hearts." The homesickness only increased.

"Now I sometimes sigh for the old homestead and think that if Mama could be with me I should be glad to be there, notwithstanding all the kindness here. But altho quite well now, her thread is so slender that it will not do to let it be withdrawn from the affection and care of children and grandchildren, — particularly when I can be of no use in the care of her indisposition but am myself rather dependent on others." "Every thing is done for her that can be and the Aunts spare no pains or labor, particularly Aunt Susan, for Aunt Emily has not so delicate a hand as the other and younger sister of Charity — as I call them both."

1862, January 5

February 12

1862, March 27
Brattleboro, Vt.

"The birthday passed off reasonably well. Being Sunday there was no booming of guns in the morning, nor scraping of fiddles in the evening; but Bridget did her best culinary talents upon a fat turkey for dinner and Ritchie furnished a bottle of Champagne — while Mama contributed a bottle of the famous port, so that Papa was handsomely wafted from the shallows of fourscore into the placid lake of extreme old age . . . . there were no ladies from out of the house, but Mama's re-appearance at the table with cheerful looks and a good appetite counted for half a dozen. Daniel was sent for and joined us on the occasion, bright and laughing — as one of Mr. Lincoln's officials ought to be — and what is more altho there was no particular abstinence I have not heard of a single headache the next morning, confirming my old theory that real good things are always healthy."

He returned to Old Westminster September 1866: "We have at last reached a landing place on our way upstairs."

1866, September 22
Old Westminster

"And anything seems better to me than the *beautiful* city of Brattleboro with its water-cures, insane asylums, fast horses and the whole region infested with death in the pot. At any rate, there is no mountain across the river, and before the day is one quarter spent we have a charming sunrise, as was the case this morning, to enlighten and invigorate a body and dry up the steaming vapors. Indeed, my darling, you cannot conceive the benefit I have derived from the change. Everyone seems, and what is this world but seeming?, — rejoiced that I have come back to stay . . . . It is pleasant to be among real neighbors and I find a few who are all that I can desire."

1866, October 1

"Brattleboro — a place that I hope to avoid forever hereafter. It has been to me one of unmitigated sorrow and grief, while here, where dear Mama is constantly with me and reminding me of her presence — all looks cheerful and good and I gain health and strength in body and mind — especially in the early part of the day."

1866, November 6

"Am gaining weekly. Much allowance must be made for the different state of mind. Here, it is easy and contented and meets with something every day — and almost every hour, to remind me of good old times when we were all together and so much to each other." . . . . "We have made great and extensive improvements and I am located in the front parlor and bedroom, with an open fire, which looks exactly as it did in Mama's day, and with stove in the Entry and dining room so I can make my apartments as warm as an oven. I shall borrow of the neighboring ladies a pot or two of plants to put in my windows and there is every reason to be sure I shall be as comfortable as my age and circumstances will permit — and more so than if I should leave Mama and go to some new and unwonted place."

"Give my best love to Harry and say to him, that Papa is watching over him with all love and affection hoping to learn — while the time lasts, that he is with all diligence preparing himself for an honest, useful and of course, happy life."

1866, December 12

"Your sympathetic remembrance of the Christmas dinners of old times here, when you were a child, affected me much, but my darling, let us hope that we shall all come happily together in Heaven. Adieu. Take good care of yourself and rest assured that sleeping or waking, living or dying, I shall remain

1866, December 26

Your affectionate and mindful Papa."

Sarah Richards Bradley died August 7, 1866.
William Czar Bradley died March 3, 1867.
Both buried in the Bradley Tomb, Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Chapter III

Mark Richards was born July 15, 1760, the youngest child and fifth son of Abijah and Hannah Hopkins Richards, Waterbury, Connecticut. His great-grandfather Obadiah Richards was one of the first "planters" of Waterbury. His mother, Huldah Hopkins, the eldest daughter of Timothy Hopkins, and sister of Samuel, Daniel and the celebrated Mark Hopkins, "was a woman of remarkably strong mind and his early training was under her eye" — for his father died when he was not quite thirteen years of age.

"When about sixteen years, he became so excited by the spirit of the Revolution,
1776 that one night he passed out of the window of his bedroom and repaired to the camp of General Wooster, where he enlisted into the army. His mother finding him missing in the morning was under great alarm until she ascertained his whereabouts and then dispatched the eldest son, Streat Richards, to bring him back to his home. General Wooster on learning the circumstances, was very willing to discharge him, if the young recruit could be made willing to return. But this he could not be persuaded to do, declaring that having made an engagement with his country he was determined to fight it out, and as he was known to be of an inflexible and persevering disposition, his brother was compelled to return to his sorrowing parent without him.

"Mark served through the War — was in the attack on Stony Point, in the cantonments of Valley Forge (1777-8), the battle of Monmouth, also in several other engagements; and are not his acts written in the Pension Office at Washington?" (W. C. B.)

After the War, he went to Boston and entered into partnership with his brother Giles, Messrs. Cutter and William and Amos Whittemore, in the prosperous business of making wool and cotton cards by hand.

In June 1782, he married Ann Ruggles Dorr, widow of Joseph Dorr, and daughter
1782 of Joseph and Rebecca Curtis Ruggles, Roxbury, Massachusetts. There were seven children. His great-granddaughter, Helen Crain, relates that in the early days of Boston, the city was closed once in seven years, and every one vaccinated who had not taken smallpox; on one occasion, when all the Richards family were vaccinated, one of the sons died from it. The last time the whipping post was used, the cat-o'-nine-tails having been worn out, Fanny and Sally

Honorable Mark Richards

Owned by Richards M. Bradley, 261 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Ann Ruggles Richards

Richards were asked to prepare a new one. The story is that yarn was used instead of leather, so that it would not hurt.

Mark Richards visited Washington in 1792. He sent his wife, by a vessel sailing from Georgetown, "a box of Weeping Willow Branches. I wish you to set out a few and present the rest to our friends — also I send you a keg of Lady Peas and 1 Keg Hogs lard . . . . also I send Natt Dorr a few Cane poles for fishing. . . . . My love to our Family, great and small." He planned to sail the next week for Charleston, to stay a few days there and be with her May 15.

M. R. to A. R. R.
1792, April 21
Washington, D. C.

Country air being necessary for his wife's health, he removed from Boston to Westminster, Vermont, where he carried on a large mercantile business with Eleazar May. "From the old account books, rum and toddy constituted no inconsiderable part of the traffic. They had rum in those days that was thought fit for ministers to drink, as appears from the fact that the parson was a frequent purchaser." (*Vermont Historical Magazine.*)

1796, Westminster

Mr. Richards wrote a letter to Archibald Hopkins, Stockbridge, Massachusetts, introducing William Czar Bradley, who desired to be a student-of-law with Mr. Sedgwick. A month later, he congratulated William "on getting in favor with Mr. Strong," adding, he heard of his father "being frequently on this street (Lower Street), overseeing his new house which goes on rapidly."

1800, June 29

The "truly grateful" William replied from Blandford: "The hurry and disturbance occasioned while removing from Amherst" prevented him from answering immediately; "I rejoice that republicanism flourishes in Vermont, no person can more sincerely rejoice in the increase than myself and I hope one day or other to do it justice . . . . I beg that Mrs. Richards & family may be reminded of me. To hear that they are well will always be an addition to my contentment which nothing else can procure." The daughter Sarah was married to William Czar Bradley in 1802.

W. C. B. to M. R.
1800, September 25

1802

So correct were his business transactions and so popular was he with his fellow-citizens, Mark Richards was chosen eight times to represent the town of Westminster in the General Assembly of Vermont, 1801, '02, '04, '24, '26, '28, '32, '34; First Selectman 1801, '22, '24; he was High Sheriff of the County 1806, '07, '08, '09 '10; a member of the Council of Censors 1806; a member of the State Council 1813-15; and one of the Presidential Electors 1812 and '24; he served four years as a Representative in Congress, 1817-21; and was associated with his old friend and colleague in Congress, Governor Crafts, as Lieutenant-Governor of Vermont, 1830.

His opinion in regard to the War of 1812 is expressed in a letter to Stephen Rowe Bradley:

"You will see by the public papers, the anxiety entertained as to public measures — some difference exists, but the great majority in Vermont say give us *War*. I see no way that Government can retrace their steps with honor to themselves or to give satisfaction to the people, yet I pray something may yet turn up to keep us from a scene of war truly to be dreaded by those who have experienced the calamities thereon."

M. R. to S. R. B.
1812, February 7
Westminster

After war was declared, he went to Washington to give proposals for supplying rations to the army in Vermont. "Mr. Monroe," he wrote, "has with reluctance, entered on the arduous duties of the War Office, but he has determined to devote all his time by night and day to remedy the evils justly complained of."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1812, December 30
Washington

"I was to dine with the President this day had I staid so long but I feel happy in being so far on my way home. When I get home can tell William[1] how it will ring at Washington."

M. R. to A. R. R.
1813, January 7
New Haven

At the Burlington Cantonment: "All is confusion and alarm here — the troops have been at alarm Post nearly all the time for two days past. Yesterday the enemy landed and burned Plattsburgh — this day they are drawing nearer this part . . . . the inhabitants have chiefly taken flight or sent out their effects. Gen. Hampton will not be found sleeping, or out of his Camp at evening or at the cock crowing."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1813, August 11
Burlington, Vt.

The Commanding General treated him "with every mark of civility" but the "haughty, overbearing manners" of some subordinate officers were "too much to be borne by a New England Freeman. What is it to a man if he gains the whole world & lose his soul. I value the sweets of liberty too much to barter it for gold."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1813, September 3

After wishing his grandson, Jonathan Dorr Bradley and his little granddaughter, Harriet Holton, "many happy New Years" — he added, — "I would send you each something more substantial — but nothing is to be had here except Cannon, Guns, Swords and implements of War."

M. R. to J. B. D.
1814, January 1

On the evening of January 19, he "was most violently seized in the head that produced ague." The next day he left in a sleigh for Westminster. About two o'clock on the following morning, he "was seized with a severe pain in the right foot." For three weeks he suffered great distress:

"My chief pain has grown out of an inflammation which seized the right leg — it has three times been laid open — my present prospects are the knee must go through a similar process . . . . farewell, dear William, Farewell."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1814, February 14
Westminster

[1] William Czar Bradley.

"Let me remark that never was a person better attended than I have been — aside from my family connections the neighborhood at large seem to vie with each other which shall render me the most service. Your dear Sally has bestowed that care, solicitude and attention which I never can be grateful enough for. I may say no day and night has passed without a call from her and her presence greatly mitigates my pain."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1814, March 10

"Yesterday I went to your house on crutches with difficulty — I think I shall finally have a stiff knee joint."

April 1

Eleazar May was appointed his Attorney and Agent to do and transact all business at Burlington. Mark Richards was "aroused" in Westminster "by discharge of cannon & ringing of Bells at Walpole — the joyful news that our flotilla on Lake Champlain had obtained a complete victory over the British with immense slaughter."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1814, September 19

A month later, he served at Montpelier on a Committee of Canvassers, "the canvassing was conducted with fairness, and the voice of the people as declared by the Freemen reported."

1814, October 14

Towards the close of 1817, he was on his way to Washington, a slow and tedious journey by stage coaches and steamboats — "in every stage many pleasant companions." He located himself on Capitol Hill (Mr. Burches) a few rods from the House of Representatives — "to tell you I am lonesome in this great city would seem strange. I spend my evenings in my little snug room with my roommate, Mr. Crafts, an agreeable companion. We have an excellent room, two good beds, two tables, 2 washstands, a looking glass and a few chairs . . . . dine, breakfast and sup in the 2nd story — our room is below & fronting south & pleasant — keep a good fire & George to make it before we rise in the morning. Breakfast 9 — dine 3 — sup 6 — ($10 a week) — meet in the Hall 12 — adjourn by 1 or 2 — thus you see we waste our time. Uncle Sam pays for it . . . . I have the good fortune to be in a Mess where no lady makes a part & the gentlemen are generally our sort of folks."

M. R. to A. R. R.
1817, December 4
Washington, D. C.

Thus begins the interesting four years of Congressional life "in the company of many (135) and eminent lawyers." His letters kept his family and friends "in pace" with the social events and legislation in Washington.

"On the anniversary of your birthday I wish you and all the family a Merry Christmas . . . . Our landlord gave us a good drink of egg noag before breakfast and called us Sirs. Have been entertained this day with a sermon by a Quakeress Lady in the Hall of Congress." He was a constant attendant at "Meeting" on Sunday mornings.

M. R. to A. R. R.
1817, December 25

"This day of the week reminds me of a two-fold duty — One is to go to the House of Public Worship, the other

M. R. to A. R. R.
1821, February 1

to write to you, which rule I have not departed from during the present session."

"I learn you and friends are all in health and most of them gone frolicing & plenty of snow." To which his wife, Ann Ruggles, replied: —

A. R. R. to M. R.
1820, February 6

"We need something to raise our spirits in the banks of snow . . . . I feel contented, as I can be comfortable at home wishing that we may improve the time in journeying together next summer if in health. I hope you and Mr. Crafts spend your evenings agreeable together — you say he reads — I hope he has something good to read to you."

Of the social events at the Capital, he wrote: "This evening the Queen[1] opens her

M. R. to A. R. R.
1818, November 25

drawing room . . . . I expect the Duchess[2] and all the first chop will not let this opportunity slip to show their prettiest." "Don't let any ladies know that Mrs. M — e had on a new suit cost $500 in Paris — the effect will be all the other Court Ladies will try to surpass it."

"I dined at Uncle Sam's Friday — found him comfortably provided for — hope

1820, February 6

he may continue to be so — Madam was not at table nor any other lady as luck would have it. I paid such respect to him (or his good wine) that I had a severe headache yesterday but had a good night's sleep & feel alright today."

February 15

"I am invited to a tea-party at Commodore Decatur's[3] Thursday evening 17th. I shall send word I have a wife and cannot come."

"Killing one another has become fashionable in this country & amongst high

M. R. to W. C. B.
April 27

characters called honorable." "Commodore Decatur & Barron — they fought a duel on the fatal spot at Bladensburgh — both very badly wounded — Decatur thought mortally — He is at his house[3] near the President's — this originated in the affair of the Chesapeake & Leopard, on investigation of which Decatur was President of the Court Martial."

M. R. to Cyprian Stevens
April 2

"The bravest of men may sometimes act the coward. I say coward. Poor Decatur, if he could have braved an insult he would never have died a coward."

Mr. Richards thus graphically pictured the 15th Congress:

"I can hardly tell what I think of the great characters which compose this notorious assembly but

M. R. to W. C. B.
1817, December 26

on the whole think many of them are not so tall as they imagine themselves — they are like some very fine ladies who consult their mirror till every wrinkle appears to them a dimple. . . . . Speakers in debate (or rather in declamation) — how their mind will hold out I can't say but think it very possible it may fail after the first blast, — many have come out flamingly on some subject but unfortunately for them no application could be made to the Question then before the House. The old members speak little, I conclude they are convinced of the truth of the old adage, — Keep silence & no one will know you are a fool . . . . I wish I could describe the

[1] Mrs. Monroe. [2] Mrs. Ruggles. [3] H Street and Jackson Place.

fortunes of some highminded goodfeeling gentlemen — it's very laughable to see their zeal to carry the point in question. A Mr. M—— member from Virginia, exerts himself to ape Randolph, — he, when speaking on ever so trifling subjects occupies at least two seats, the one he stands in & the one before him. I can no better describe his attitude and (would be) gentle address than comparing it to a gander hissing and imagining he has conquered his adversary. A Mr. Ogle on the old revolutionary bill appeared much convulsed — no one had interfered till he had worked over his inkstand & sandbox and cleared his desk of all the papers and unintentionally tearing many of them — he, however, has recovered. Mr. Livermore's views on the commutation bill did not think the old soldier by being in service was so disqualified as some gentlemen had represented — he knew by himself — he had left his plough in the field when he came from home and expected to find it there again in May next; & was sure he was not disqualified for ploughing by coming here 5 or 6 mos. . . . . I was in early and took my seat No. 2 in South third St. — Mr. Williams N. C. Chairman of the Committee of Claims is my right hand seatmate . . . . he observed that over the door of the Comm[ee] of Claims room was written *Hope never enters this Door* — it is nearly correct. I find that claims on government are hopeless things in most cases — the frauds heretofore practised on govt. has shut the door of mercy. . . . . Mr. Southard of N. J. is my left hand man — he is chairman of the bow and arrow committee of which I have the honor to belong — he talks often but is much like Granny Lane meddling with what he has no real concern with."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1818, January 9

The case of "Johnny Anderson by Joe" brought forth the question of the constitutional privileges of Congress: "Answer, we are the highest tribunal that ever was or ever can be created, finally, we were tantamount to all other powers except God Almighty — He (Mr. Holmes) admitted of no 2nd or 3rd persons."

January 16

"The farce of John Anderson ended — resolved, that J. A. has been guilty of a high crime against the privileges of this House & that he be bro't to the bar of this House and receive a reprimand by the Speaker & considering his former good, etc. he be discharged from the custody of the State Arms — which was performed much to the honor of Mr. Clay."

1819, January 20

"We have a very interesting debate progressing on the Seminole War & the conduct of the commanding Gen'l there — it is the most interesting I ever witnessed." "The Seminole War has this moment come to an end. Mr. Clay in his last speech (today) shed a flood of tears — the violation of the Constitution was the apparent cause — some thought his popularity was nearer his heart."

1819, February 8

Streat Richards to M. R.
1819, February 18

His brother, Streat Richards, wrote him, — "I am sorry you great folks spend so much time to investigate the conduct of General Jackson — — when we little folks can look through the whole affair in one evening by our fireside and wash his character as white as snow on the Green Mountains of Vermont." Since the Spanish could not maintain order Andrew Jackson invaded Florida, and virtually took possession of the country. His conduct excited hot debate in Congress. The affair was adjusted by paying $5,000,000 for Florida.

"H. Clay was elected Speaker of the House — 8 dissenting votes only." "Mr. Clay's resolution declaring it expedient to recognize the patriotic governments of South America — Clay made a slashing speech — proposition carried 80 ayes 75 nays.

M. R. to W. C. B.
1819, December 6

"The Missouri Bill stood first with the hopes and fears of the conflicting parties . . . . Clay & Randolph are hand & glove."

1820, May 10

"Missouri Bill was yesterday taken up — amendment — restriction of slavery." "Tuesday last week and Wednesday were spent in skirmishing. Storrs proposed some geographical lines of division between slave and non-slave holding Territory. Randolph abused him intolerably, — said Religion, Morality & Conscience had been spoken of — *now a dirty bargain*, repeating it three times, was offered — which proved that such Religion, Morality & Conscience was to be bartered and trucked away & bounded by a River or line."

1820, January 30

"The question was taken in the Senate on the Union of the two bills (viz) Maine & Missouri — carried 23 to 25." "It was thought by the friends of restricting Missouri that the Senate has connected the two subjects in order to coerce the House & by making the one depend on the other they could compel (or induce) members from Maine to yield their opinions."

February 16

"Mr. Storrs brought in an amendment same as was in Senate's bill call'd *Compromise*, relating to Territory west of Missouri — on which Randolph rose and talked on all subjects until dark — Clay repeatedly called him to order, but it was in no one's power to stop the d——l — he certainly is insane and ought not to run at large — he had his large bowl of soup brought in and often sup'd it."

February 20

"This day the dawn of Spring is a day of joy on account of arriving to the final passage of the Missouri Bill (with restrictions) Ayes 91, Nays 82. We are now on an equal footing with the Hon'e Senate on the Twin Bill. — . . . . A conference is agreed on, which so far agreed as to divide the Senate Bill & let each proposition stand on its own bottom — to pass Maine — to pass Missouri & finally to pass the restriction on the Territory N. of 36° 30′ west of the present limits of Missouri. One difficulty arises — . . . . I must see the restriction secured first."

March 1

"Thursday morning the report of the Conference was made, which in principle was the same . . . . as the original principle adopted by the Senate — *Coertion*. It was so considered & taken up by the House & debated till late at evening. . . . on the Question the restriction as amended by Senate was concurred in 90 to 87 — the compromise Section as to Territories 36½ Degrees carried 134 — 42 . . . . the Senate announced all round our House that if we disagreed in their ammen't they should instantly adjourn & leave all business

March 4

undone & resign to the consequences. I heard Speaker say that if the vote had gone the other way he never would have entered the House again but left the city for home."

"I have of late been in a very bad humor . . . . I have the mortification to be on the Minority on the final decision of the Missouri question . . . .

M. R. to A. R. R.
1820, March 8

on ordinary questions I care little about it, but on this it has disconcerted me beyond anything transacted in Congress since I have been a member."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1820, December 16

"The Senate Resol'n for admission of Missouri (passed by that Hon'e Body) was laid on our table previous to the decision on ours." "The Missouri question has got to a Committee of Compromise . . . . the past week has been the most boisterous

1821, February 4

I ever witnessed in Congress — the threats were intolerable when they dispaired of flattery."

"They urge me to hold on and to hold out. I have not had time to sufficiently reflect on the subject — no farther than to say I will submit

M. R. to W. C. B.
1821, January 17

to any course which will be most likely to defeat the election of White. Should he withdraw himself I should be unwilling to

M. R. to A. R. R.
February 11

run competition with any other candidate." "We have only three weeks more in Washington to serve either God or Mammon — it will be a busy and confused time."

In 1824, he was a second time one of the Electors of President and Vice-President.

M. R. to W. C. B.
1824, December 10
Westminster

"I think the Freemen of the District have done their duty & given you[1] as handsome a support as could have been at this inclement season."

"Received yours conveying the soul-reviving intelligence of Mr. Adams' success — it gives joy to all classes of our people here. I go to Windsor this

M. R. to W. C. B.
1825, February 25

day to meet a delegation from all the towns in the Valley of the Connecticut River from Hartford to the Lake to devise ways & means for the improvement of the River Navigation, etc."

"Since you left us the House has progressed in the ordinary business with an unanimity." "The Lottery business is & will be

M. R. to W. C. B.
1826, October 23
Montpelier, Vt.

reported against & if not I think the House are disposed to dismiss the whole."

"The tranquillity of the session disturbed by the restlessness of the party, who threatened the removal of the seat of government to Rutland and

November 11

Windsor. . . . I conclude to stay . . . . I feel it my duty to make a sacrifice of my own convenience to public good as I believe the good of the State forbids the measure."

[1] Member of Congress: William Czar Bradley.

On June 23, 1831, Mark Richards wrote to William Jarvis, Esq.: "Have forwarded my declination to stand as a candidate for the office I now have the honor to hold. — Endeavor to nominate some gentleman who will unite the whole strength of the Rep'n party and render more service to the State than I can possibly do. . . . . I adopt this course owing to my increasing disability, my lameness of so long standing is becoming more painful and forbids my being from home or doing very little at home. I am therefore sensible I ought to withdraw as my necessity and the public require it — but shall not be slothful in the vineyard while I am permitted to remain an encumberer of the ground."

M. R. to William Jarvis
1831, Westminster

"I find in the Convention many of my old friends from all parts of the country . . . . I assure you the convention is in point of respectability behind none except the one which formed our Constitution. . . . . I have been constantly in the Hall and on Committees."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1831, October 29
New York

He was again at Montpelier in 1832: "The two great questions still on hand are the Banks and the location of the buildings. I am a member of the Committee."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1832, November 2
Montpelier

"Please say to my family I am very well — never healthier while here — have very little Committee business — at home evenings — early to bed & early to rise — temperance is the order of the day."

M. R. to Dr. Safford
1834, October 19
Montpelier

"You see we progress swiftly if not safely — the Jackson party draws either side as they are most wanted for the best reward."

M. R. to W. C. B.
1834, October

The following letter written to David Crawford testifies that he was not yet "slothful in the vineyard" although past four score years:

M. R. to David Crawford
1840, July 6
Westminster

"I exceedingly regret being prevented meeting you at the Convention at Somerset to be holden on the morrow. Nothing but ill-health would deprive me of performing that duty which every freeman owes his country at this critical crisis of our public affairs. . . . . I hope the meeting will take measures to ascertain the wishes of every part of the District . . . . Routine in office will be claimed by some, — location by others — these are truly Republican principles yet if our Hon'e & faithful Representative can carry the election why attempt a change — *Measures before Men* — If a change in the Minds of the Meeting is thought expedient & by so doing promotes unanimity I shall cooperate with my political friends & suppose they were better advised than myself.

"Sir, when I look back to the commencement of the American Revolution & personally know the feelings of the great body of the people at that day, & their readiness to contend with a powerful Nation for their inalienable rights & did personally enter the ranks of our army & continued three years in the field, often battling and suffering by hunger & nakedness without pay, — all for less cause than we now have for a revolution of our wicked & corrupt administration . . . . if we fail now farewell to our Constitutional privileges — Aristocracy hereafter will be the blot of our once happy Country.

"I send you an old magazine in order to enclose a likeness of my friend, Mr. H. Clay — I have kept it a long time & now hand it over as a strong resemblance to you."

Mr. Crawford replied:

"I feel more gratitude than I can find language to express for the token of your kind regard. I am reminded of the partiality & friendship so long and so frequently manifested by you, and I desire to say, if it has not been reciprocated in acts, it has been, and is felt at heart.

"To have features like the great original whose likeness you have presented me, may be worth but little, to be like him is worthy the ambition of anyone. — One point of resemblance, love of Country, I claim to have.

"I read your letter to the Convention . . . . It was received with great applause — long and hearty cheers being given for the Hon. Mark Richards . . . .

"We were favored with the presence and a speech from Mr. Webster. The Whigs are united in the District, in the State and in the Union . . . . May the Blessings of Heaven yet rest upon our Country."

Homestead of Honorable Mark Richards

J. D. B. to M. R.
1840, March 18

A letter from his grandson, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, Brattleboro, in appreciation of the "obliging presents" and "the great many old kindnesses," also, told of a new residence (now building) "though it may wear strange at first, as *any new one would*, is still all things considered a judicious one." This house, still standing, is located on the southeast corner of Main and School Streets — diagonally opposite the William Czar Bradley Homestead.

"Mark Richards was a great patron of the first Sabbath School, one year furnishing the girls with white dresses and blue sashes, in which they attended a celebration, another year offering a handsomely bound Bible, a Testament and a hymn-book to the three who committed to memory the most Scripture.

In the year 1824, Mr. Richards gave the school $40: — $16 to be divided among the four who committed to memory the most Scripture and hymns; $16 to be divided among the next eight, and the balance to be equally divided among the rest of the scholars." (*Vermont Historical Magazine.*)

His granddaughter, Merab Ann Bradley, was one of the teachers of the Sabbath School. His pew in the old Meeting House was on the left of the central aisle, directly opposite the minister's.

He died August 10, 1844, aged eighty-four years, after nearly fifty years a resident of Westminster, Vermont. His son-in-law, William Czar Bradley, thus described him:

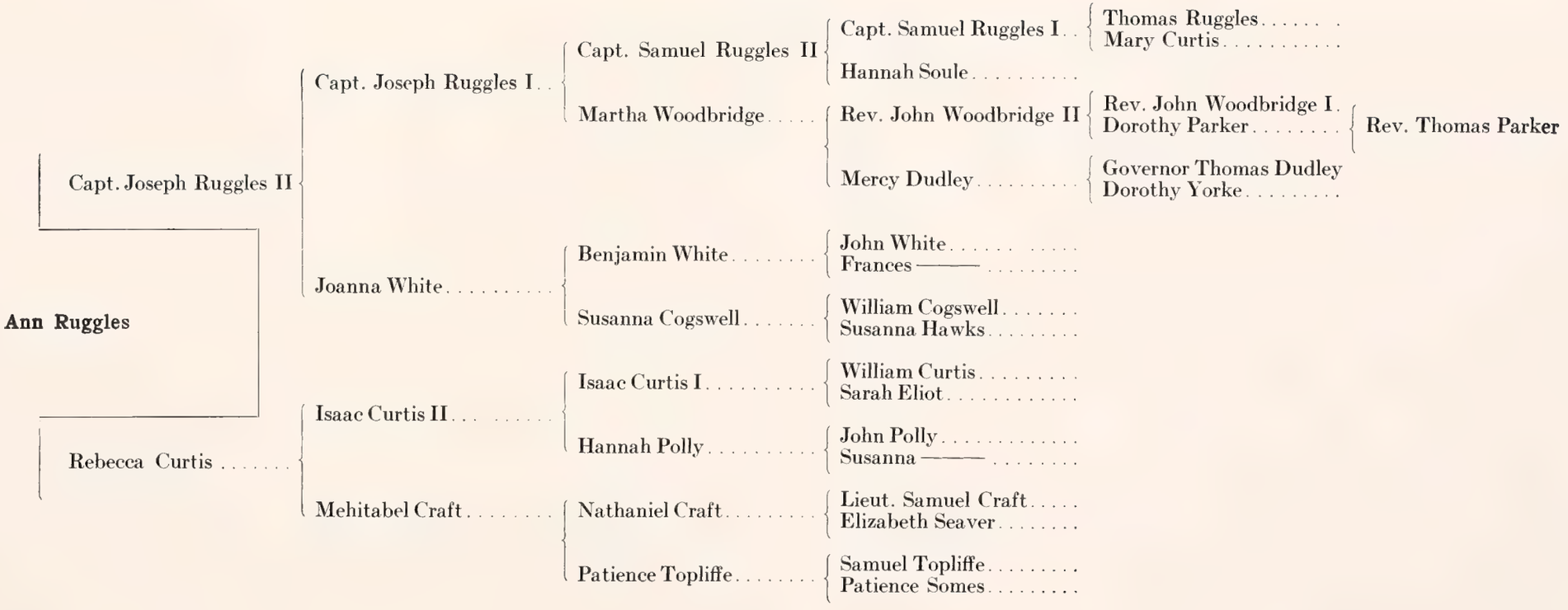
"Mr. Richards was lean and tall in his figure, of pleasant but somewhat formal manners, and in spite of a lameness with which he had been afflicted for the last thirty years of his life, was a remarkably active man.

"The traits of his character were distinctly marked. His liberality, though great for his means, was discriminating and well-timed; his industry and perseverance, whenever the occasion seemed to demand it, were untiring; his love of order was so precise, and descended to such minuteness of detail, that it appeared almost incompatible with much expansion of thought, or ready dispatch of affairs, and yet, few men can be named who united more knowledge of human nature, more sagacity and promptness in business, than he uniformly displayed."

Ann Ruggles Richards died June 3, 1841.
Mark Richards died August 10, 1844.

Both buried in Bradley Tomb, Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

TABLE III


Ann Ruggles
Capt. Joseph Ruggles II
Capt. Joseph Ruggles I
Capt. Samuel Ruggles II
Capt. Samuel Ruggles I
Thomas Ruggles
Mary Curtis
Hannah Soule
Martha Woodbridge
Rev. John Woodbridge II
Rev. John Woodbridge I
Dorothy Parker
Rev. Thomas Parker
Mercy Dudley
Governor Thomas Dudley
Dorothy Yorke
Joanna White
Benjamin White
John White
Frances ———
Susanna Cogswell
William Cogswell
Susanna Hawks
Rebecca Curtis
Isaac Curtis II
Isaac Curtis I
William Curtis
Sarah Eliot
Hannah Polly
John Polly
Susanna ———
Mehitabel Craft
Nathaniel Craft
Lieut. Samuel Craft
Elizabeth Seaver
Patience Topliffe
Samuel Topliffe
Patience Somes

ANN RUGGLES

Thomas Ruggles, of Sudbury, Suffolk, England. Will dated June 21, 1547.

Nicholas Ruggles.

Thomas Ruggles, of Nasing, Essex, England, and Roxbury, Massachusetts; b. 1584, Sudbury, Suffolk, England; m. November 1, 1620, Mary Curtis, sister of the first William Curtis of Roxbury; came to Roxbury, 1637; d. November 16, 1644. She d. February 14, 1674, aged 88 years.

Samuel Ruggles b. 1629, England, the son of Thomas and Mary Curtis Ruggles; m. January 10, 1654, Hannah Soule, Charlestown, Massachusetts; she d. 1669. Captain Ruggles was Selectman and Representative; d. August 15, 1692. (Eustis Street Cemetery, Roxbury.)

Samuel Ruggles II b. June 1, 1658, the son of Samuel and Hannah Soule Ruggles; m. July 8, 1680, Martha Woodbridge, the daughter of Rev. John and Mercy Dudley Woodbridge; succeeded his father as Captain, Selectman, and Representative to the General Court of Massachusetts; d. February 25, 1715. (Eustis Street Cemetery, Roxbury.)

Joseph Ruggles, b. July 21, 1696; the son of Samuel and Martha Woodbridge Ruggles; m. October 20, 1720, Joanna White b. November 4, 1701, the daughter of Benjamin[1] and Susanna Cogswell White; d. September 9, 1742.

Joseph Ruggles II b. July 30, 1725, Roxbury, the son of Joseph and Joanna White Ruggles; m. October 20, 1748, Rebecca Curtis, b. May 26, 1730, the daughter of Isaac and Mehitabel Craft Curtis; he d. January 3, 1819, Boston.

Ann Ruggles b. December 25, 1751, the daughter of Joseph and Rebecca Curtis Ruggles; m. (1) Joseph Dorr; m. (2) June 1782, Mark Richards.

[1] Benjamin White b. about 1650, the son of John and Frances White, of Watertown and Brookline, Massachusetts; m. January 21, 1681, Susanna Cogswell b. January 5, 1657, Ipswich, Massachusetts, the daughter of William and Susanna Hawkes Cogswell. He d. January 9, 1723.

REBECCA CURTIS

William Curtis b. 1592, England; m. August 6, 1618, Sarah Eliot baptized January 13, 1599, Wickford, England; they came to Roxbury among the founders.

Isaac Curtis b. July 22, 1642, the son of William and Sarah Eliot Curtis; m. May 10, 1680, Hannah Polly b. February 15, 1652, the daughter of John and Susanna Polly; he d. May 31, 1695.

Isaac Curtis II b. November 10, 1685, the son of Isaac and Hannah Polly Curtis; m. April 13, 1727, Mehitabel Craft, the daughter of Nathaniel and Patience Topliffe Craft.

Rebecca Curtis b. May 26, 1730, the daughter of Isaac II and Mehitabel Craft Curtis; m. October 20, 1748, Captain Joseph Ruggles II.

MEHITABEL CRAFT

Lieut. Samuel Craft b. December 12, 1637; m. October 16, 1661, Elizabeth Seaver b. November 19, 1643, d. December 9, 1731; he d. before 1731.

Nathaniel Craft b. January 11, 1676-7, the son of Lieut. Samuel and Elizabeth Seaver Craft; m. November 26, 1701, Patience Topliffe b. January 24, 1677, Dorchester, Massachusetts, the daughter of Samuel and Patience Somes Topliffe.

Mehitabel Craft, the daughter of Nathaniel and Patience Topliffe Craft, m. April 13, 1727, Isaac Curtis II.

MARTHA WOODBRIDGE

Reverend John Woodbridge II b. 1613, Stanton, Wiltshire, England, the son of Rev. John and Dorothy Parker Woodbridge. He came to New England 1634, and settled at Ipswich, where he was Town Clerk, Surveyor of the Arms and Deputy to the General Court. He m. 1639, Mercy Dudley b. September 27, 1621, d. July 1, 1691, Newbury, Massachusetts, the daughter of Thomas and Dorothy Yorke Dudley. He moved to Boston, and was schoolmaster in 1643. Deputy-Governor Thomas Dudley, his father-in-law, advised him to enter the ministry, and he was the first pastor of the Church at Andover. He returned to England and preached some time, but came back to Massachusetts, and was colleague with his maternal grandfather, Rev. Thomas Parker, an eminent minister of the Church of England. He d. before March 27, 1695, when his will was proved, in which he remembered "my daughter Martha Ruggles."

Martha Woodbridge, the daughter of the Rev. John and Mercy Dudley Woodbridge; m. July 8, 1680, Samuel Ruggles II.

Chapter IV

KELLOGG

"Day Otis Kellogg, formerly United States Consul at Glasgow, Scotland, relates the tradition that the Kelloggs were partisans of James VI of Scotland, and came with him to England when he ascended the throne of Great Britain as James I: and remained there until their settlement in New England. He suggests that the name was derived from two Gaelic words, 'kill' a cemetery, and 'loch' a lake — that is, the family of the Lake Cemetery. Keylogg, the earliest form of the name in England, is suggestive — a 'log' in olden time was a kind of hobble for hindering livestock from straying, the 'Keylogg' would indicate a maker of keys for 'logs' or 'hobbles', or possibly, of manacles for prisoners, — in other words, a locksmith.

"Essex County, the earliest home of the Kelloggs, so far as at present traced, is tenth in size of the English counties, ... Debden, where the records first show the name, lies about forty miles north of London, sixteen miles south of Cambridge and three miles east of Nieuport, its nearest railway station.

"Nicholas, the first Kellogg whose name is found in the public records of England, was born about 1488. The three Kellogg brothers — Joseph, Daniel and Samuel, the great-great-grandsons of Nicholas, made their first appearance in America in the settlements of Connecticut and Massachusetts. Among the descendants of these three brothers may be found men and women prominent in every station in life. Farming is now, as it always has been, the main occupation of the family . . . . but while we find that the descendants of Daniel have more generally embraced the professions — yet there are many descendants of Joseph and Samuel who have attained eminence in all professions. . . . . Farmington, Connecticut, settled in 1640, was the birthplace of the first Kellogg born in New England.

"As far as I can ascertain the Kelloggs have no coat-of-arms, for though there has been a well-beaten path nearly four centuries in length, it has seemingly avoided the more pretentious thoroughfares and sought the quieter course through green fields."

—*The Kelloggs of the Old World and New. Timothy Hopkins.*

Kelluck — Nicholaus Kellhog } Register
Kellogg } Will
Kellogge
Killick

Nicholaus Kellogg m. Florence Hall, the daughter of William Hall who was a witness to his will, October 4, 1515, Debden, Essex County, England; d. May 17, 1558, Debden. She d. November 8, 1571, Debden.

Children:

William Kellogg
Thomas Kellogg

"In the Court of Requests (a Court of Equity for wronged persons), in London, a suit against Nicholas Kellogg shows him in a favorable light. In the thirty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII (1546), Thomas Colain or Coleman, complains that Nicholas Kellogg, Robert Write and William Gardiner without either right, or color, or title, with force and arms, entered the Church house in Debden, which he had occupied for twenty years, and expelled him therefrom, and took certain goods and chattels to the value of £20, and would not allow him to occupy the said messuage, nor deliver to him the said goods and chattels 'to the utter impoverishment of said complainant forever, unless your Highness moved with pity, make some order herein.'

"In their answer, the defendants say that the said bill of complaint is 'most untruly fayned, and imagined by the compleynant by sinister ayde and maintenance of certain persons,' whereof defendants pray to have remedy and advantage. That the Messuage mentioned in the bill is the property of the Church and that, they, as Church Wardens, did demise, and lease 1 June 38 Henry VIII (1546), for seven years to farm the said messuage to the said Nicholas Kellogg, to hold from the feast of St. Michael, the Archangel, then following. They deny that they took any of the complainant's goods and chattels and say that the said Nicholas Kellogg, at the time of his entry, found divers goods of the complainant, whereof said Kellogg 'in the presence of divers of his honest neighbors caused an inventory to be made;' and that the said complainant might, and may take and have them without interruption of said defendant or either of them.

"To completely demolish Coleman's case, we have the testimony of our first Kellogg — 'XVIdie Novembris Anno 2 Edward VI (A.D. 1548). Nicholas Kelhoge of the age of $\overset{\cdot\cdot\cdot}{\text{XX}}$ (three score) saithe upon his othe that he was ready at the comying of Coleman and would have delyvered the goods demanded but he could get no rowme to put theym, notwithstandyng that he requyred the parson ther to have had a rowme to put the goode but the parson sayd that he was a besy (Mischiefmaker) he shuld have noo house ther'."

Thomas Kellogg, the younger son of Nicholas and Florence Hall Kellogg, lived in Debden.

"At the Manorial Court of Debden in 1571, he succeeded his Mother in possession of the tenement and land called Mondes, as appears in the Manorial Court Record as follows; 'Whereas Florence Kellogge, deceased, held for term of her life, a customary tenement with a home thereon and 10 acres of customary land, formerly called Webbs, and now called Mondes with a pightel planted with osiers etc., reversion thereof after her death to Thomas Kellogge and his heirs as appears by the rool of 5 Edward VI. (A.D. 1551). Now comes the said Thomas and prays to be admitted in reversion, and he is so admitted'."

PHILIPPE KELLOGG, probably grandson of Nicholas of Debden.

Children:

Thomas Kellogg bap. September 15, 1583, Bocking, Essex.
Robert Kellogg bap. 1585, Great Leighs.
Martin Kellogg bap. November 28, 1595, Great Leighs.

MARTIN KELLOGG m. October 22, 1621, Prudence Bird, the daughter of John and Prudence Bird, St. Michael's, Bishop's Stortford, Hertford County. He d. between May 20, 1671, when his will was made, and September 20, 1671, when it was proved.

Children of Martin and Prudence Bird Kellogg:

I. John Kellogg.
II. Nathaniel Kellogg.
*III. Joseph Kellogg bap. April 1, 1626, Great Leighs, England.
IV. Sarah Kellogg.
V. Daniel Kellogg.
VI. Samuel Kellogg.
VII. Martin Kellogg.

Martin Kellogg was a weaver or clothmaker, and resided in Great Leighs and Braintree. He and his wife received the surrender of a tenement in Braintree from his Uncle Robert, as appears in the Court Rolls of the Manor of Braintree, May 22, 1632.

"Whereas at the Court on Monday in Easter week, II James I A.D. 1613, Joseph Mann surrendered one acre and a half of land, parcel of a croft called Harold's Croft, lying at Minche's Oak. . . . . To the use of Mark Stebbing and Mary, his wife, for their lives, and then to Edward Stebbing, their son and his heirs, now, Mark, Mary & Edward are admitted.

"Afterwards the said Mark, Mary and Edward and Thomas Stebbing, another son, surrendered all the rights in the aforesaid premises after the death of Mary Bead, formerly wife of Michael Mann to the use of Robert Kellogg and his heirs and the same Robert is admitted.

"Afterwards Robert Kellogg surrendered one tenement in the occupation of the said Thomas Stebbing to the use and on behoof of Martin Kellogg and Prudence, his wife and the heirs of the said Martin forever — which same Prudence and Martin are admitted."

In 1637, he received the surrender of a parcel of land with a cottage called Masses, in Martin's Yard, as appears from an extract from the same Court Rolls; Court held 13 April, 13 Charles I A.D. 1637. It is found that he appeared in the Archbishop's Court at Braintree in 1639 and '40 in company with the Vicar, and it is probable he was one of the Church Wardens. He was taxed in Braintree in 1666 for two hearths[1] as is shown in the Lay Subsidy returns for Braintree.

[1] The Hearth Tax, a payment to the King of 2s. on every hearth in all houses paying to the Church and poor.

Will of Martin Kellogg

In the Commissary of London (Essex & Herts).

In the Name of God Amen this 20ty day of May in the yeare of our Lord 1671, I, Martin Kellocke of Braintree in the county of Essex, Weaver, beinge sicke in bodie but of a perfecte memorie praised be God therfor doe make & ordaine this my last will & testamente in writinge in manner and forme followinge that is to say, — First & principally I comend my soule into the hands of allmighty God my maker trustinge in the allsufissinate merits of Jesus Christe my Sauiour & redemer to obtaine Eternall Life and Salluation — and my bodie unto the earth from whence it came, to be decently buried by my Execotor which shall be hereafter nomenated & appointed: Item, I giue and bequeath unto Sarah my daughter the wife of William Jacob, five pounde lawfull money of England to be paide within on yeare after my deceasse; Item, I giue unto my grandchild John Kellocke twenty shillings to be paid vnto him within two years after my deceasse — Item, I giue & bequeath unto my sone Joseph Kellocke of New England twenty shillings to be paide to him within on year after my deceasse — Item, I giue & bequeath vnto my sone Daniel Kellocke of New England fiue pound lawfull monie of England to be paid vnto him within on yeare after my deceasse — Item I giue unto my sone Samuell Kellocke in New England fiue pound like lawfull money of England to be paid vnto him within two years after my deceasse — Item, I giue & bequeath vnto my sone Nathanell Kellocke all my goods in my best chanber & my little copper and all my wearinge apparrell to be deliuered to him presente After my deceasse — Item, I giue vnto my sone Martin Kellocke my coppie holld housse wherein I now dwell with the yarde and garden & with all and singuler the appurtenances therunto belonginge & my coppie hold tennemente wherein John Watts now dwelleth with all the appurtenances thervnto belonginge and my parlor that I now holld in my own handes whome I doe nomenate & appointe make and ordaine to be my wholle and sole executor to se my will fullfilld & prformed accordinge to the tru meaninge & intente of it and I doe make ordaine & declare this to be my very last will and testemente Reuokinge all other wills formerly by me made either in worde or writinge — in witness whereof I hereunto set my hand & sealle the day & yeare first aboue written — The marke of Martin M. Kellocke (LS) Read signed sealled published and declared to be last will & testament of the testator in the presence of us —

Signed John D. Dewdat Senor — Daniell Clarke.
Proved at Braintree 20th September 1671.

Joseph Kellogg bap. April 1, 1626, Great Leighs, England; m. (1) Joanna; she d. September 14, 1666, Hadley, Massachusetts. He m. (2) Abigail Terry b. September

2, 1646, Windsor, Connecticut, the daughter of Stephen[1] and Elizabeth Terry. He d. between June 27, 1707, and February 4, 1708, when his will was dated and proved.

Joseph Kellogg was in Farmington, Connecticut, in 1651, where he served several times as selectman. He and his wife were "joined" to the Church October 9, 1653. He removed, about 1657, to Boston, where "Joseph Kelog, weaver, late of Farmington, in the Colony of Connecticut, now of Boston bought their dwelling house, fronting to the street leading to Roxbury, for one hundred and forty pounds sterling." Joseph "Kelog" and Joanna his wife mortgaged the same premises November 18, 1659 to Sergt. Thomas Clarke to secure the payment of one hundred pounds to be paid "in good wheat, pork and pease at merchants' current price." They sold the same premises to John Witherden June 13, 1661.[2]

In 1661, the town of Hadley made an agreement with Joseph Kellogg to keep the ferry between Hadley and Northampton; in January 1675, a Committee appointed by the Court made an agreement, that he was to have a boat for horses and a canoe for persons, and to receive for man and horse 8d. in wheat or other pay, or 6d. in money . . . . He was also granted liberty to entertain travelers. In 1687, by an agreement, he was allowed to take double price after dark until nine o'clock. At later hours and in storms and floods those who would cross must agree with the ferrymen. . . . . He and his son John, and grandson, James Kellogg, kept this ferry until 1758—almost a century; and Stephen Goodman, who married a daughter of James Kellogg, kept it still later, and from him it received its last name, "Goodman's Ferry."

Joseph Kellogg was Selectman in Hadley, 1665, '74, '77, '79, '81, '85, '92; was on the Committee "to consider the method that may be best for laying out of the common lands," 1686. In the division which followed, he and his sons, John, Edward and Nathaniel, received grants of land on the "Highway which runs down to Foot's Folly from New Swamp." He was on the Committee for the purchase of Swampfield[3] from the Indians; and a member of the School Committee in 1686.

The County Court (March 1663) approved the choice of Joseph Kellogg as Sergeant of the Military Company or "trained band" of Hadley, formed to protect the settlers. The General Court of Massachusetts appointed him, May 9, 1678, Ensign in the Foot Company in Hadley, and October 7, of the same year, Lieutenant in the same Company. He served in that office until 1692, his military service thus extending over twenty-nine consecutive years. He was Sergeant of the Hadley

[1] Stephen Terry b. August 25, 1608, Stockton, Wiltshire, England, the son of John and Mary White Terry, came to America in the "Mary and John" in 1630.

[2] This land (now covered in part by the Advertiser Building on Washington Street) which Joseph bought for seven hundred dollars in 1659, is one of the most valuable parcels of land in Boston, being worth more than one hundred dollars per square foot.

[3] From Swampfield (for which the Indians received £26) have been formed, in whole or in parts, the towns of Sunderland, Montague, and Leverett.

Troops at the famous "Turners' Falls" fight, May 18, 1676, which broke the power of the river tribes.

He was a strong, sturdy character, an affectionate husband and father; and bore a creditable part in the struggles of the early settlers. His wife Abigail was among those presented by the Jury at the March Court of Hampshire, 1673, as persons of small estate, "who use to wear silk contrary to law." She was acquitted, but this attempt to enforce sumptuary laws against her showed that her husband's estate was below the £200 needed to allow her to wear "gold or silver lace, gold or silver buttons, bone lace above 2s. per yard, or silk hoods or scarfs" which the good men of that period looked upon as extravagance in dress.

Children of Joseph and Joanna Kellogg:

I. Elizabeth Kellogg.
II. Joseph Kellogg.
III. Nathaniel Kellogg.
IV. John Kellogg.
V. Martin Kellogg.
VI. Edward Kellogg.
VII. Samuel Kellogg.
VIII. Joanna Kellogg.
IX. Sarah Kellogg.

Children of Joseph and Abigail Terry Kellogg:

X. Stephen Kellogg.
*XI. Nathaniel Kellogg b. October 8, 1669; m. Sarah Boltwood.
XII. Abigail Kellogg.
XIII. Elizabeth Kellogg.
XIV. Prudence Kellogg.
XV. Ebenezer Kellogg.
XVI. Jonathan Kellogg.
XVII. Daniel Kellogg.
XVIII. Joseph Kellogg.
XIX. Daniel Kellogg.
XX. Ephraim Kellogg.

Joseph Kellogg in his will gives and bequeathes "to my loving son Nathaniel Kellogg, four acres of my forty acre allotment at Fort River at the N. E. end, it going to the lands of Timothy Eastman to be to him and his heirs forever."

Nathaniel Kellogg b. October 8, 1669, the son of Joseph and Abigail Terry Kellogg; m. June 28, 1692, Sarah Boltwood b. October 1, 1672, the daughter of Sergeant Samuel[1] and Sarah Lewis[2] Boltwood, Hadley, Massachusetts.

[1] Sergeant Boltwood was a man of remarkable strength and bravery; and was slain at Deerfield by the Indians, February 29, 1704.

[2] Sarah Lewis, the daughter of William Lewis, first Recorder of Farmington, Conn., 1645; and granddaughter of William Lewis, an original settler of Hartford, 1636.

Nathaniel was in Deerfield June 6, 1693, when the town was attacked by the Indians; he escaped and alarmed the town; was one of the largest tax-payers in Hadley, a Lieutenant in the Militia; Selectman of Hadley, 1717, '21, '24, '27 and '37; he removed to the third precinct of Hadley (now Amherst), and was one of the original members of the Church there, November 17, 1739; he d. October 30, 1750, aged 80 years.

Children of Nathaniel and Sarah Boltwood Kellogg:

*I. Nathaniel Kellogg.
II. Ebenezer Kellogg.
III. Ezekiel Kellogg.
IV. Samuel Kellogg.
V. Sarah Kellogg.
VI. Abigail Kellogg.
VII. Mary Kellogg.
VIII. Ephraim Kellogg.
IX. Experience Kellogg.

Nathaniel Kellogg II b. September 22, 1693, Hadley, Massachusetts, the son of Nathaniel and Sarah Boltwood Kellogg; m. (1) March 4, 1714, Sarah Preston b. November 8, 1693, the daughter of John and Sarah Gardner Preston, Hadley; she d.[1] September 15, 1756; he m. (2) July 1, 1758, Mrs. Martha Allis Hammond, she d. September 13, 1764; he m. (3) October 29, 1765, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith of Ware, who survived him. He was a Surveyor of lands and a distinguished mathematician; Lieutenant in the Militia; Selectman of Hadley 1737, '39, '41, '44, '48, '50, '53, '57, '59 and '61; the General Court of Massachusetts allowed him and William Chandler 208 acres of land for a Map of the Connecticut River, 1738.

Children of Nathaniel and Sarah Preston Kellogg:

*I. Daniel Kellogg b. about 1717.
II. Abraham Kellogg.
III. Prudence Kellogg.
IV. Joel Kellogg.
V. Gardner Kellogg.
VI. Moses Kellogg.
VII. Phebe Kellogg.
VIII. Sarah Kellogg.
IX. Abigail Kellogg.
X. Nathaniel Kellogg.

Daniel Kellogg I b. about 1717, Hadley, Massachusetts, the son of Nathaniel II and Sarah Preston Kellogg; m. September 1751, Esther Smith b. November 27,

[1] In Mr. Thomas G. Ford's old home in Hadley, recently taken down (1901), an old stone that was used as a hearthstone had the following inscription: "In memory of Mrs. Sarah, the wife of Lieut. Nathaniel Kellogg, who died September ye 15th ye A. D. 1756 in the 63d of her age. On the left hand lies the body of their Dautr Abigail who d. Sept. ye 15th ye A. D. 1756 in her 19th year. On the right hand side lies the body of their son Nathaniel who died Sept. ye ——" The stone was here broken. (It is said that Josiah Kellogg built this house.)

1726, the daughter of John and Esther Colton Smith, South Hadley; she d. December 18, 1756; he m. (2) 1758, Mrs. Thankful Hawley; he m. (3) Sarah Parsons, the daughter of Josiah Parsons, Northampton. He d. June 14, 1799, Amherst, Massachusetts.

He was recommended to the Church in Amherst July 4, 1755; his first wife was dismissed from the Church in South Hadley to the Church in Amherst, November 3, 1754; he was a Selectman of Amherst; and was a Tory during the Revolution, confined to his farm, and ordered to deliver to the Committee of Safety all his firearms, ammunition, etc.

Children of Daniel and Esther Smith Kellogg:

*I Daniel Kellogg bap. July 26, 1752, Amherst, Massachusetts.
II. Aaron Kellogg.
III. David Kellogg.
IV. Jonathan Kellogg.

Daniel Kellogg II, bap. July 26, 1752, the son of Daniel and Esther Smith Kellogg; m. December 15, 1778, Mercy Eastman b. October 14, 1754, the daughter of Joseph and Sarah Ingram Eastman, Amherst; she d. January 12, 1823; he d. March 1, 1826.

He was a Selectman of Amherst, a soldier in the Revolution; and served in Colonel Porter's Regiment five months and two weeks in 1778.

Children of Daniel and Mercy Eastman Kellogg:

I. Sarah Kellogg b. —— d. February 25, 1780.
II. Esther Smith Kellogg b. February 25, 1781; m. Gen'l Martin Field.
III. Mercy Kellogg b. August 4, 1782; m. Alden Cooley.
IV. Sarah Kellogg b. December 6, 1787; d. February 25, 1788.
V. Rufus Kellogg bap. November 23, 1788; m. Esther Mayo.
*VI. Daniel Kellogg b. February 10, 1791.
VII. Charles Kellogg bap. December 9, 1792; m. (1) Tryphena Hubbard; m. (2) Lucretia Ashley.
VIII. Henry Kellogg b. December 10, 1794; m. (1) Margaret Hubbell; m. (2) Anne Maria Hubbell.

Daniel Kellogg III b. February 10, 1791, Amherst, Massachusetts, the son of Daniel II and Mercy Eastman Kellogg; m. (1) May 23, 1820, Jane McAffee; she d. September 13, 1827; he m. (2) February 2, 1830, Merab Ann Bradley b. February 4, 1806, the daughter of William Czar and Sarah Richards Bradley; she d. March 27, 1845, Saxton's River, Vermont. He m. (3) June 30, 1847, Miranda Metcalf Aldis b. June 20, 1803, St. Albans, Vermont, the daughter of Asa and Amy Owen Aldis; he d. May 10, 1875, aged 84 years, Brattleboro, Vermont.

Children of Daniel III and Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg:

*I Sarah Bradley Kellogg b. August 17, 1831, Saxton's River, Vermont; m. November 6, 1855, Henry Augustus Willard. — (See Willard Ancestry.)
II. Daniel Kellogg b. 1833; d. 1834.
III. Daniel Kellogg b. April 9, 1835, Saxton's River, Vermont; m. May 2, 1861, Margaret White May b. April 10, 1833, Westminster, Vermont, the daughter of John and Catherine Vose May; she d. November 30, 1892. He d. October 7, 1918, Westminster, Vermont.

ESTHER SMITH

Samuel Smith with wife and four children arrived (1634) in Boston from Ipswich, England; in 1638, he moved to Wethersfield, Connecticut, the new "Hesperia of Puritanism"; in 1659, he removed with sixty "Withdrawers or Separatists" to Hadley, Massachusetts. His wife Elizabeth d. March 16, 1686, aged 84 years.

Phillip Smith b. 1633, the son of Samuel Smith; deacon of a church in Hadley, a member of the General Court; a small Justice in the County Court; a Selectman and a Lieutenant of the Troop; "and which crowns all, a man for devotion, sanctity, gravity and all that was honest, exceeding exemplary. Such a man was in the winter (1685) murdered with a hideous witchcraft that filled all those parts of New England with astonishment. He was, by his office, concerned about relieving the indigences of a wretched woman, who being dissatisfied, expressed herself to him in such a manner that he declared himself apprehensive of receiving mischief at her hands. January 1684-85, he began to be very valetudinarious. He showed such weanedness from the weariness of the world that he knew not (he said) whether he might pray for his continuance here; and such assurance he had of the Divine small love unto him, that he would cry out: 'Lord stay Thy hand, it is enough; It is more than Thy frail servant can bear'; . . . . While he remained yet of a sound mind, he solemnly charged his brother to look well after him: 'Be sure to have a care for me for you shall see strange things. . . . . I shall not be dead when 'tis thought I am'. In his distresses, he exclaimed much upon the woman, as being seen by him in the room. Some young men went three or four times to give disturbance unto the woman;[1] and all the while they were disturbing her, he was at ease and slept as a weary man. . . .

"Gally pots of medicine were emptied, audible scratchings were made about the bed when his hands and feet were held by others. They beheld a fire sometimes in the bed and when the beholders began to discourse of it, it vanished away. Divers people actually felt something often stir in the bed, at a considerable distance from the man; it seemed as big as a cat but they could never grasp it. . . . . Mr. Smith died, the jury that viewed his corpse found a swelling on one breast, his back full of bruises, and several holes seemed made with awls . . . . His countenance continued as lively as if he had been alive — his eyes closed as in slumber. Thus he remained from Saturday

[1] Governor Hutchinson describes the summary punishment which was inflicted upon Mary Webster by the young men of Hadley as follows:

"While he, Phillip Smith, lay ill, a number of brisk lads tried an experiment upon the old woman. Having dragged her out of the house, they hung her up till she was near dead, let her down, rolled her some time in the snow, and at last buried her in it, and then left her; but it happened that she survived and the melancholy man died."

morning about sun-rise till Sabbath day in the afternoon when those who took him out of his bed found him still warm. But on Monday morning they found the face extremely tumified and discolored. It was black and blue and fresh blood seemed running down his cheeks. Divers noises were heard in the room — as the clattering of chairs and stools. This was the end of so good a man."—*Cotton Mather's Magnalia.*

John Smith b. December 18, 1661, the son of Phillip Smith; d. April 16, 1727.

John Smith II, b. December 3, 1684, the son of John Smith; d. December 25, 1761.

Esther Smith b. November 27, 1726, the daughter of John and Esther Colton Smith; m. September 1751, Daniel Kellogg I, Amherst, Massachusetts.

ESTHER COLTON

George Colton, a very early settler in Springfield, Massachusetts, had property there in 1644; he was a town officer and was commissioned Quartermaster of Hampshire County by the General Court; and did most efficient service in King Philip's War. He m. Deborah Gardner; d. September 5, 1689.

Ephraim Colton b. April 9, 1648, the son of George and Deborah Gardner Colton; m. March 26, 1685, Esther Marshfield b. September 6, 1667, d. January 20, 1714, the daughter of Samuel and Catherine Marshfield.

Esther Colton b. October 23, 1687, the daughter of Ephraim and Esther Marshfield Colton; m. December 4, 1711, John Smith II, South Hadley, Massachusetts. She d. in 1771.

MERCY EASTMAN

Roger Eastman b. 1611, England; sailed from Southampton for New England in the ship "Confidence" of London, April 1638; settled in Salisbury, Connecticut, where he d. December 16, 1693.

Joseph Eastman b. January 8, 1631; the son of Roger; removed in 1662 from Salisbury to Hadley, where he d. April 14, 1692.

Joseph Eastman II b. August 2, 1683, the son of Joseph I; he was taken captive by the French and Indians at the sacking and burning of Deerfield, 1704. On his return from Canada, he settled in Hadley; where he d. September 29, 1769.

Joseph Eastman III b. July 1, 1715, the son of Joseph II; m. May 17, 1746, Sarah Ingram, a lineal descendant of John Ingram, the English Emigrant. She was a lady of fine personal appearance, of great industry, and exercised a marked influence in the Church; d. August 30, 1811. He d. October 29, 1790.

Mercy Eastman b. October 14, 1754 the daughter of Joseph III and Sarah Ingram Eastman; m. Daniel Kellogg II, Amherst, Massachusetts. (See Kellogg Ancestry.)

Judge Daniel Kellogg

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Daniel Kellogg III, son of Daniel and Mercy Eastman Kellogg, was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, February 10, 1791. He fitted for College at the old Grammar School on Newfane Hill, Vermont; graduated from Williams College in 1810. He studied law with General Martin Field, his brother-in-law, at Newfane, Vermont; was admitted to the Windham County bar at the December term of 1812 — and commenced to practise law in the village of Saxton's River, Rockingham County, Vermont.

He was elected Postmaster of the first Post Office established in Saxton's River, December 2, 1818; and served until May 22, 1823. During the years 1819-20, he was Master Mason of "King Solomon's Lodge, No. 44." In 1819-20, he was Judge of Probate of Westminster, and for two more years, State's-Attorney for Windham County.

He was Secretary to the Governor of Vermont during the administrations of Butler and Van Ness, 1823-28. When Lafayette visited the State in 1825, Governor Van Ness was ill, and upon Daniel Kellogg devolved the duty to welcome the distinguished guest to the State, and extend its hospitalities. He met Lafayette at the State line of New Hampshire and escorted him through Vermont, — introducing him to the people at the public reception in the several towns through which they passed. In 1828, he was a member of the Council of Censors of that year.

For twelve years 1829-40 during the entire administrations of General Jackson and Mr. Van Buren, he held the office of U. S. District Attorney for Vermont. Although these Presidents were exceedingly unpopular in Vermont, and Daniel Kellogg was open in his devotion to the Democracy, yet his sterling qualities, — faithfulness, discretion, honesty, learning and ability, won for him the election to the office that is regarded as the highest and most honorable in the State.

He married (2) February 2, 1830, Merab Ann Bradley, the daughter of William Czar and Sarah Richards Bradley, his child-wife and the most unselfish of women, ever studying the happiness of others.

Merab Ann Bradley from earliest years showed her affectionate nature; when her father[1] wrote from Washington to know what he should bring the children, little Merab only wanted "his own dear self." When six years of age, a teacher certified, "that Merab Ann Bradley is worthy of much praise for her assiduous attention to her studies, and good behaviour in school." Mrs. Emma Willard,[2] Principal of the Troy Female Seminary, wrote: "We send you back the gentle and amiable being you sent us, in as good health as we received her. . . . At the close of the term she stood on a level with the best scholars in each class. . . . . Merab is so confiding among her companions and so little inclined to think ill of any one. . . . . In short, Mr. Bradley,

[1] William Czar Bradley.

[2] The portraits of Emma Hart Willard and her husband, Dr. John Willard, were presented to the Emma Willard School, by Sarah Kellogg Willard, a graduate, June 1925. She is the great-granddaughter of Merab Ann Bradley, who was a student of the school a hundred years before.

Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg at 35

you sent her to me, pure, modest, ingenuous, sound in heart and mind. Be it mine to see that she retains these fine qualities, which she owes to God and you, her parents, while she adds to them the elegance of the lady and the intellectual culture of the intelligent woman."

The same unselfish devotion which she manifested as a daughter was seen in the wife. She lived in and for her husband, who was fifteen years her senior. A friend who spent a day with her, in her early married life, wrote: "Judge Kellogg was then in the prime of life, a handsome man, dignified and courteous in manner, distinguished as an able lawyer, and holding one of the highest offices in the State. That day he was unusually social; and, unbending a little from the cares of his professional life, he conversed for two or three hours most delightfully. The young wife detected my interest and admiration, for the expression of her eye said more than words 'I knew you would enjoy my husband's conversation'."

Referring to the little daughter Sarah, who had been loaned to the grandparents: "I could not deprive them of the child, when I saw how much she added to their happiness, though my heart longed for my baby." She died March 27, 1845.

The Bank of Bellows Falls was incorporated November 9, 1831, by a special Act of the Legislature with a Capital Stock of $100,000. The Incorporators were Mark Richards, and John Smith of Westminster, William Henry of Chester, and Daniel Kellogg, Henry F. Green, S. W. Goodridge, James I. Cutler and Alexander S. Campbell of the town of Rockingham. The first meeting of its Incorporators was held February 2, 1832, in the old Mansion House, which stood on the Square, south of the present Bank Building. The following Board of Directors was elected: Daniel Kellogg, Nathaniel Fullerton, James I. Cutler, Nathan Wheeler, Samuel Porter, John Smith and Otis Adams. These organized by electing Daniel Kellogg as the first President, and William Henry, Cashier (these two largely owned the Bank). They were authorized at the same meeting to purchase the lot upon the west side of the Square now covered by the south end of the Opera House Building. Upon this lot, within a few months, was erected the small, plain one-story brick building which served as the only Banking house of Bellows Falls until 1875; and was occupied by the Bank of Bellows Falls during the remainder of the existence of that Institution. Daniel Kellogg remained the President until January 1837, and was a Director until his death.

He was Moderator of the Town Meeting of Rockingham 1826, '28, '30, '31, '35, '55. In 1842, with other public-spirited citizens, he became interested in, and contributed largely of his means to the building of Saxton's River Seminary, which held a high standard of education during its whole history.

In 1843, he was President of the State Constitutional Convention; for several years Adjutant Inspector General of the Militia of Vermont; a Representative in 1845 of the

town of Rockingham, and for two years State Senator from Windham County. From 1845 to 1852, he was Judge of the Supreme Court of Vermont. His portrait hangs in the Newfane Court House (the gift of his third wife, Miranda Metcalf Aldis Kellogg).

Daniel Kellogg was for a long time candidate of the Democratic party for Governor. In 1853, he was nominated by the Democratic legislative caucus as candidate for United States Senator, and for forty successive ballots led his competitors, at one time lacking only two votes of an election. Though a Democrat, one of the most influential in the State, he disapproved of the inaction of the Administration in the Kansas Outrages, near the commencement of the Civil War. When that awful strife was fully inaugurated, he said: "I know of no other way but to stand by the old flag, come what may; all else is, with me, of secondary consideration — my party, my church may perish, but save the country."

In 1853, he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Vermont. Though Mr. Kellogg was past three score years when he removed to Brattleboro, December 17, 1855, he practised law for several years and during the whole period, he held offices of trust and responsibility. He was one of the Presidential Electors of the State of Vermont in 1864; President of the old Savings Bank, the first chartered in the State; and one of the Board of Trustees of the Vermont Asylum. He always exerted a warm and liberal interest in the proper management and general welfare of the Institution for the best good of the patients.

During the sixty years of his public life, he maintained a reputation for rare thoughtfulness, fidelity and integrity. His social, political and business relations were characterized by great frankness and sincerity. The long period of service gave him the acquaintance of the earlier public men of the State, of whom, in later years, he would narrate interesting reminiscences and anecdotes.

Judge James M. Tyler, in reminiscing December 1920, said:

"Judge Daniel Kellogg was to me a familiar and attractive personality from January 1865 to May 1875, the time of his decease. Hon. Charles K. Field, with whom I had formed a law partnership, was his nephew, and the Judge, having retired from active practice, kept his large law library in our office in Brattleboro. He resided in the house on High Street, and I can picture him walking up and down the steep hill, — tall, erect, well-formed, always well dressed under a tall silk hat, always moving with dignity. A stranger, meeting him, would involuntarily turn and take a second look, wondering who was that distinguished looking gentleman.

"He would come into the office almost daily, smoke a cigar, look over his books, talk about law and give interesting reminiscences of his long practice at the Bar and of his career on the Bench. He was well-educated, a fine scholar in the law and held good rank with Judges Isaac F. Redfield, Stephen Royce and Highland Hall, who were his compeers between 1845 and 1851. During those years he not only sat in the Supreme Court, but under the system then in vogue, he held yearly several terms of County Courts. I often heard lawyers who had practised in his courts speak of his dignified bearing, his uniform courtesy of manner, his fairness in his rulings and of his thorough knowledge of law.

"A little incident is worth relating: Every winter Judge Kellogg would come into our office and carefully read over his opinions in the Vermont Supreme Court Reports and remark upon them with

evident satisfaction. He might well be satisfied with them, for they are well-written and elucidate the law in every case."

His grandchildren remember the "gum drops," that were always in the generous pocket of the serious and stern-looking grandfather. The handsome residence of Judge and Mrs. Kellogg on High Street was most attractive, the centre of a literary circle in Brattleboro, owing to the taste, culture and literary attainments of Mrs. Kellogg. "She was a woman of superior mental endowments with an inborn love of books, and with an early training which led her to seek and appreciate only those things in literature which were good and enduring. Her library was of unusual extent and excellence. She had rare conversational powers and an active memory. The influence and material aid of Judge and Mrs. Kellogg was most helpful to the Episcopal Society to build a Church in Brattleboro."

He died May 10, 1875, at the age of eighty-four, in Brattleboro. After his death, his widow resided in the homestead until her death May 10, 1885.

Honorable James Barrett, of Woodstock, who succeeded Mr. Kellogg as Judge of the Supreme Court, said of him:

"I was in practice in the County of Windsor during all his official service; he was adequate to all its responsibilities and requirements, his lawyership was broad, accurate, practical and sensible, the result of faithful study, faithful and extensive practice, conversant with current business and affairs in all departments, and of most excellent social culture and bearing. As in all things else, so in law, as practitioner and Judge, his faculty and fondness of order, system and propriety were marked, and secured not only the best results from these qualities in the conduct and dispatch of business, but the highest respect and esteem of all, both clients, the public and the Bar. His personal character was blameless and without the stain or shadow of dubious propriety in any respect in all the relations he sustained in life.

"The State Reports which contain the opinions he delivered during his Judgeship show that he was worthy of his position and a worthy associate of the eminent men who were his fellow-judges. In conclusion, I may properly say, from my familiarity with the people of Windham County since I have been in service as Judge, that few men pass through so long a life esteemed and honored and gratefully remembered by those who knew him in all his daily walk and conversation, in the deportment and outcome of his current life, private, public and official, as was Judge Kellogg."

Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg d. March 27, 1845
Buried in the Bradley Tomb, Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Daniel Kellogg III d. May 10, 1875
Buried in Prospect Hill Cemetery, Brattleboro, Vermont.

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

Chapter V

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

Henry Augustus Willard, the son of Joseph and Susan Dorr Clapp Willard, was born May 14, 1822, Westminster, Vermont. He was the third son of seven children. Joseph Willard, a New England farmer of thrift, industry and integrity, had

Homestead of Joseph Willard

small means, and all the children, — at an early age, — were taught the necessity of earning their own livelihood.

My father's opportunity for securing an education was limited, — when a boy he attended Walpole Academy,[1] fully three miles from his father's home in Westminster, necessitating a walk to and from school except, for rare instances — when he received a "lift" from an accommodating traveler. He was an affectionate and dutiful son, always willing to do the household chores; in this way not only did he help to support

[1] See Part Two, Chapter V, pp. 296-297.

the family, but by his untiring industry, laid the foundation of a character which in later years made him a most noble and whole-souled man. After he had established himself in business, he and his brother Joseph paid the mortgage on the home farm.

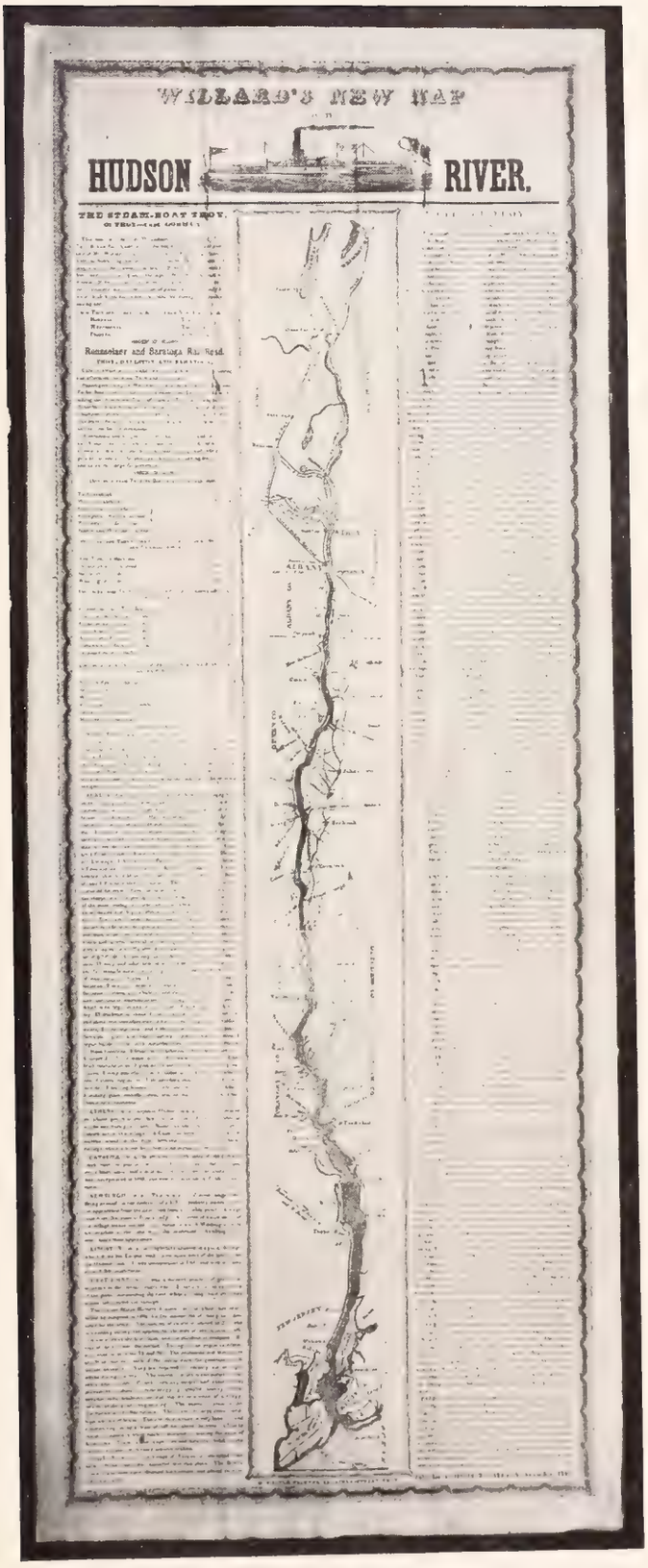
When sixteen years old, he was obliged to leave Walpole Academy to earn his living. His father secured for him a position of general utility boy in Horace Baxter's store, Bellows Falls, Vermont, — a very good opening for one of his age. He, by his ability, became useful to his employer, and a most efficient clerk. One day after he had been some months in the store, the son, Algernon Sidney, a supercilious young man, ordered him to black his boots. This, Henry Augustus politely but positively refused to do. He went to Mr. Baxter, Sr., and said: "I give up my job;" his employer regretted it very much, but the boy was determined, and this little incident was the turning-point in his career.

Immediately, he was engaged as night clerk in Chase's Hotel, Brattleboro, Vermont, — a position requiring hard work and great endurance. He was obliged to sit up the greater part of the night, to be on hand to welcome incoming and to see to the departure of outgoing guests when the stages arrived and departed, — for it was not yet the day of railroads. After being employed for some time in this position, (at the suggestion of his brother Joseph then in a hotel in Troy, New York), he went to Troy and secured a place as steward on the steamer Niagara, Hudson River Steamboat Line. He improved every opportunity and soon merited the regard and fullest confidence of the managers of the Line, and of the wealthy citizens of Troy.

He was entrusted with carrying money from the banks in Troy to the banks in New York City; and I have often heard him say, when his boat would arrive late at night, how perilous an undertaking it was for a young man to transport the money from the steamer to the banks. Not caring to keep the money in his stateroom over night, he would go immediately to the banking house; at a late hour, the clerks who slept upstairs would not come down to open the door, but would, at a signal from him, let down a rope to the end of which a pail was attached, and into this the packages of money and coin were deposited to be pulled up by the clerk and taken in at the window. He was always very anxious until the money was transported safely, and not a dollar was ever lost. I remember his saying once, that as he was walking up Broadway to the St. Nicholas Hotel, late one night, two thugs appeared out of a dark side street, who called "Hello, young fellow — stop there." He did not reply, but ran as fast as he could, and he said that a silver dollar could have been put on his coat-tails. He outdistanced his pursuers, but his swift run that night was one of terror.

The first money which he really earned outside of his salary (and he always alluded to this with a great deal of pride), was about $2000.00 made in a library venture on the boat. He bought the recent and best novels and periodicals of the day and rented them to the steamboat travelers. Among the travelers was Miss Phoebe Warren,

Henry Augustus Willard and Caleb Clapp Willard
in Early Manhood



Map of Hudson River
Published by Henry A. Willard about 1846

a pretty daughter of one of Troy's most exclusive families. She was the *fiancée* of Mr. Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, of Washington, D. C., whom she afterwards married. Mr. Tayloe was the owner of the old City Hotel, which was in a rundown condition, and he had great trouble in having it properly managed. He happened to remark to Miss Warren that he wished he could find a suitable young man to take hold of the property. Miss Warren immediately answered: "Mr. Tayloe, I know just the young man you want — Henry Willard, the steward of the Hudson River Steamer Niagara." So it happened that Henry Willard came to Washington in October, 1847, first leasing Mr. Tayloe's hotel property and soon afterwards purchasing the same.

1847, October 9
New York

Dear Mother:

When I was at home last I told you I should be home about the 10th but I find it now impossible . . . . but Joseph will be home very soon. He says he will make you all comfortable which I think he will. He will arrange the stock and fix the affairs with old Underwood. You will give him all the instruction you can. He will also buy a sleigh for the pony . . . . .

The house (Willard's Hotel) is a very fine one and now, if we get it furnished, we shall do well. If we should be so lucky as to make a go of it & when I am certain that we are to succeed I want you and the remainder of the family to come on and I will have the nicest little parlor for you that you can imagine, but we will not count the chickens before they are hatched.

Yours affectionately
HENRY A. WILLARD

I know that he felt a good deal of anxiety lest he should be unable to make the full payment on the property; but he had the good advice and assurance of an influential friend, Mr. John Payne, one of Troy's wealthiest citizens, and was encouraged to go ahead. He was the first of the Willard brothers, or, as he expressed it, "the original Jacob," to come to Washington. All five brothers were located in Washington, — Edwin Dorr, Joseph Clapp, Henry Augustus, Cyprian Stevens and Caleb Clapp. He started them in business; Joseph and Caleb were money makers and amassed great fortunes. It is not generally understood that he was the one who started those other brothers on their career to success, and this I desire to emphasize, — they owe their start in life to him. At one time when my Uncle Caleb was in need of money, my father loaned him $40,000 without any security whatsoever. Many years after, when his career was at its height, my uncle paid this in full.

The hotel property, known as the City Hotel,[1] consisted of five or six old buildings fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street. From October 1847, until the Spring of 1849, his eldest brother, Edwin Dorr Willard, was an associate-proprietor, — then he withdrew from the partnership, and became proprietor of the National Hotel.[2] As early as the Fall of 1849, the City Hotel was known as Willard's Hotel.[3] About this time, his brother Joseph returned from California without a dollar, and in

[1] See Part Two, Chapter V, p. 298. [2] See Part Two, Chapter V, p. 298. [3] See Part Two, Chapter V, p. 298.

1853, my father made him half-owner in the business, and half-owner in the property, without paying anything for this privilege.

Soon additions were made, notably the property belonging to Colonel James Kearney on the southwest corner of Fourteenth and F Streets, N. W., consisting of the old mansion and a large garden adjoining the Presbyterian Church. The latter piece of real estate was bought, also, and the building was turned into a hall, known as Willard Hall, and connected with the Hotel. A large six-story addition to the hotel was erected in 1858, in place of the Kearney house.

Willard's Hotel 1858-1892

1858, October 3
S. B. W. to W. C. B.

"Yesterday it was quite amusing to have the bricklayers sing as they finished capping the chimney. It is an old custom and they always sing at the top of their voices and swing an old bottle in their hands which glistens in the sunlight."

The eight years from 1853-61 were years of prosperity for Willard's Hotel. My father attended to the practical management of the hotel while his brother Joseph had charge of the books and the office. It used to be said of the latter, that he could charge a guest a good round sum, and yet do it in such a way that one not only would not take offense at the size of the bill, but would feel perfectly satisfied with it.

Hotel-keeping was very different in those days from what it is now; almost every morning at three o'clock, my father would be called to go down to Centre Market to buy provisions and supplies for the hotel; then at meal hours, especially at dinner, he did the carving, and in this way no waste occurred. Everyone was interested and worked:

S. B. W. to W. C. B.
1857, November 1

"We are all very busy now making carpets. Henry cuts and plans everything, and then we all sew as fast as possible . . . . some of them are very handsome."

Willard Hall 1892

There were many notable dinners and functions during this period. The Willard brothers, at the completion of the remodeling of the hotel with its additions, gave a splendid banquet. My father felt that he would be called upon to make a speech at this banquet, which he believed would be very difficult for him to do. He was nervously embarrassed at the prospect,—but he had a friend in the Honorable Edward Everett, who was a guest at the Hotel and who calmed his fears by saying: "Willard, don't give yourself any concern about the matter. When you are called upon to speak, just get up and make your acknowledgments, and leave the rest to me."[1] So Mr. Everett responded eloquently to the toast which was given.

[1] See Part Two, Chapter V, p. 299.

There was a dinner given in honor of Lord Napier, which was the most famous in Washington up to that date.

S. B. W. to W. C. B.
1859, February 23

"One of the ornaments of the table . . . . is over five feet high and emblematical of America, with beautiful little paintings all over it."

Other remarkable personages besides Lord and Lady Napier, that were guests of the hotel, were Jenny Lind, whose first concert in Washington was held at the National Theatre under the management of Edwin Dorr Willard; the famous comedian, Dion Boucicault; and Captain Hudson, who laid the Atlantic Cable and received in appreciation from Queen Victoria, a "magnificent gold snuff-box;" he boarded one winter there and indulged in the "pigeon wing" at the hops.

It is interesting to read my mother's graphic account of the visit of the first Japanese Embassy to Washington.

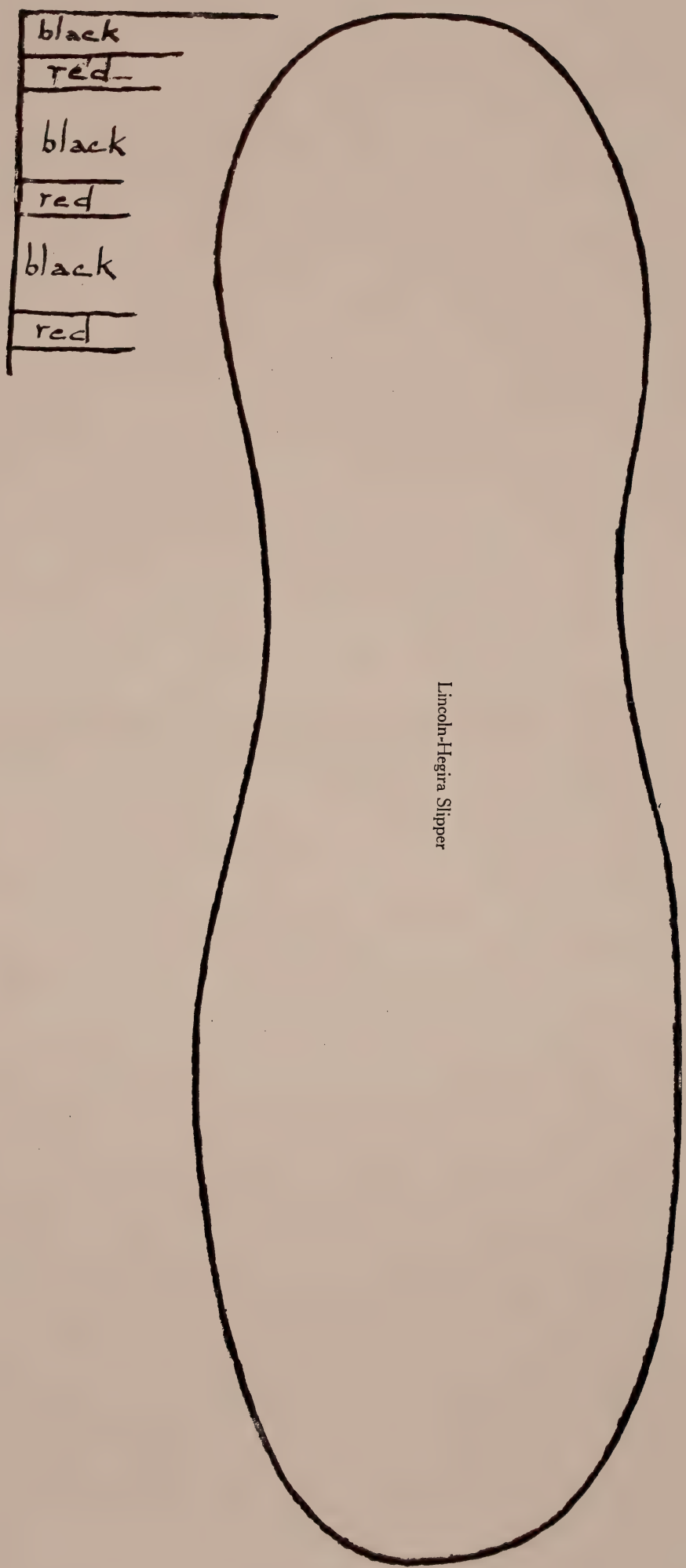
S. B. W. to W. C. B.
1860, May 16

"Our house is directly opposite the private entrance where they descended from the carriages. Henry stood at the door to receive them and it was pleasant to see their delighted faces as they stopped after ascending the steps to view the immense crowd and display of military. Then some of them opened their fans and commenced fanning as fast as possible. Henry says they are as easy people to take care of as need be. Eat rice by the bushel and quantity of eggs, besides some meat and confectionery. Yesterday I think there were 40 dozen eggs consumed. The two Ambassadors and their advisers with their white sandals and socks hardly move out of their rooms as yet but the rest are flying about very lively and have a nod and a smile for everybody. Harry has made friends with them, and they have given him some funny pictures painted on paper and other little things. Yesterday while the sixteen next in rank were lunching Henry asked me to walk in for a few moments. They all appeared very gentlemanly and not in the least embarrassed but the physicians look dreadfully with their heads entirely shaved . . . . Servants and all seem to have with them a quantity of little pictures and trifling things to distribute about . . . . We can see them dressing their hair which is certainly an elaborate performance and requires plenty of pomatum to keep it in place . . . . their dress is very sober but I imagine of rich material. . . .

S. B. W. to W. C. B.
1860, May 27

"The Japanese continue to be an object of curiosity as ever crowds gather daily under their windows and they seem to look on with amused faces. Henry has had some very nice presents as they seem to appreciate his kindness and thoughtfulness for them. . . . He escorted the Ambassadors and several of their officers all over the Hotel and then they went on the roof and took a view of the City. Everything seemed to delight them and after returning to their apartments, the first Prince sent for Henry, — and going through with all due form presented him with a beautiful set of porcelain, six little cups and saucers.

Sarah Bradley Willard at 36



Lincoln-Hegira Slipper

Henry, in return, gave him a very handsome silver cup and saucer & spoon elegantly engraved. Then from the officers, we have a Japanese lantern & table and several little things . . . I went over to one of their receptions and shook hands with the five highest in rank . . . . The Imperial Interpreter and two or three others high in rank came over to see us and appeared finely. They were so gentlemanly and still interested in looking at everything. It was very warm and I treated them to some of Mama's good raspberry vinegar which they relished very much, and kept saying 'very nice.'"

By far the most notable guest was President-elect Abraham Lincoln. The feeling between the North and the South was so bitter in Washington, — and the surrounding country was so largely inhabited by Southern sympathizers, that the journey from Illinois to Washington was fraught with great hazard. He traveled through Baltimore in disguise, — and very late at night reached Washington, where he was driven directly to Willard's Hotel, entering the side entrance on Fourteenth Street, accompanied by his private secretary and particular friend, Colonel Ward Lamon.

When he arrived, he found that his slippers had been overlooked, and he greatly needed a pair. Mr. Lincoln had a very large foot and my father did not know of any slippers of sufficient size, except a pair belonging to my great-grandfather, William C. Bradley, a guest in his private home across the street. The latter was delighted to loan his slippers to such a distinguished person for he was a great admirer of Abraham Lincoln. The slippers were found to fit, and after wearing them, Mr. Lincoln returned them with a gracious note of thanks. On the back of one of them is inscribed in the inimitable hand-engraved writing of my grandfather:

"These slippers were knitted by Mrs. Sarah B. Willard of Washington, D. C., for her Grandfather, Wm. C. Bradley — who was there (Feb. 1861) making her a visit, but before they could be used Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the U. S., to avoid the threatened attempts of conspirators at Baltimore came through in a car from Harrisburgh, Penn. by night, in disguise, and without baggage, — and on his arrival this pair of slippers was furnished him, and used by him until his Inauguration, March 4, 1861."

In 1861, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, his wife, Julia Ward Howe, and James Freeman Clarke staid at the hotel, and it was here that Julia Ward Howe wrote the heroic poem, — "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."[1] During the stormy war times, soldiers were coming and going continuously. I can remember my father saying how a regiment of soldiers would arrive from the field very late at night or early in the morning, and they would march out to the inner court of the hotel where there was a fountain of crystal water, to refresh themselves by washing their dusty hands and faces.

"Henry has done well to set up a fountain in the central opening, and he has nothing to do but put in it a quantity of fresh mint for the spray to fall upon to bring up visions of juleps and cooling drinks to the minds of the heated visitors."

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1859, May 27

[1] See Part Two, Chapter V, p. 300.

He was particularly kind and considerate to the soldier boys, especially to those who came from his native State, Vermont.

S. B. W. to W C. B.
1862, March 30

"Henry has been engaged for two weeks in making inquiries and finding the graves of the two soldiers from Westminster, Ellis and Fairbrother . . . . He knew when the Vermont Regiments moved, all trace would be lost, so with a great deal of difficulty and expense he has succeeded and had them disinterred and brought into the city — where he ordered them put into air-tight zinc-lined boxes and tomorrow sends them by express

Colonel Ellsworth's Zouaves Saving Willard's Hotel May 19, 1861

with all charges paid (by him and his brother Joseph), to Westminster. This he was glad to do, feeling although he did not know them, they came from his native town, and now we hope the town will erect monuments."

Their relatives were deeply grateful, — Mrs. Ellis said, "There never was a man equal to Henry Willard."

At one time during the Civil War, the flag over Willard's Hotel was the only Union Flag flying in the District of Columbia except on Government buildings. Those who strongly sympathized with the Southern cause demanded that the flag be taken down; my father refused to comply. He was a member of the Committee of "One Hundred" to look after order and suppress riots in Washington.

Willard's Hotel caught fire on several occasions. Once, when there was a slight fire in one of the upper stories, a guest rushed down stairs, exclaiming, "Mr. Willard, the hotel is on fire! Where is it? Where is it?" Calmly ringing for the bellboy, he replied: "John, will you take the gentleman upstairs, and show him the fire?" The most disastrous fire occurred in the early part of the year 1861, when the Owen House

Home of Henry Augustus Willard, 515 Fourteenth St., Washington, D. C., 1858-1861

property, leased by the two brothers, and connected with the hotel, was seriously damaged. It was extinguished only after heroic efforts by the Ellsworth Zouaves, who were firefighters.

On July 15, 1861, feeling the need of rest, my father retired from the business, and the property was leased to Sykes, Chadwick & Company.

My mother was brought as a bride (November 1855) to a house on K Street, opposite Franklin Square, located on the site where stands the last home of Senator John Sherman, of Ohio. The property was owned by a Mr. Smoot, and was purchased

in an unfinished state. This home was found to be too far from business, as the active work in the management of Willard's Hotel required very early and very late hours. My parents removed to the hotel, where I was born October 20, 1856. A few years later, three brick houses were purchased on the east side of Fourteenth Street, opposite the hotel, the present site of the Willard Building. Two of these houses were made into one, and my remembrance of it as a child was that it was an attractive and lovely home, as any home would be presided over by my mother.

In 1863, at the suggestion of an intimate friend, Mr. George Clark, my father went to Hudson, New York, and purchased a farm about a mile from the city, where

Home of Henry Augustus Willard, near Hudson, N. Y., 1863-1865

we lived two years. There was a fine view of the boats going up and down the Hudson River. We returned to Washington, and boarded for a time at the old Speiden House, located on F Street, N. W. The next home was on Allen Street, Hudson, N. Y., where we lived the greater part of two years. In 1867, this place was sold and the family returned to Washington.

About 1868, the house No. 1337 K Street, N. W., was built, and here we lived until 1871, when Secretary of the Navy, George M. Robeson, rented it. Our family then boarded with Uncle Caleb, proprietor of the Ebbitt House; although surrounded by every comfort, my parents longed to have their own home. Connected with the

Robeson house and extending to the land of the then Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, was a double lot, 50 feet front by 147 feet deep. I can remember how good were the grapes, pears and other fruits, which grew in that lovely garden. In 1873, half of the home 1333 K Street, N. W., was built on the east portion of this lot, and in 1893, a substantial addition was erected, taking in the rest of the garden. This was our home for the last thirty-six years of my father's life, and is my home today. Here, my parents, who were of a generous, whole-souled nature, dispensed a gracious hospitality. The latchstring of welcome was out "to rich and poor" alike, and to "the stranger within our gates." This was exemplified when many friends, and some not so well

John Quincy Adams' Sideboard, Nantucket, Mass.

known, came from Vermont in the early days of the war. Our homes were filled with relatives and guests, and everything was done to make them happy.

We were a most united family of three — the home-life was ideal, presided over by a most faithful and loving husband, and a most generous and kind-hearted father. From this house in 1901, I went to my marriage to Helen Wilson Parker,[1] and in it two of my children, Henry Augustus and William Bradley, were born, and here my dear mother passed on to Life Eternal.

In 1880, through the influence of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Joel T. Simpson, my parents went to Nantucket, Massachusetts, and in 1881, purchased an old house,[2]

[1] See Part Two, Chapter V, p. 302.

[2] See Part Two, Chapter V, p. 304.

26 Orange Street, built about 1723; and here we passed our summers for nearly thirty years. This house, filled with old furniture, included a sideboard owned in Washington by John Quincy Adams, when he was President, and a choice collection of china, owned by the William Starbuck family.

When my father came to Washington, he attended St. John's Episcopal Church, Dr. Pyne, Rector, and purchased Pew No. 80. Owing to my mother's interest in the Unitarian faith, he was glad to attend service with her. In the early seventies, the pastor of the old Unitarian Church was Rev. Frederick Hinckley. Many of the congregation became dissatisfied with him, and a new Society, the present All Souls, was formed, of which my parents were the chief organizers and supporters. Mr. William C. Murdock read the service and conducted the first religious meetings in our parlor. As Chairman of the Board of Trustees, my father put his heart and soul into the building of the new church,[1] and my mother not only helped with a generous hand in the church fairs, but assisted in the making of the first church carpet. They enjoyed a most intimate friendship with three of the ministers, Rev. Russell N. Bellows, Rev. R. R. Shippen and Rev. Bradford Leavitt.

Dr. William Tindall, Secretary of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia, has kindly given the following statement of the official services of my father in the City of Washington:

1. A member of the Board of Health of the City of Washington, D. C., by appointment of Mayor Sayles J. Bowen, from June 1869, until June 1871, from the 2nd Ward of that City.

2. A member of the Board of Health of the District of Columbia, appointed March 15, 1871, by President U. S. Grant, and was elected Treasurer of that Board, April 13, 1871, but declined to act in either capacity.

3. A member of the Board of Public Works of the District of Columbia, by appointment of President U. S. Grant, from May 22, 1873, until June 20, 1874, and Vice-President of that Board from September 13, 1873, until the abolition of that Board by an Act of Congress June 20, 1874.[2]

4. One of the three Assessors appointed by the Board of Temporary Commissioners of the District of Columbia, August 8, 1874, under Section 4 of the Act of June 20, 1874, creating the temporary commission government for the District of Columbia, as an expert on property values, to revise the assessment of real and personal property in the District of Columbia.

5. Member of Board of Assessors in Condemnation Proceedings to acquire the land where the Library of Congress now stands.

In 1847, the city was a small, unkempt and, for the most part, unpaved municipality of scarcely forty thousand inhabitants. My father lived to see it the most

[1] See Part Two, Chapter V, pp. 305-306.

[2] See Part Two, Chapter V, pp. 315-318.

beautiful city in America, with a population of over three hundred thousand. Under the old city government of Mayor and a Common Council, animals of every description were allowed to roam at large through the city streets. I can remember, when a little boy, of being afraid to go to school, because of the cows, which I imagined were vicious. One morning Senator Edmunds of Vermont met my father in the market. The Senator was in a very angry mood and exclaimed: "Willard, I am going to introduce a bill in Congress to have the Capital removed!" My father expressed his surprise when Senator Edmunds told him that he had just had the front of his residence on Massachusetts Avenue put in order, with grass mown and hedges trimmed, when the night before, an old sow had entered by an unlatched gate and during the night had burrowed through the entire yard. The Senator added: "If laws of this kind prevail in your municipal government here, it is time that the Capital be moved, and I am in favor of it." My father protested, saying that, if Congress would only pass an effective law, there would be no need of this radical change. Senator Edmunds answered: "Mr. Willard, if you will have prepared the proper bill for preventing animals from running at large in this place, I will see to it that it is introduced and passed in Congress." The result of this was the formation of the present Board of Health and the stringent laws prohibiting cattle from roaming the streets of Washington.

As a member of the Board of Public Works, my father laid out the first city parks on K Street, extending from Ninth to Seventeenth Streets, and superintended the first planting of trees. This parking system has contributed largely to the great beauty of our national Capital. It was a source of pride and joy to him that he could have been associated with his friend, Governor Shepherd, in this transformation process. After the greater part of the work had been done, came the unfortunate investigation by Congress, the result of which was a clean sheet for Governor Shepherd and all the members of the Board of Public Works. As the Governor's staunch friend, he responded quickly to his appeal for assistance and at the meeting of the creditors he was the first to insist that Governor Shepherd should have all the time he wanted to make good his debts.

With the abolishment of the Board of Public Works, his public life in Washington ceased, but not so his active business career.

In 1867, my father was one of the organizers of the National Savings Bank and its second President (Hugh McCulloch was the first for a short time). He was strenuous in encouraging depositors to save, as shown by the letter on the following page. He also sent out a small pamphlet, published by Charles M. Cornwell, New York City (1874), entitled "How to Get Rich Written for Poor Men and Young Beginners of Life by their affectionate friend Uncle Ben, who was Once in both these Conditions but is

NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK,

Corner 15th Street and N. Y. Avenue.

Washington, D. C. Dec 29 1870

Hon Andrew Wylie

SIR:

I desire to call your attention to this institution, and the advantages of becoming a depositor.

Authorized by a charter from Congress, approved May 24, 1870, the corporation has filed a bond, accepted by the Supreme Court of the District, for the sum of $200,000, in the Clerk's office, the said bond being to secure depositors, according to a provision of the charter.

The object of this institution is to encourage those who are desirous of saving their money by depositing in a bank, rather than to run the risk of keeping it by them, or loaning it in an uncertain way, perhaps never to be returned. The depositor also realizes an interest at the proper time, and is an encouragement to industrious persons to save and have a fund accumulating against inability to earn a support, either from sickness or an advanced period of life. It is, also, an encouragement to children, stimulating them to save small amounts. For this purpose the interest is placed semi-annually, if not called for, with the principal, and bears the same interest as the principal; thus compounded twice a year. Persons in this case have no necessity for drawing their interest unless they need it.

The sum of one dollar will be received, and to the amount of $1,000, as a deposit, and will draw interest when the deposits amount to five dollars.

Special deposits, exceeding the sum of one thousand dollars may be received at special rates of interest and stated time of withdrawal.

Interest commences on the first of every month, and will be declared every six months, at the rate of five per cent.

The managers of the bank enjoying peculiar facilities in the use of the burglar-proof vaults of the National Safe Deposit Company, and flattering themselves that they are well known in the community, pledge themselves to an upright and conscientious discharge of their duties.

For the information of depositors, the following table will exhibit what will be realized by the saving of small sums and put at interest:

10 *cents a day saved, and interest added, will in one year amount to*	$37 71
25 *cents a day saved for two years*	193 37
25 *cents a week for seven years*	109 26
One Dollar a week, for five years	297 20
Five Dollars a month, for seven years	506 01
Ten Dollars a month, for ten years	1,565 91

The TRUSTEES OF THE BANK are—

Hon. ANDREW WYLIE,	MATTHEW G EMERY,	Hon. JOSEPH CASEY,	ALEX. R SHEPHERD,
WILLIAM STICKNEY,	ZENAS C. ROBBINS,	WM. S. HUNTINGTON,	JAMES M. LATTA,
LEWIS CLEPHANE,	WM. H. PHILIP,	GEO. H PLANT,	J. H. LATHROP,
S. P. BROWN,	B. P. SNYDER,	A. L. STURTEVANT,	H. A. WILLARD.

And THE BOARD OF MANAGERS—

HENRY A. WILLARD, PRESIDENT.	HENRY A. WILLARD,	S. P. BROWN,	LEWIS CLEPHANE SECRETARY.
	WILLIAM STICKNEY,	GEO. H. PLANT,	
	Hon. JOSEPH CASEY,	M. G. EMERY,	
WILLIAM STICKNEY, V. PRESIDENT.	LEWIS CLEPHANE,	A. R. SHEPHERD,	B. P. SNYDER, TREASURER.
	WM. H. PHILIP.		

Respectfully yours,

L. Clephane

Now in Neither." With this bank he was associated for forty-two years as a large stockholder and as one of its trustees and directors.

He was Vice-President of the National Metropolitan Bank, during the presidency of John W. Thompson, 1874-1897—Stock in 1874, 100 — 1897, 310; and in the growth of both of these institutions, he aided much by his personal influence and substantial aid. He was one of the early stockholders of the American Security and Trust Company, and a member of the Board of Trustees until the time of his death.

For sixteen years, my father was President of the Columbia Railway, 1873-1889, when by reason of ill health, he resigned. This was before the days of electricity when the Columbia Railway was a one-horse affair, but under his management, it became a two-horse system and the road was entirely relaid with double tracks. He was a member of the Board of Trustees of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and for some time, a trustee of the old Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company.

I graduated from the Columbian Law School in 1881, but soon discovered that my taste was for a business career and not for the practice of law. My father, therefore, turned to a friend, Mr. B. H. Warner, and said: "Can you not secure a place for Harry in your real estate office?" The result of this conversation was that my father became one of the founders of the Columbia Fire Insurance Company and was the President, and I, the Secretary, from its organization June 1881, until January 1892. He put his whole soul into the work, — and during his management the stock of the company rose from five dollars a share to nearly eighteen dollars, and, beginning with a capital of $100,000, the company was left with a surplus of $125,000.

My father and mother were active workers in Garfield Memorial Hospital. He was one of the organizers of this noble charity with Justice Samuel F. Miller, James Ormond Wilson, Reginald Fendall and others, — being Vice-President at the time of his death. He was a trustee of Columbia Hospital for Women from 1890 to October 14, 1899, when he resigned. He was appointed a trustee of the National Training School for Boys, February 12, 1875, — made President on October 14, 1886, and served until December 13, 1886. He resigned as trustee April 1887.

He was elected a member of the Columbia Historical Society, Washington,[1] D. C., January 7, 1895; and was an active member, and with my mother, a constant attendant at the meetings. He was one of the thirteen Vice-Presidents of the Association of the Oldest Inhabitants.[2] Numerous afternoon teas were given in our hospitable home, one of which was in connection with a Garfield Hospital entertainment. On several occasions, the members of the Washington Monument Society were entertained, my father having been a member for more than thirty years. On February 22, 1904, many friends were invited to the reception which followed a business meeting.

[1] See Part Two, Chapter V, pp. 315-318.

He was of a most kindly and charitable disposition and gave liberally to the poor in an unassuming manner. No deserving person ever was turned away from his door. I well remember how, once, through one of the public charities, he ascertained the name and home of a very poor colored family on Capitol Hill. He personally visited them that he might assure himself that the facts as stated were true; and found them in dire need and helped them with a liberal supply of food, fuel and other necessities. This is only one of his many personal acts of kindness and generosity.

Three Generations

The birth of the first grandchild, my elder son, which occurred September 20, 1902, gave infinite delight to his grandfather, who was the first one to hold the baby in his arms and to wrap him in his warm blanket. It was an additional joy to have this baby bear his name. When the little fellow was not quite four months old, he was taken desperately ill with double pneumonia. On this occasion my parents' anxiety

and solicitude knew no bounds and his recovery gave them both unmeasured joy. Except for a few weeks, the baby always remained an inmate of his grandparents' home.

My father was a great collector of autograph letters and historic objects.

S. B. W. to W. B. C.
1862, May 18

"Henry has come across in Virginia, a box of old letters which have interested us much, among them were about thirty of John Randolph, several of William Wirt, and a great many of Judge Tucker, father-in-law of John Randolph, also public documents containing signatures of Monroe, Patrick Henry, Benjamin Harrison and others . . . . Most of John Randolph's are family letters, but a few are political, and one of Wm. Wirt's, written when he was Attorney General describing a levee at the President's is very amusing." It was his recreation to make valuable collections, and he had in his possession the autographs of all the signers of the Declaration of Independence, with the exception of one. He purchased of Colonel Lamon the spy-glasses belonging to President Lincoln. The old britannia tea-pot used by Daniel Webster he presented to the Continental Museum at Indian Hill Farm, Newburyport, Massachusetts, the residence of Ben Perley Poore.

He loved birds, flowers — to each of his homes he added a conservatory, — music, paintings and statuary. Late in life, when he had intimate friends gathered around his table, he delighted in telling short after-dinner stories, never missing a point, and convulsing his auditors by his facial expressions.

When about eighty years old, afflicted with cataracts on both eyes, his health began to fail, but, notwithstanding this, he kept in active touch with all his business interests, going daily to his office until past eighty-seven years. After his eightieth birthday, he erected no less than seven buildings.

In already enfeebled health, he survived my dear mother only one short month. Grief for the loss of the beloved wife and helpmate hastened his end. On Thursday, December 2nd, when my mother's body was laid in her last resting place, my father attended the service, and, two days later, he gently and peacefully passed to Life Eternal.

Henry Augustus Willard — December 4, 1909

Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont

SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD

Chapter VI

SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD

My mother, Sarah Bradley Kellogg, the daughter of Daniel and Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg, was born August 17, 1831, Saxton's River, Vermont. When Baby Sarah was nine months old, her parents desired to take a short journey and she was left for a week with her maternal grandparents, William Czar and Sarah Richards

Birthplace of Sarah Bradley Kellogg Willard

Bradley, at Westminster, seven miles from her home. They were familiarly known to their relatives and townspeople as "Papa" and "Mama" Bradley. When the parents returned for their daughter, "Papa" Bradley said, "If you take Sarah you'll have to take me too." The little girl staid on indefinitely, and became their adopted daughter.

The earliest expression of her tender, loving heart is a letter to a child friend.

S. B. K. to Susan Blanchard

"It looks very lonely where you used to live — the house is shut up and your pussy cat came over to our house, and I told Papa she must not be killed like other cats for she was Susan's, and so we have taken her into the house and she is very happy and does not hurt anything and Mama said it is because you have brought her up so well. I wish you would come."

M. A. B. K. to S. B. K.

Her mother sent some yarn to her industrious little girl, — "but it is in the hope you will not hurry too much, for I shall be quite satisfied if the stockings are finished in two months from now, and I know you would like to give some of the spare minutes to a book."

"Let the needle and the book
Thy useful hours divide."

Her most intimate girl-friend in Westminster was Ellen Safford,[1] who at eighty-four years of age remembered walking hand in hand with Sarah at the funeral of her great-grandmother, Ann Ruggles Richards, — from the William C. Bradley house to the Old Cemetery. The two children attended a private school in Westminster, — the first teacher was Electa Betsey Dickinson Gates, a graduate of Mount Holyoke Seminary. In 1845, my mother went to Brattleboro to attend the school of the Rev. Addison Brown, and lived at the home of her Uncle Jonathan and Aunt Susan Dorr Bradley to whom she was devotedly attached. In 1849, the two girls were in Roxbury, Massachusetts, pursuing their studies under Mr. Dillaway.

W. C. B. to S. B. K.
1849, December 16
Westminster

"It is no wonder that Mr. Dillaway thought as he did about the method adopted by your former preceptors, which was something like an Irish shantee — placing the roof directly on the foundation such as it was, but you will now endeavor no doubt to put something of a frame between — if you cannot finish off very ornamentally."

In the school was Anna Dudley, who became a very dear and lifelong friend.

W. C. B. to S. B. K.
1850, April 12

"It seems that Ellen does not study French and, as Miss Dudley does not recite Latin, we do not see but what you have to work against a double competition, but we are all well persuaded that you will make yourself quite equal to it . . . . but do not wish you to put yourself under such constraint as will deprive you of all proper exercise and amusement."

Papa Bradley kept in touch with her studies, quoting Latin and French in his letters.

[1] Mrs. B. F. Aldrich, Springfield, Vermont, the daughter of Dr. Pliny Safford of Westminster, Vermont, and the granddaughter of Sarah Ruggles Smith, a sister of Ann Ruggles Richards.

"You say that you particularly like your Latin" —

W. C. B. to S. B. K.
1850, December

"Papa much approves of Mr. Dillaway's selection of the Amicitia and Senectute of Cicero rather than the Orations. The latter would be of as much value to you as it would be for a French mademoiselle to learn English in the orations of Daniel Webster. Besides, the pieces selected and his work *de officiis* are among the very best specimens of Cicero's works."

W. C. B. to S. B. K.
1850, May 25

"He is rather glad that you have finished Corinne. It is true that as to the language and talents displayed, Corinne has much merit after all, but she like Mdme. Stael herself is rather a blue-stocking tomboy which you are in no danger of being."

While in Roxbury, she lived at the home of her Aunt Emily, Mrs. Nathaniel Dorr, and enjoyed special advantages in the social world.

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1850, May 5

"Whether it comes from the teaching of Mr. Dillaway, from the society you are in and meet, or from the mere growth of intellect, we perceive a very decided improvement in your writing, and style, and thought, since you have been at Roxbury and it gives us a great deal of pleasure."

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1850, May 25

"The fashionable bonnet which we hope will become you and that you will become it, for now you are taking a new starting point as to the inside of the head it will be best to do the same with the outside."

W. C. B. to S. B. K.
1850, December 20

"We seem to be all glad you have gone through the ceremony you mention and consider that it derives an advantage from having been the result of your independent choice. The details are very interesting and Mama would have been delighted to have been present. As to Papa although he is very well satisfied that you should suit yourself, he could not with his prejudices have lent his countenance to a private baptism if persons are perfectly able to attend a public one. Still all the churches agree that any regular baptism is valid and that seems to be the main point."

The summer of 1850, Anna Dudley made her first visit to Westminster, and was warmly welcomed.

W. C. B. to S. B. K.
1853, June 25

"Our friend, Anna, too, must not forget that this is a summer home among good friends."

On the evening of November 6, 1855, my mother and my father were married in the north parlor of the Westminster home; she had known him since a little girl.

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1844, April 20

"Mr. Henry Willard sent you a small but very pretty working pattern representing a meeting-house, also, a rose, a wreath and a little temple, with which we think you will be pleased."

Sarah Bradley Kellogg at 20

Her grandfather wished the wedding to be fitting in every way; he said —

"Our material is all used up — the last stick is gone and a very good stick it was."

It was one of the largest and most celebrated weddings of that period in southeastern Vermont. The Rev. Jaazeniah Crosby, of Charlestown, New Hampshire, officiated, assisted by my mother's uncle, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, Justice of the Peace, of Brattleboro, Vermont. The bridesmaids were Anna M. Dudley and Margaret May

North Parlor, William Czar Bradley Homestead, Westminster, Vermont

(Mrs. Daniel Kellogg). The groomsmen were her only brother, Daniel Kellogg, and my father's brother, Caleb Clapp Willard.

When my father brought my mother as a bride to Washington, he was actively engaged as proprietor and half-owner of the old Willard's Hotel. The beginning of that sympathetic and un-ending companionship, never darkened by one shadow, is delightfully told in the letters written to Papa Bradley.

"I hope I shall prove a good little housekeeper and keep everything in nice order."

S. B. W. to W. C. B.
1855, November 11

"Sarah for the first time this morning presided at our table and I can assure you the place was filled with dignity and grace unequaled."

H. A. W. to W. C. B.

"I made some Marlborough pudding the other day which Henry pronounced so good that he said Jim the baker must taste a piece." She kept a little ruled book of the "ins and outs" — "as Henry and I both agree in thinking it an excellent plan to have some idea how much it costs us to live."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. 1856

Washington seemed beautiful to her, a "land of flowers." "As I am writing there are beautiful flowers on my table which I wish I could put into Mama's hand, and particularly a Japonica, which is very beautiful."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. 1856, March 2

"Henry purchased for me in market a beautiful Virginia red bird which I am making a great pet of. At first it was very wild but it is beginning to get tame and I enjoy feeding it so much."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. March 9

"Mama will be very glad to hear I am getting very fond of my plants and red bird, for she used to say I was destitute of taste in such things — but I find they are a great deal of company while Henry is obliged to be at the Hotel and then he is so fond of flowers that it inspires me to take good care of them."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. January 20

"Henry and I went to the President's Levee and I enjoyed walking through the suite of rooms, and seeing the distinguished people. The President is good looking, greeted me very kindly and particularly requested I should be introduced to Mrs. Pierce . . . . I did not see as many elegant dresses as I expected but the ladies tell me they seldom wear their best attire, for they do not like to run the risk of its going through such a jam."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. 1856, January 20

"We think Baby a perfect wonder. He has plenty of dark hair, eyes which were dark blue when he was born but are approaching black, and a turned-up nose which Henry laughs about and says is just like mine."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. November 6

"Henry has gone West again for a little visit . . . . I felt so badly to have him go — I almost cried my eyes out but if Baby only keeps well I shall keep up good courage, however, it is dreadful lonely."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. 1857, April 30

"Henry brought me a very handsome velvet cloak and a set of Point lace which delighted me much and particularly they came so unexpectedly."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. November 1

In the summer of 1857, Baby and the mother made a visit "to the good old home under the shade of the elm tree."

"Baby sends ever so many kisses and would like much to have a good Hebrew conversation with Papa Bradley."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. August 19

"Harry is improving every day . . . . my earnest prayer is that he may be a good boy."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. 1858, November 24

Willard Family Group, 1864

Henry Augustus Willard

The advice of "Papa" Bradley was continually sought as to my education.

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1859, October 25

"It is well that dear little Harry should be led to consider it a privilege to attend to his book instead of being forced to it. Learning is very much like a stranger coming to a house for when a child is at first a little reluctant to go to him and you push and compel him to do so, the more you labor the more obstinate he will become — when if you leave him to discover how much others are entertained by the newcomer he will soon seek an introduction himself."

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1866, September 22

. . . . "And dear Harry whom I almost hourly remember as I see his hat hanging where he placed it in front of the books. May he be a blessing to us all. You ask whether he had better study Latin. My opinion is that he cannot too early begin to learn the rudiments if he learns them thoroughly — as through them he lays the foundation of most modern languages but this requires the attention of a special instructor and not the competition of a class."

My parents moved to a home opposite the Hotel, "so large" that they felt "the need of some dear friends to fill it up."

S. B. W. to W. C. B.
1859, October 30

"You cannot tell dear Papa as winter approaches how much I wish you and Mama were coming to stay with us."

Tender love and unbounded care for the aged dear ones were ever present. Boxes filled with the delicacies of the season, ... fruit, game, wines and gifts were constantly sent to brighten their declining years. "Papa" Bradley thus delightfully pictures the family after a very happy visit to Washington, made memorable by the episode of the "Lincoln-Hegira Slippers" (as he called them).

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1861, April 10

"We can see Mother (Willard) at the window enjoying the bustle without. Henry coming in and while he sits a few minutes on the ottoman telling some news or laughing about some pleasant story and dear little Harry building castles or running railroad cars and steamboats."

My mother naturally embraced the faith of her grandmother, a strong and earnest Unitarian. As a girl she used to drive on Sundays to the Unitarian Church in Walpole, a distance of two miles. Her mother, Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg, preferred the religion and dress of the Quaker. She soon became identified with the work of the old Unitarian Church in Washington, located on the corner of Sixth and D Streets, N. W., and remained a member of that congregation until the new All Souls Church Society was formed, of which both she and my father were among the most ardent workers. He withdrew from the Episcopal Church soon after my baptism.

S. B. W. to W. C. B.

"This morning we all went to hear Dr. Dewey, and he gave us a splendid sermon. He preaches so from the heart without any cant that I am sure it must stir up everybody to become better."

In the winter of 1866-67, my parents visited Havana, Cuba, for the benefit of my mother's health, leaving me at the home of my Uncle Daniel Kellogg, then Postmaster at Brattleboro, Vermont. They returned shortly before the death of my great-grandfather, which occurred March 3, 1867, in Westminster, Vermont. "Papa" Bradley had lived alone for seven months and their thoughts were always with him.

S. B. W. to W. C. B.
1866, December 23

"Visions come up before me of Christmas at the old home when I was a little girl and how fondly dear Mama used to fill the stockings for she always had treasures laid by.—What pleasant remembrances these are to me."

Papa Bradley had full confidence in and great affection for my father, — "dear Henry, to whom I cannot sufficiently express my sense of his kindness so constantly & appropriately manifested on all occasions. In my loneliness he has been more than a son to me and there is a Power that will reward him."

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
1866, September 22
Old Westminster

"I have endeavored to secure to you the homestead with the furniture & library not disposed of & made you the residuary legatee of all the property & to Henry, I have left besides the voyages, all my documents, papers, correspondence & notices & memoranda by me made or owned, whether of pecuniary value as matters of taste or personal history and have constituted & appointed him my sole executor." My mother expressed a most beautiful appreciation of "Papa" Bradley's love and life in the small volume, "The Tribute of Affection."

W. C. B. to S. B. W.
December 28

During their sojourn at the Ebbitt, my father had a critical illness of typhoid fever, when for days his life hung in the balance. His devoted wife proved herself a competent nurse and seldom left his bedside. Occasionally, she was relieved by a faithful negro servant, "Uncle Jim Montgomery" — who, at his own urgent solicitations had been redeemed from slavery — years before. Grateful for this kindness, he watched with her until the patient regained his health.

My mother, being so well trained in Latin and French, was of invaluable assistance to me in my studies when at Emerson Institute, going over all the lessons day by day. During my six years in New Haven — two years at the Hopkins Grammar School, and four years at Yale College — she wrote daily, encouraging me in my scholastic work; and but for her timely encouragement I should never have succeeded in completing the college course to secure my degree.

During her long life in Washington, she was identified with many charities. From 1872 to 1903, she was on the Board of Lady Managers of the Children's Hospital, having become interested in the work at the instance of her old-time friend, Dr. Miller. My parents were connected with the Columbia Hospital for Women, when

their friend, Dr. P. J. Murphy, was physician in charge. They were also associated on the Board of the Industrial Home School.

Of all the charities, none commanded their special interest as much as Garfield Memorial Hospital, of which they were among the Incorporators. My mother was Vice-President of the Ladies' Aid Association, Chairman of the Purchasing Committee, and a member of the Auditing Committee. At the time of making her will, she said to me — "I want fifty thousand to go to Garfield." The result of this wish is the

Mother, Son, and Grandchildren

Henry A. Willard Memorial Building dedicated May 14, 1912, the ninetieth anniversary of my father's birthday.

She was a Charter member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, Mary Washington Chapter, and a member of the Colonial Dames of Vermont. She gave liberally of her means to many private charities in an unostentatious manner, and in her passing on to Life Eternal many a poor, deserving person lost a generous friend.

1858, November 14 "I feel very sorry for a very sick neighbor . . . . go in often to carry her something and try and make her feel better."

S. B. W. to W. C. B. December 25 "Soon after breakfast I carried a basket of eatables to some poor children."

In all phases of my dear mother's life she exemplified the highest type of American womanhood. Always oblivious of self, her happiness was in making others happy, especially her husband and son, and this trait of character beautified, sanctified and almost deified her blessed life of nearly four-score years.

No husband ever had a more loving, devoted, self-sacrificing wife — no son a more loving, devoted, self-sacrificing mother; our home was an earthly heaven — a veritable Paradise to my father and myself. We brought to her all our cares and troubles and received boundless comfort. Our sorrows were her sorrows — our joys, her joys. No irritable or cross word ever passed her lips and her smile was a benediction. Inheriting a somewhat nervous temperament from my paternal ancestors, my mother earnestly instilled in me the injunction that this temperament must be kept controlled and within proper bounds. She always strove to adjust my thought and temper to my father's — with her my father's word was law. As his devoted wife she knew that his every wish was for our good. I was early taught to strictly obey my parents, and when I disobeyed either, I was sure to suffer the penalty of a remorseful conscience. When matters in the household did not go as dear mother would wish, she never complained and never found fault. She was always most kind and considerate of the feelings of others, and the servants in the home always admired, respected and loved her.

She was an early riser, and, until her health began to fail, carefully and prudently managed all the details of the household — going to market regularly; the last visit to the Rigg's Market, October 31, 1908, was to buy a Hallowe'en pumpkin for her elder grandson.

When an oculist told her that her husband was affected with cataracts on both eyes, her sorrow was intense, and from that moment her health slowly but steadily began to fail. With diminishing eyesight came increased feebleness to my father, followed by a fall on his office steps, which caused him great pain and restless nights. From loss of sleep and over-exertion, she suffered from paralysis in 1906. After a long illness, she rallied and was able to attend to her household duties as usual.

On November 1, 1908, a few days after she had received the members of the Grand Army of the Republic of Vermont, my mother was again prostrated. This time seriously, she bore her suffering, at times acute, with a cheerful disposition — not one murmur of complaint ever escaped her lips. During the last summer of her life, scarcely able to make the journey to her Nantucket home, but knowing it would

Grandmother and Grandson

be for the benefit of the others in the family, she undertook the trip, visiting Walpole, New Hampshire, and Westminster, Vermont, before returning to Washington in late September, 1909. During October she was able to be wheeled out in her chair on the calm, sunny days. One bright morning in Lafayette Square under the "Wishing Tree" made historic by the visits of Abraham Lincoln in his days of sorrow, — I said, "Now Mama, we will each make a wish — what do you wish?" She replied, quietly, "I wish that I could walk again." How sweet — and how sad! On October 20, 1909, she was wheeled to one of the principal jewelers to purchase for me a birthday gift.

Just after the hour of midnight, on the morning of November 3, 1909, she passed peacefully to the Life Eternal. The end came suddenly — her parting words were full of tender love — "Patsy, how is Henry Augustus?" she asked of his nurse. "He's all right — he's asleep." "Patsy, take good care of Henry Augustus — Tell him Grandma loves him dearly." When I reached her side, she was too weak to speak, and, with a faint clasp of my hand passed Beyond.

Sarah Bradley Willard November 3, 1909
Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont

Anniversaries

Chapter VII

THE GOLDEN WEDDING

1855 1905
Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Willard
at home
Monday, November the Sixth
from four until seven o'clock
1333 K Street
Washington, D. C.

The most notable event in the life of Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Willard was their golden wedding. It happened in the season when chrysanthemums were in their glory, and the many floral tributes sent by life-long friends not only made the parlors and drawing-room scenes of beauty, but attested to the esteem and friendship in which they were held. The two grandchildren, Henry Augustus II and William Bradley, were present, and the former danced with his grandfather.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Willard's golden wedding celebration yesterday went off as happily as the rosiest forecast anticipated. The elaborate floral decorations of yellow chrysanthemums and roses made glorious coloring in every room, but were especially beautiful in the west parlor, where the golden bride and groom and their son and daughter-in-law and grandson received the congratulations of their guests. The flowers sent the happy couple, whose lives have run together so serenely for half a century, overflowed every possible inch of space where they could be placed in all the rooms of the spacious double parlor. The wedding presents glittered in one of the bookcases in the library, and represented valuable souvenirs of the day.

Mr. Henry K. Willard made the presentations to his father and mother. The latter was dressed in light gray brocade trimmed with gold lace, and wore her golden wedding gift from her husband, a diamond brooch, as well as the amethyst worn at her wedding, and a breast-pin worn by her mother seventy-five years ago. She carried a bouquet of Golden Gate roses and orchids, sent by Mrs. C. C. Willard in memory of her late husband's participation in the wedding as groomsman. Mrs. Henry K. Willard, gowned in white chiffon and lace, and wearing a diamond brooch presented by her father-in-law in honor of her fourth wedding anniversary, stood next the golden bride. Her boys, Henry Augustus II and his baby brother, were near. Mrs. A. M. Childs of Kansas City, who was a bridesmaid at the marriage fifty years ago, was also in the receiving line, as was Mrs. George M. Brayton of this city.

Champagne punch and lemonade were served in the east parlor, and in the dining-room the table, adorned with yellow chrysanthemums, was bountifully supplied with tea dainties. An orchestra played throughout the afternoon. A box of the wedding cake of fifty years ago was opened by Mr. Willard, and found in a state of good preservation. It was passed by him to Mrs. Willard and the ladies of the receiving party.

The guests represented the large acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Willard among the oldest residential families and of such organizations as the Oldest Inhabitants' Association and Historical Societies, of

1333 K Street, N.W., 1873-1909

which Mr. Willard continues a most interested member. Among those present were: Mr. Justice Harlan and Mrs. Harlan, Mr. Justice Henry B. Brown, Mr. H. B. F. Macfarland, Mr. Henry L. West and Colonel John Biddle, Commissioners of the District, Judge Morris and Miss Morris, Judge Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, Rev. John G. Ames, Colonel and Mrs. George M. Brayton, Judge Bentley, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Blair, Mr. William Ballantyne, Mr. R. Carter Ballantyne, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bayly, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bryan, Mr. and Mrs. Aldis B. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Church, Mrs. Henry Cranford, Mr. and Mrs. Crosby Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Clephane, Mrs. Walter Clephane, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Cummings, Mrs. W. V. Cox, Miss Emery, Dr. Daniel B. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Allen C. Clark, Mr. A. W. Childs of Kansas City, Rev. Thomas S. Childs, Mrs. Childs, Miss Childs, Professor William H. Dall, Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, Miss Louise Kauffmann, Mrs. Mearns, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Chambers, Miss Warner, Mrs. Thomas Wilson, Miss Alisan Wilson, Miss Shaw, Mr. A. R. Spofford, Miss Spofford, Miss Nicolay, Mrs. F. L. Freeman, Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Foster, Mrs. Wallace Neff, Dr. Neff, Miss Neff, Mrs. B. F. Leighton, Mrs. Thomas M. Gale, Dr. E. K. Golds-

West Parlor, 1333 K Street, N.W.

borough, Mrs. Goldsborough, the Misses Goldsborough, Mr. and Mrs. James M. Green, Dr. and Mrs. F. M. Gunnell, Mrs. T. L. Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hurt, Mrs. Hodgkins, Mr. and Mrs. Irelan, Mr. Thomas R. Jones, Honorable J. H. Kasson, Mr. Charles Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Crammond Kennedy, Governor William P. Kellogg, Mrs. Sumner I. Kimball, Mrs. Somers, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Kauffmann, Mrs. George H. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. George W. White, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Porter Morse, Mr. A. M. Lothrop, Judge Hosea B. Moulton, Mrs. Moulton, General and Mrs. John Moore, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Miss Nevins, Colonel M. M. Parker, Mrs. Powell, Miss Powell, Dr. and Mrs. Reichelderfer, Colonel and Mrs. R. G. Rutherford, Honorable Charles H. Robb, Assistant Attorney-General and Mrs. Robb, Dr. J. J. Richardson and Mrs. Richardson, Mr. H. W. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Seward, General Rufus Saxton, Mrs. E. J. Stellwagen, Mrs. H. C. Stewart, Mrs. H. C. Stewart, Jr., Mrs. George M. Sternberg, Miss Ida Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Ross Thompson, the Misses Torrey, Mrs. M. Tulloch, Mr. H. V. Tulloch, Miss Tulloch, Mrs. E. R. Wallace, Mrs. Virginia Thompson, Mrs. J. G. Walker, Mrs. Totten, General John M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ormond Wilson, the Misses Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Warner, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Weaver, Mrs. H. P. Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Wolf, Mrs. Chambers, Dr. Acker, Miss Acker and Mrs. A. E. Acker. — *The Evening Star, Tuesday, November 7, 1905*

EIGHTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

MAY 14, 1907

Surrounded by eighty-five friends on his eighty-fifth birthday, Henry Augustus Willard was both the host and the guest of honor at a dinner given the Oldest Inhabitants' Association. It was a midday dinner, and was served in the lower room of the Occidental Hotel, of which Mr. Willard is the owner. It was a surprise party, for although he knew that his birthday was to be celebrated by a luncheon, he did not know of the preparations that were being made.

The table was covered with flowers, most of the clusters being special gifts with a special significance. The most conspicuous was a bouquet of eighty-five American Beauty roses from Mr. Willard's family. Another beautiful cluster was from his only surviving sister, Mrs. Susan D. Dickinson of Charlestown, New Hampshire. There was a profusion of potted plants.

On the walls were a number of prints from Mr. Willard's collection of Washingtoniana, including several rare portraits of General Washington, and quaint old engravings and lithographs representing him receiving Lafayette at Mount Vernon, the historic Crossing of the Delaware, and Washington at Valley Forge. One remarkable lithograph was a picture of the Washington Monument as it was originally designed with the surrounding base of columns, and a bird's-eye view of the City with the James Creek and the Seventeenth Street canals spanned with artistic bridges, as it was believed in the early days of the last century that they would be. Mr. Willard is a member of the Washington Monument Association, and his collection of early Washington pictures and literature is unique.

It had been arranged that Allison Nailor, the President of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association, should preside at the dinner, but he was ill and unable to come. B. H. Warner made the address of welcome.

My dear Mr. Willard: On behalf of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association I have the especial honor today to congratulate you upon your longevity — your eighty-fifth birthday.

You have been identified with Washington during the greater part of its development. Since you were born most of the Presidents of the United States have discharged the duties of their high office. It has been your good fortune to be the friend of nearly all of them and of many great men who have taken an active part in the affairs of the nation.

You have been the friend of Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Thomas H. Benton, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley and of the great executive, Theodore Roosevelt. You have seen generations of prominent men in all walks of life come and go. You have outlived nearly all the friends of your early manhood. . . . You have seen Washington from the most stagnant city on the continent — a place of splendid expectations — change into the magnificent capital of the day.

It was customary of the Greeks and Romans to assemble on stated occasions, to do honor to the venerable men, who had done eminent service to their country. We gather here today, not only to offer our congratulations and to pay tribute to you, who have been our personal friend for a long period of years, but also to thank you on behalf of the city in which you have so long lived, for the part you have taken in placing it upon the firm basis it now occupies.

As Vice-President of the Board of Public Works you were the co-laborer of the late Governor Shepherd in changing the lethargy and conservatism, which had retarded the progress of Washington, into the faith and enthusiasm which have worked wonderful results. The old and muddy streets have disappeared, and in their place are fine pavements, bordered by magnificent trees. On every hand are structures testifying to the fact that the capital shall never be moved. You have done your part in the erection of many fine buildings and interwoven your name into the history of this city, as few men have done.

I can only say we greet you most cordially and hope that you have many more birthday anniversaries left which we can celebrate in coming years.

" There is within the world in which we dwell
A friendship, answering to that world full well;
An interchange of looks and actions kind
And, in some sense, an intercourse of mind;

A useful commerce, a convenient trade,
By which both parties are the happier made;
And when the thing is rightly understood
And justly valued, it is wise and good."

There were further congratulatory remarks by Simon Wolf and Louis P. Shoemaker.

H. K. Willard, son of the host, responded on behalf of his father. He thanked the guests for their kindly welcome and said it was appreciated both by his father and by him far beyond words to express.

Mr. Willard then read a letter that had been received from Allison Nailor, accompanying a beautiful bunch of roses, the token of remembrance from the Association to his father.

Association of the Oldest Inhabitants
District of Columbia
Washington, D. C., May 2, 1907

Henry A. Willard.

My Dear Sir and Associate:

It has just come to our knowledge that on the 14th day of the present month you will have attained the ripe old age of eighty-five. You may consider yourself as one of God's chosen few, so seldom it is that it is permitted us to have lived so long.

God has been good to you, notably in the world's goods, general good health leading to a ripe old age, but far better in the love and devotion of a dear wife, the affection of a son, and the respect and admiration of your fellow citizens.

On behalf of the Association of the Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia I congratulate you, and desire to convey the missing voice of its membership that you may live for many years and enjoy the confidence and esteem of your fellow citizens, surrounded by your family, have continued health, happiness and prosperity, and when the inevitable summons that comes to us all may be served upon you, that you may draw the drapery of your couch about you, and lie down to pleasant dreams.

Very truly yours,
Allison Nailor, Jr.

TOAST

The City of Washington long has owed
A large debt to the Willard name,
And the Oldest Inhabitants also feel
That our debt is about the same.

Just eighty-five years have come and gone
Since Henry A. Willard was born,
And he stands today, though his hair's turned gray,
Like a sheaf of well-ripened corn.

Good citizenship in this fair land
Is exemplified in our host.
So we came today, on his birthday
To offer this heartfelt toast.

Harry O. Hall

While by no means a junior member of the party that gathered at his birthday dinner, Mr. Willard was by no means the eldest. There was one of the guests who had celebrated his one hundredth birthday and several were over ninety years.

A volume of letters written as a surprise by the family and friends was presented to Henry Augustus Willard by his son, Henry Kellogg Willard.

The cover has the following inscription in letters of gold:

1822 1907
MAY 14
HENRY A. WILLARD
BIRTHDAY GREETINGS
85TH ANNIVERSARY

On the title page is inscribed:

THE MIRACLE OF FRIENDSHIP

Friendship is not only a beautiful and noble thing for man, but the realization of it is also the ideal for the State; for if citizens be friends, then justice, which is the great concern of all organized societies, is more than secured.

It is as true now as in Aristotle's time that no one would care to live without friends, though he had all other good things. It is still necessary to our life in its largest sense.

How were Friendship possible?

In mutual devotedness to the Good and True."

The first letter of the collection is by Mrs. Willard:

My dear Husband:

That you may have a happy birthday is my earnest wish, and I have heard it said it is a pleasant thing for a birthday to come in the season of birds and flowers.

May you ever keep in remembrance our more than fifty years of happy married life which it is a joy to me to recall. Hoping that you may have many returns of the anniversary to cheer us all.

With much love, Your loving Wife,

S. B. Willard

May 14, 1907

Other letters in Part Two, Chapter VII.

Library, 1333 K Street

EIGHTY-SIXTH BIRTHDAY

May 14, 1908

Henry Augustus Willard, regarded as one of the prominent and most respected citizens of this city, and one who has been closely identified with the growth and progress of the National Capital for more than a half century, celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth at his residence, 1333 K Street, today, surrounded by three generations of his family and a host of neighbors and friends, including members of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants, of which he is one of the honored Vice-Presidents.

Preceding an elaborate luncheon, a reception was held in the library of the residence, where Mr. and Mrs. Willard, their son, Henry Kellogg Willard, and his wife, and their children, Henry Augustus II, William Bradley, and Sarah Kellogg, received the guests. On the mantel rested a magnificent bouquet of American Beauty roses, the gift of the family, with a lovely cluster of carnations, the gift of Mrs. Willard. The floral offerings also included a large bouquet from the Association of Oldest Inhabitants, clusters of American Beauty roses from Mrs. C. C. Willard, James S. Morrill, and Henry W. Reed, pink carnations from Miss Ida Thompson, a large cluster of pink roses from Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Virginia Thompson.

Mr. Charles Kennedy, who is eighty-nine years of age, read a poem of Tom Moore, appropriate to the occasion.

Above the cabinet which held the presents received by Mr. and Mrs. Willard on their golden wedding anniversary, November 6, 1905, was a large photograph of the members of the Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia, taken a year ago on Mr. Willard's eighty-fifth anniversary.

Mr. Willard's cheerful smile and cordial greetings as he saluted his guests gave ample evidence of a happy appreciation of their testimony to his long and useful career.— *The Evening Star, May 14, 1908*

EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

MAY 14, 1909

Henry Augustus Willard, one of the oldest and most respected citizens of the District of Columbia, celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday with an informal luncheon at the Occidental Hotel to the members

Youth and Age

of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association, of which he is one of the Vice-Presidents, and to many of his neighbors and friends. Mr. Willard has been closely identified with the growth and progress of the National Capital for more than fifty years, and many of those who for all or a portion of that time have been associated with him either personally or in a business way, were in attendance to do him honor.

The lower floor of the hotel, where the reception was held and a buffet luncheon served, was decorated with cut flowers and potted plants.

The committee in charge of the informal reception consisted of Major F. W. Childs, Chairman; H. W. Reed, B. W. Reiss, Secretary of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association; H. O. Hall, a member of the Association; Dr. W. D. Wirt, and Master Henry Augustus Willard II.

Theodore W. Noyes, President of the Oldest Inhabitants' Association, presided, and in a few brief remarks felicitated Mr. Willard on reaching his present advanced age, and possessing the respect, regard, and affection of the entire community, and closed by wishing him "many happy returns of the day."

Charles Kennedy, a member of the Association, who is in his ninety-first year, recited a poem, and John A. Joyce read the following bit of original verse, composed for the occasion and dedicated to Mr. Willard.

WILLARD

1822–1909

He hails from the Green Mountain State,
Whose peaks rise bold and high
To test the power of storm and fate
And kiss the starlit sky.

Vermont on every field of war
Has battled for the free;
As true as yonder Polar star,
For God and Liberty!

Fair freedom shines upon her hills,
And beauty fills her vales,
Where leap the trout in rushing rills
And honor never fails.

Her sons and daughters long ago
Migrated south and west,
Brought knowledge to each friend afar,
And worked for all the best.

They built the city and the state
As pioneers of might,
And marched among the good and great
In every freedom fight.

The Willard clan for seventy years
Has loved grand Washington,
Progressing without doubt or fear
From rise to set of sun.

And now our host at eighty-seven
Is but a youthful boy,
Whose hopes are centered in high heaven
Without a base alloy.

So here's to Willard, in each glass
Good health and love and cheer,
And may his glory never pass,
But grow from year to year.

JOHN A. JOYCE

There was a song by Herndon Morsell, an original poem by Harry O. Hall and an address by Brainerd H. Warner. One of the most interesting features of the affair was Dr. A. G. Wilkinson's reminiscences of Henry A. Willard and old Willard's Hotel.

The luncheon and attendant informal program lasted from one o'clock until a little after three and were most enjoyable. The members of the Willard family present, in addition to Henry Augustus

Willard, included Henry K. Willard and the three grandchildren, Henry Augustus II, William Bradley, and Sarah Kellogg Willard.

Mr. Willard is an active member of the Vermont State Association and one of its officers. He is also a director of the American Security and Trust Company, the Mutual Savings and Trust Company, and the Equitable Life Insurance Company.

He is apparently in good health and his cheerful greetings as he saluted his guests gave ample evidence of a happy appreciation of their testimony to his long and useful career. Among the guests were: Joseph G. Cammon, Judge Thomas A. Anderson, D. J. Foster, Mr. Justice John M. Harlan, Mr. Justice A. B. Hagner, H. B. F. Macfarland, Frank Plumley, Judge Charles H. Robb, George Alfred Townsend, and Henry L. West; also, members of the Washington Monument Society, National Savings and Trust Company, American Security and Trust Company, National Metropolitan Bank, and members of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia.— *The Evening Star, May 14, 1909*

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD
1822–1909

As friends and neighbors individually,
And as an organized Association of the Old Inhabitants,
We meet as we have met before,
The honored guests of one whom all good citizens
Of this, the Nation's Capital, delight to honor.

To mention Washington, no matter where the word is spoken,
Brings up before the mind another name —
Which for a half a century and more
Has been, and ever more will be,
Woven within the very warp and woof
Of the fair fabric out of which
This city beautiful was made.

We speak of Washington, the city,
And we think of Willard,
For these two names are linked together
In the golden chain which binds our hearts' affections
So firmly and sincerely to them both,
And each unto the other.

To meet and greet and break our bread
With such a world-famed host
As Henry Augustus Willard,
Is indeed and in truth an honor — a joy
Which comes not to the many, but the favored few.

And now, although so many years have come and gone,
And left but slight impress upon his stately form,
We cannot but rejoice with those so dear to him
That he is with us yet,
And lives today as an example to us all,
And those who will come after us,
Of a well-ordered and well-spent life.
And so, on this the eighty-seventh anniversary of his birth,
We join in giving once again
To him and those who bear the honored name,
This heartfelt toast
To his continued life and health
And everlasting happiness, here and hereafter.

HARRY O. HALL

This was the last public social event attended by Henry Augustus Willard.

Funeral Services

Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Sarah Bradley Willard, wife of
Henry Augustus Willard of Washington, D. C.
Daughter of Daniel Kellogg and Merab Ann Bradley, his wife
of Saxton's River, Vermont
Granddaughter of William Czar Bradley and Sarah Richards,
his wife, of Westminster, Vermont
Born at Saxton's River, Vermont
August 17, 1831
Died at Washington, D. C.
November 3, 1909

Henry Augustus Willard, son of
Joseph Willard and Susan Dorr Clapp, his wife
Born at Westminster, Vermont
May 14, 1822
Died at Walpole, New Hampshire,
December 4, 1909
A resident of Washington, D. C., 62 years
Founder of Willard's Hotel, October 1847

The inscriptions on two marble headstones on the most beautiful site of the historic Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Chapter VIII

SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD

November 6, 1909
Saturday 2.30 P.M.
1333 K Street, Washington, D. C.

King's Chapel Service . . . . . Rev. S. R. Maxwell, Walpole, New Hampshire

I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he who believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

Prayer . . . . . Rev. John Snyder, Nantucket, Massachusetts

Almighty and merciful God, our Heavenly Father, we cannot penetrate the greatness of Thy nature; we cannot understand Thine Omnipotence and Omniscience. These are beyond the reach of our souls as Thy human children; but when we seek the words of our blessed Christ — Our Father who art in Heaven — we can in some measure at least, understand and appreciate and enter into the glory and the richness of the relation between our soul and Thyself. For we have been fathers and mothers, we have known what it is to dearly and preciously love the little ones that Thou hast sent into our arms. Thou knowest how we mourn over them when they are in trouble — how we rejoice with the victories of their lives — how we lift up our souls in thanksgiving when they come back from transgression and find the safe refuge of the mother's love and father's care.

And this to us is some faint suggestion of the great love which Thou dost have for Thy children, that love which watcheth over us day by day, that love which manifests itself in the tenderness of the family and the friendships of life, that love which shows itself in the self-sacrifice of the mother, that love which shows itself in the heroism of the father, who day by day gives the best of his life to the children that Thou hast sent unto his household.

We thank Thee, our dear and blessed God, Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, that Thou didst give to our dear sister the fulness and the greatness of a mother's love — that she was able to manifest the great riches of the love which Thou Thyself dost manifest to us, Thy children, in every relation of human life. We thank Thee for the tenderness of her nature. We thank Thee for the self-sacrificing character of her daily walk and conversation, — that daily she walked with God in the consciousness and the profound depth of her religious nature, that day by day she gave to those of her household the fulness of her life, the glory of her strength, the tenderness of her ministrations, the fulness of her self-sacrifice, — that day by day she came into the closest and most blessed relationships, which mean the dearest life that human heart can know, — that she has not looked upon death, but that she looked upon the greater and the larger life of the soul.

We thank Thee, Father, for the largeness of her affection, that took in not only those of her household, — that she found not only the freshness and the enthusiasm of young life by daily contact with young souls who were in her household, — that she knew not only the tenderness and the devotion of her husband and her son, but that she knew the large, the rich and the beautiful tenderness that came from the sympathy of those she had lived and cared for in her daily walk and conversation.

Let Thy blessing rest upon this household, Father. Let Thy blessing rest upon those who are in it, — upon the little children who will have the blessed memory of the one that

loved them so tenderly and dearly. May that memory keep away the possibilities of divisions, may it fill this house with the constant peace of God, which passeth all understanding, — which the world cannot give to us, and, — blessed be God — the world can never take away from us.

We ask every mercy as the disciple of the Master. Amen.

Lead Kindly Light . . . . . Quartette

Reading of the Scriptures . . . . . Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr., Washington, D. C.

I hold in my hand the Bible from which Mrs. Willard was reading on the afternoon before her death, and I read the same chapter, Luke VI, 27.

But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.

Bless them which curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you.

And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek, offer also the other; and him that taketh away thy cloak, forbid not to take thy coat also.

Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.

And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

For if ye love them that love you, what thank have ye? For sinners also love those that love them.

And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? For sinners also do even the same.

And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? For sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again.

But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest; for He is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil.

Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful.

Judge not, and ye shall not be judged; condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned; forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.

Give, and it shall be given unto you, — good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

Dr. Shippen's "Daily Praise and Prayer" — October 31. The last service read to her by her son.

What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if he lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

And when he hath found it, he layeth it upon his shoulders, rejoicing.

And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbors, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in Heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance.

Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy love is seeking me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O loving God, I come.

Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O loving God, I come.

Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O loving God, I come.

Just as I am Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, heal, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O loving God, I come.

"Almighty and most merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; but Thou O Lord, have mercy on us. Spare Thou them, O God, who confess their faults; restore Thou them, that are penitent, according to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus, our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous and sober life to the glory of Thy Holy Name." Amen.

Face to Face — Solo

Reverend John Snyder, Nantucket, Massachusetts

The door is widely opened,
The House is garnished and sweet,
But she silently waits for our coming;
And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting,
Not where she met us before,
For over the pleasant threshold
She is only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet,
And flowers are on her breast;
Her hands are folded together,
And the word on her lips is — Rest.

And yet, it looks like a welcome,
For her work is compassed and done,
All things are seemly and ready
And her summer has just begun.

It is we who may not cross over; —
Only with song and prayer
A little way into the glory
We may reach as we leave her there.

But we cannot think of her idle,
She must be home-maker still;
God giveth that work to the angels,
Who fittest the task fulfill;

And somewhere yet in the hilltops
Of the country that has no pain,
She will watch in her beautiful doorway,
To bid us a welcome again.

Dear friends, a wise man said once, that that country is the best and the happiest that has no annals. That is, that has no stories of struggles, of defeats, of victories, of the besieging of great cities, of beating down walls, of poverty and shame that come from war; and all those things which have seemed to make the glory of history in the minds of some people. And might we not say, that that woman is happiest that has no annals, judged by the standards of the world?

Men are writing history different from what they did in the earlier days. They are passing over the victories and the defeats. The wisest of them are showing the great industrial struggles, the splendid spiritual achievements, the mighty movements for the elevation of the working people, of the people who furnish the fibre and the strength of States. While these

have no touch of the gilding of romance on them, yet they really mean the greatness and the glory of the Nation.

And may we not say, fairly and justly, that it is the inner history of the woman, the history that shows itself in all that is bright and beautiful in the adornment of home, in the exaltation, the elevation of everything for which the home stands in the highest and best sense of the word, — is it not fair and just for us to say, that while our dear sister would put the finger of rebuke upon the lips that would utter eulogy, yet we cannot refrain because it seems wisest and best to speak of the life which has been so rich, so full and so good in the community for nearly sixty years.

Our friend, Sarah Bradley Willard, was born August 17, 1831. She came from a distinguished family, — distinguished in the largest, finest, and best sense of the word; men and women who could say with the poet: " 'tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more — we'll deserve it." And they did deserve it, even the farmer and the man who went to his political meeting year after year, doing the simple, quiet duty of citizenship. Her grandfather stood high at the bar as a jurist, and represented his State in Congress. Her great-grandfather represented the State in the Senate. That means that they not only had ability, but that type of character, that kind of respect, esteem and trust on the part of their fellow-citizens, before they received the honor of the State.

She came to this city fifty-four years ago. Four years ago, she had her golden wedding, when she had lived with this friend of ours in peace, and amity, and helpfulness for the long period of fifty years. Today it was designed that she should keep her fifty-fourth anniversary, for this is her wedding day. I won't say this would have been her wedding day: I say this is her wedding day. For we believe, if we are Christians, — we believe that if we have the faith of Christ in our hearts, that she has not lessened in power or in life or in all that makes up the spiritual being; but that beyond the reach of our knowledge, beyond the reach of our eyes and ears, while we are weeping for what we call death, she may be rejoicing over the fact that this marks the fifty-fourth anniversary of her wedding to the man she loved and who loved her so tenderly and so well.

These seem to make almost the full measure of her external life, except that she has been a moving source of beneficence, of charity and kindliness, being one of the earnest founders of the Garfield Hospital, giving her strength and devotion to this great charity. She was interested in the Society of the Colonial Dames and the Daughters of the American Revolution, keeping alive the memories that are most precious in this country, of the great struggle which meant liberty and a great deal more than liberty.

In these things, we have presented the mere exterior facts of her life, but how inadequately they represent the real spiritual nature of the woman, the real woman. She exercised, not only in her household, but among those she loved and silently guarded and controlled, an influence which we can never measure. She came as a helpmate to a man whose fortune was yet unbuilt, whose position in society was not yet established; and she found time not only to become identified with the larger life of this city in all its aspects, but she found strength and purpose and devotion to give to her husband, to his growing interests, to his enlarging business; and to give to her child that love which has been returned with such perfect and such large and rich devotion.

Mrs. Willard was a religious woman. I say she was a member of the Unitarian Church, but that means but little. In the larger, deeper, nobler sense, she was a Christian woman. Wherever she went she gave the fulness of her energy, the fulness of her strength to the great religious interests of that community, recognizing that it is from its vital religion that the best interests and the best life of the community must come. She was a Christian to whom every day meant the exemplification of those qualities which belonged to the best life of her Master, as shown in her work. The three places in which she had lived, Washington, West-

minster, Vermont, and the island of Nantucket, — each church of her association bears the imprint of her devotion, of her willingness to help that cause wherever she found it growing.

What can I say of the sweetness and devotion of her character! She made her home and those who came in to her, radiant, not only with her goodness but with her cheerfulness of life. She seemed to have that simple, quiet, charming sense of humor, which gives such richness and color to life. She understood religion meant not mere intellectual convictions, but it meant as it meant to her Master, a life that has been enriched and strengthened and made morally and spiritually fibrous in all good and noble things.

The only thing to which the world gives its allegiance and its admiration is a life lived as the Master lived His life, — full of truth, full of beauty, full of helpfulness, full of pity and full of the sense of the presence of God which can alone illumine our souls and lift us above the mere earth, and give us that inner sense that we are the children of the Everlasting God. It is summed up in this poem which her son found fastened up in her room in Nantucket, showing that she had put it there for daily reference.

Teach me to live — 'tis easier far to die;
Gently and silently to pass away;
On earth's long light to close the heavy eye
And waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that harder lesson — how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life,
Arm me for conflict new, fresh vigor give;
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live, Thy purpose to fulfill,
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine,
Each day renew — remould this stubborn will;
Closer 'round Thee, my heart's affection twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,
But use the time remaining to me yet,
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before;
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live, — no idler let me be,
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;
Prepare me to do Thy bidding cheerfully,
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live, my daily cross to bear,
Nor murmur, though I bend beneath the load;
Only be with me — let me feel Thee near;
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live, and find my life in Thee,
Looking from earth and earthly things away:
Let me not falter, but untiringly,
Press on and gain new strength and power each day.

Can any man living have a better religion, no matter what he may call it?

Nearer My God, to Thee . . . . . Quartette

Reverend S. R. Maxwell, Walpole, New Hampshire

All up and down the Connecticut Valley parish where this good woman lived in her infancy, the houses of her sires and her friends stand four-square on every hillside. . . . .

The houses are plain, straightforward, and without the fancy ornamentation of our day; and many represent the great traits which made New England strong in the days of the Revolution.

If you read the architecture aright the first thing it teaches you is that, after all, the greatest beauty of the world is the beauty of simplicity. . . . . And you see that there was pride with the simplicity of these houses. They do not apologize for their own lines; they are not ashamed that they have not the heavy ornament of our day. They are proud in their own honesty.

And you feel that there was hospitality in those houses; for every one of them was a great home, with a hall through the middle and ample rooms for guests on either side.

The people who lived in the houses had these same great qualities of honesty, simplicity, of loyalty and of hospitality. Mrs. Willard was a woman of this fast disappearing type. The day is going by when people live these oldfashioned four-square lives, unornamented, but lives which could be read by one who will, as the lives of people consecrated to the kind of pride which is best — pride in the formation of a straightforward character.

As the minister of the parish where Mrs. Willard lived her girlhood years, it would be unfair for me to close this service without alluding to the part she played in that parish. . . . . It is a typical parish of the New England hills. Man after man, and woman after woman have gone to the city to make there a great estate and name for themselves; and yet, every man and woman, it would seem, from that little parish, who have gone to larger fields of opportunity, have persisted in the things which made them to be respected in their own hill towns.

It is no easy thing for a woman in a place such as this to have died in the possession of the qualities of her grandsires. She did so, for in her last days she had the same simplicity, the same pride, the same hospitality, the same reverence for the common things of life, which she had in the days of her girlhood. Like Mary, the Mother of Christ, she made all life to be hallowed, and in her gentleness she would be for all of us the bringer of a holy spirit upon the earth.

Abide with Me . . . . . Quartette

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep our hearts and minds in the knowledge of Christ Jesus, now and forever more. Amen.

GENERAL STEPHEN ROWE BRADLEY HOUSE

Walpole, New Hampshire

Sunday 2 P.M., November 7, 1909

Reverend S. R. Maxwell

At last the silver cord is loosed
And the golden bowl is broken:
The last fond loving deed is done
And the farewell word is spoken.
The faithful wife and mother is at rest
While those she leaves behind are sore distressed.
And yet 'tis better so
That she was first to go,
For when your time shall come to "cross the bar"
The journey will not seem to you so very far
To where she'll greet you on the shore
And tears of parting will be shed no more.
'Tis better so.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

The Lord's Prayer

The Twenty-third Psalm

King's Chapel Service

Nearer, My God, to Thee . . . . . Quartette

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust her. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Her husband is known in the gates, where he sitteth among the elders of the land. Strength and honor are her clothing; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom: and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed: her husband also, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands: and let her own works praise her in the gates.

It is right, my friends, that we should consider this: that if the soul is immortal, it requires our care not only for the present time, which we call life, but for all time. He, then, is truly wise who considers most about his soul; who, having adorned his soul, not with a foreign, but with his own proper ornament, — temperance, justice, fortitude, freedom, and truth, — thus waits for his passage to the world of the departed, as one who is ready to go whenever destiny shall summon him.

If death be the journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good can be greater than this? Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, — that no evil can happen to a good man, either in life or after death.

The body is a prison, from which the soul must be released before it can arrive at the knowledge of things real and immutable.

The soul of each of us is an immortal spirit, and goes to other immortals to give an account of its actions.

When thou shalt have laid aside thy body, thou shalt rise, freed from mortality, and become an inhabitant of the kindly skies.

My body must descend to the place ordained, but my soul will not descend, — being a thing immortal, it will ascend on high, where it will enter a heavenly abode. Death does not differ at all from life.

This good New England woman was worthy the praise of Proverbs, for verily, she "made her husband to be known in the gates" and "her children to rise up and call her blessed." Those of us who knew her have but to look upon her to read her life, transparent in kindly purposes, staunch in its loyalties, calm in its course, a character such as made these Valley towns to be held in honor by the Nation, — strong, free, open-hearted, loyal to the last. She had the qualities which have given New England moral eminence. Hers was honesty of motive. Her heart was open, like the door of her home. Hers was pride — the reputable pride of simpler days. Hers was domesticity.

Such personalities plead with us of this complex and puzzling time to hold fast to the principle which alone can simplify our conduct and make fruitful our last years. Mrs. Willard dignified every daily office and gave significance to what in less conscientious characters would be mere trivial and tedious routine. Behind all her work and her planning, her recreation, and her sympathies, was the single impulse of love, the love of the truly Christian soul for the family, friends, neighborhood, humanity. God grant to us that when we, too, lie down for the great and final sleep among these pleasant hills of ours, men shall carry in their hearts memorial of us, kindred to the sweet memory this family shall possess of this sweet woman.

A MARRIAGE PRAYER

"*The Lord watch between me and thee.*" — Genesis 31, xix

Watch between us, Oh, Our Father!
May our hearts united be,
And the living tie that binds us
Be the thoughts that rise to Thee.
Watch between us, Oh, Our Father!
Through this day so calm and bright,
While the smiles of friends shine on us,
While we walk within the light, —
Lest the darknesss come upon us,
Lest we miss Thy voice so clear;
Lest in feeling we go from Thee
Heavenly Father, be Thou near.
Watch between us, Oh, Our Father!
When the day shall darker grow
When the wind sighs through the branches
And the air is thick with snow.
Lest our hearts grow cold and feeble,
And our sympathies decay;
Lest we strike the notes of discord
And live estranged for aye.
Watch between us, Oh, Our Father!
When Thy messenger shall come,
And on wings of love and mercy
Bear our best beloved home.
Lest in bitterness of sorrow
We Thy meaning dimly see;
Lest we miss the joy of giving,
Nursing selfish misery.
Watch between us, Oh, Our Father!
At the closing of the day
When upon the long last journey
One shall go, the other stay
A little longer till the Master
Shall have made all things complete
In the "house of many mansions,"
Where again all friends shall meet,
Watch between us, Oh, Our Father!
May our hearts united be,
Till the heavens above us open,
And thy smiling face we see.

Lead Kindly Light . . . . . Quartette

Prayer

Tender Father Ours, teach us to trust Thy love. Give to us, who call ourselves disciples of Thy great Son, Jesus Christ, to go through life helpfully and with great cheer and to accept death as smilingly as did He. Help us, dear Lord, to learn from Him the way of life, the true reliance upon Thy Providence, that we may tread unfalteringly the path which Thou dost put before us, that we may see Thee in our homes, successes, and bright days, and as truly find Thy Benevolence at work in separation, disaster and sombre hours. May we learn from the Nazarene, faith and the way of heaven.

And, Mighty Love, show us Thyself in every glorious human soul, whose life has been somehow a mirror of Thine own, — our fathers, mothers, grandsires, friends, our nation's heroes, and the stalwart men and women of our neighborhood, for in these is the train of

saints, the succession apostolic from the Christ divine. Give to us here in this quiet house among these sunlit hills, the heart of this calm, kindly woman, whose husband, child and grandchildren call her blessed, the friend of humble folk and proud, the sweet companion of a good man's fading years, the wise adviser of a loyal son. Reveal to us in such as she, our household saints, the pattern for our ministries, that men, beholding us, busy with quick benevolence, or at last, our duty done, all tranquil in death's sleep, may take new heart to do their duty in the world, new trust to make departure when Thou callest.

We thank Thee for her life, true, open, clean, and womanly, filled up with days of reverent industry and great-hearted love. We thank Thee for her passing, painless and serene. We thank Thee, most of all, that because of Christ Jesus, valiant Christians of all times, and such as she, have lived and toiled, laughed, suffered and prayed beside men in their daily struggle. We know there is no death, but only a splendid going on to greater opportunity. Help us all, least and best, to stand at last with this tired, loyal soul, with all our friends in Paradise. Good Father of us all, help us to win place, by serving men as these have served, among that cloud of witnesses who, having gone through great tribulations, stand in white robes before Thy throne, fit brothers of Thy Son, our great Lord Christ.

THE FRIEND'S BURIAL

Her still and quiet life flowed on
As meadow streamlets flow,
Where fresher green reveals alone
The noiseless ways they go.

Her path shall brighten more and more
Unto the perfect day;
She cannot fail of peace who bore
Such peace with her away.

O sweet, calm face, that seemed to wear
The look of sins forgiven!
O voice of prayer, that seemed to bear
Our own needs up to heaven!

How reverent in our midst she stood
Or knelt in grateful praise!
What grace of Christian womanhood
Was in her household ways!

For still her holy living meant
No duty left undone;
The heavenly and the human blent
Their kindred love in one.

She kept her line of rectitude
With love's unconscious ease;
Her kindly instincts understood
All gentle courtesies.

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives;
The blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives.

—*John G. Whittier*

The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, keep your hearts and minds in the knowledge and love of Christ Jesus now and forever. Amen.

COMMITTAL SERVICE

Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont

Man who is born of woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death; of whom may we seek for succor, but of Thee, O Lord, who for our sins art justly displeased?

Yet, O Lord God most holy, O Lord most mighty, O holy and most merciful Father, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not Thy merciful ears to our prayers; but spare us, Lord, most holy, O God, most mighty, O holy and most merciful Father, Thou most worthy Judge Eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall from Thee.

Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to take unto himself the soul of our sister here departed, we therefore commit her body to the ground; earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ, when the earth and sea shall give up their dead, and the corruptible bodies of those who sleep in Jesus shall be changed and made like unto His glorious body, according to the mighty working whereby He is able to subdue all things to Himself.

I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, From henceforth, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.

Almighty God, with Whom do live the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord; and with whom the souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are in joy and felicity; we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all Thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And we beseech Thee, that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of Thy Holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss in Thy Heavenly and Everlasting Glory, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. Amen.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

December 8, 1909, Wednesday, 2 P.M.

General Stephen Rowe Bradley House

Walpole, New Hampshire

Abide with Me . . . . . Quartette

King's Chapel Service . . . . . Reverend S. R. Maxwell

A sturdy oak has fallen,
Another ripened sheaf is garnered
By the relentless reaper.
Once again within a span of one short month,
And that the saddest of the year,
The threshold of a happy home
Is crossed by the destroyer.
The much beloved father answers to the summons,
And goes to meet the loving wife and mother
Where partings are no more.
We sorrow not for them,
For they are now at rest and reunited
In "that house not made with hands,
Eternal in the heavens."
But for the crushed and broken-hearted ones
They leave behind to mourn their absence
From the dear old home.

Harry O. Hall
Oldest Inhabitants' Association
Washington, D. C.

Daily Praise and Prayer — October 31 . . . . . Reverend John Snyder

Twenty-third Psalm

Man, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down, — he fleeth as a shadow and continueth not. Behold, Thou hast made my days as a handbreadth and mine age is as nothing before Thee.

Let us call to remembrance the great and the good through whom the Lord hath wrought glory and honor; such as were leaders of the people, men renowned for power, for counsel, for understanding and foresight; — wise and eloquent in their teachings, and by their knowledge made fit helpers of their fellow-man.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and after-times will show forth their praise.

For the memorial of virtue is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. While it is present men take example of it, and when it is gone, they earnestly desire it. It weareth a crown forever, having gotten the victory striving for undefiled rewards.

A true and sincere man! With open mind
And heart all crystal-clear, he faced the light,
For though it pained him, still with steadfast gaze
As on the sun, he dared look on the right.

No ear he stopped, although the voice divine
Bade him walk onward in an untried way;
Such faith in God was his, he could not doubt
The star of truth must lead toward the day.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Stern was he in the battle for the right,
With foot that faltered not, though hard the path.
The fire of love for man that warmed his soul
Against all wrong could flame with virtuous wrath.

Yet gentle was he as a little child;
And, in his tender, sympathetic heart,
Weakness and sorrow found a hiding place;
No pang of others, but he felt the smart.

He loved his home. As needle to the pole
Turns ever true on whate'er seas men roam,
So to his fireside turned his constant heart;
No spot to him so blessed as his home.

Yet from his home, as from a central sun,
His love for man o'er all the earth outshone;
No earnest cause appealed to him in vain.
That hoped to lead the old earth up and on.

A noble man lies here asleep today.
After long weeks of weariness and pain,
Death drew her restful curtains round his bed;
And, though we call, he will not wake again.

Nor would we wish to wake him if we might;
For he has seen the Unseen face to face.
His work on earth is finished. Who would dare
To call him down again from his high place?

And yet, O friends! It is such men as he
That make the earth seem empty when they leave.
That he was noble is our comfort now,
And yet, 'tis for this very cause we grieve.

To you, whose broken home will seem so still,
So vacant now that he has gone away,
I fain would speak some word of hope and cheer;
And yet what is it anyone can say?

None doubts 'tis well with him. But you will long
To clasp his hand, to see his face once more;
At morn you'll listen for his cheery voice,
At night to hear his footfall on the floor.

The sting of death remains when all is said;
For it is this, — that those we hold so dear
No longer walk the ways of life with us.
We want them happy, but we want them here.

When all is said and done, we come to this;
Though clouds be round us and tears dim our way,
We still will trust that He who makes the night
Will lead us through it to the coming day.

We'll hide his loving memory in our hearts;
We'll follow in the pathway that he trod;
We'll make each day another step upon
The stairway leading up to him and God.

Lead Kindly Light . . . . . Quartette

Reverend R. R. Shippen

Very fitting seem to me the familiar words of Bryant.

I saw an aged man upon his bier,
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year; —
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed.
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train:
"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain head.

"Why weep ye then for him, who having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues, yet,
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And watched by eyes that loved him; — calm and sage
Faded his late declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well-spent.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
For when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists, it was his time to die."

The event that brings us together makes all hearts beat as one; we forget political and sectarian differences, and the touch of nature makes all kin. The deep experiences of life and death draw all together.

We come here not to praise him, for he has gone beyond reach of our praise or blame; his record is complete and laid away for Eternity, not to be touched by us by criticism or praise. But for our own sakes, — not for his, — we would for a few moments dwell upon the lessons of the hour, — of his life, — and take to our hearts all that was excellent in his example, and be by it moved to make the days to come better than the days that have gone.

O, Death, where is thy sting? O, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks to God, He has given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. There is, indeed, a victory of death in the grave; all our strength and scientific skill are in vain. The years go swiftly by like flowers that pass away. Death comes to all.

"The leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither, as the north winds break,
And stars to set; but,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death."

In my youth, I used to hear death spoken of as the great enemy, but we have passed up and beyond that, and the intelligent and Christian thought of death now is, that it is God's own angel summoning His children up to the Immortal Life beyond. Earth is a place of frailty and change; death the evolution to the higher life.

These beautiful flowers with which we deck the casket have a two-fold lesson. They speak of our mortality, — with their cut roots they are dead tomorrow — they perish in a day — they speak of man's frailty, but they also teach a better lesson; they hint to us of the ever-blooming flowers of the immortal gardens beyond, where no parting comes, where death is no more known.

And so while over the frailty of man death and the grave win a victory, rather let us turn to the other side and see the great victory over the grave and death itself, which is the lesson today. There are some things that death cannot touch and the grave cannot bury. It is the faith that looks up and beyond to the one great Home to which death is the opening door. This brief life is but a childhood, a preparation for the manhood and womanhood of the glory of the world to come in the service of God. We speak of the perishing flowers, but does it occur to you that the beautiful blossoming of the springtime passes on to the rich ripe fruit and becomes the luscious peach and royal apple? We mourn not the perishing blossoms of the May days which reach on to the rich fruit of the autumn time. So this event of change is but evolution; it is but the perishing of the blossoms of mortality to be followed by the ripened fruit and the gathering of it in God's great garden, and we may look up and beyond and see within the great Home a grand reunion, where the loved and lost have but gone before us. For as one of our poets has said:

"There is no death — what seems so is transition!
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian
Whose portal we call death."

And so in the event that brings us together we are taught of God's great love for all his children. In my childhood days it was a theory that God in His anger called us away, but now we are learning the Christian truth taught by Jesus Christ, that God in His great love and kindness is taking us nearer to Himself.

"Men must die. One dies by day and near him moans his mother;
They dig his grave, beat it down and go from it full loath.
And one dies about the midnight, and the winds moan and no other
And snow gives him burial, but God loves them both."

So, in these times we are taught and are learning that the great family of man are all God's children. He is educating them. He is preparing them, in this life, for the better life beyond, and, through the friendly gates of death, pass up and on to the higher service that awaits us. And so, to my mind, this should not be a day of mourning, of sadness and of grief, but rather a day of thanksgiving to the Heavenly Father for the great love and kindness He has granted this family in the faithful, loving and long life of the dear one just gone.

He was born just across the river at Westminster, Vermont. He brought his young bride to Washington. She, also, was born in this neighborhood and was associated with him from childhood. Their home had been in Washington for more than half a century, and their fifty-fourth anniversary was the day of her funeral service.

How can we mourn that he was permitted so soon to follow? Were I in his place I should not wish to linger in this world. He was growing old and it was his time to die, and it was through God's loving kindness that in death they were not long separated.

My acquaintance with our friend dated back a third of a century, and it came to pass in building All Souls Church in Washington. Many and many a time have my wife and I been the recipients of their bountiful hospitality. What a beautiful home it was! Now, in their later days, did you ever see a more tender and sweeter devotion than was theirs? What a splendid record these two made, with their one son. Then, when these dear little children came and the eldest was named for him, his happiness seemed complete. We hope he is old enough to remember his grandfather, and walk in his footsteps in all that was true, and good and excellent.

I need not dwell on the characteristics of our friend. What a splendid leader he would have made in the army! With his energy no obstacle could have stood in his way, — nothing too great for him to overcome. Never, in all his business enterprises and his business successes, have I ever heard a criticism made that there was anything of a black spot in his record.

So today, dear friends, we should thank God for the loving kindness with which He has attended this family, and with whom even in death He is not divided. And now let us lift up our hearts in prayer.

Heavenly Father, Father of all souls in all worlds, we are in Thy keeping in life and death; — our coming and our going are by Thine appointment; — may we this day believe Thou doest all things well, — Thou who hast been so good to us. And, Father, we thank Thee, for the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and His assurance of that perpetual life that knows no parting, and to which Thou dost beckon us up and on. And, Father, we thank Thee that as the days go by and the dear ones are vacant from our side, they are not forever gone, — they still come to our hearts and homes by the fireside and visit us as angels. Their faults are all forgotten, and we remember all that is sweet and true and excellent. We hope that these dear children may remember him and follow in his footsteps. And we thank Thee, Father, that we can look forward to that bright reunion in the Better Land, where no parting comes.

Nearer, My God, to Thee . . . . . Quartette

Reverend S. R. Maxwell

Dear Father in Heaven, Thou who dost protect all of Thy children, we thank Thee for the blessed years of childhood when our fathers and mothers, Thy helpers upon earth, do stand by us and lead us towards the days of manhood, — we thank Thee for their care, for the refuge of their breasts, for the kindness and sacrifices of their lives, — we thank Thee for the years we must lean on them, and, learning from them Thy great love, we are taught to lean on Thee.

We thank Thee for the years of struggle to manhood, — the middle years of our great endeavor, when we, boasting in our strength, relied upon ourselves and turned from the days of childhood to the enterprises and greater things of our maturity; — we thank Thee that we have the true spirit within us of grown men and women, — children no longer, — who would make here the kingdom of Thy Righteousness; and we thank Thee, God, for good old age, when again we come to Thee in weakness, as we did when we were children; our children now are our refuge and support, and these children types of Thy protecting angels.

We thank Thee that in infancy our eyes are turned toward the world, and that in our old age our eyes are turned toward Thy Heaven, — and Thou dost teach us to pierce through the veil and penetrate through our mortality until we behold, afar off, Thy Heaven. We

thank Thee that as friends move on, and families go before us, that we have the hope of following them there, to toil again for them, and with them there to love and be loved in a diviner way than ever here upon the earth.

Dear God, we ask for no consolation here, — we ask for nothing from Thee, for Thou dost give us all when Thou givest to us the faith that was in Jesus Christ, our Lord, — make us to look up from the course of our adversity, — from the hours of what should be — under other circumstances — deepest sorrow, and smile back to Thee; — make us, dear Father, to have that true soul's trust in Thee, that we may know that darkest hour called death is Thy brightest hour, for it is the time of liberation.

Above all the great things Thou dost grant us in life, we give Thee praise this day for this, — that we have no dread of the going out from this good world into a better world to come, — when we may meet Thee and Thy welcome with gladness and thanksgiving, as Christ met Thy Fatherly Grace, and that we hope, as He hoped, to find there Thy saints, and among the blessed Hosts of Heaven all those whom here we loved, who cared for us, fought for us, and in their old age rested upon us.

Make us worthy Christian men and women that here we live like those preparing for Thy Paradise, — that we may die like this strong man, strong in faith and, like him, leaving his family upon earth, find no hesitation in going into Thy great family in Heaven. We ask it in the name of the Revealer of Thy Nature, Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Reverend R. R. Shippen.

Our Heavenly Father, lift upon us the light of Thy countenance, — be gracious unto us, and give us peace, forevermore. Amen.

COMMITTAL SERVICE

Reverend Rush R. Shippen
Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont

Memorials

Chapter IX

MEMORIAL SERVICE
CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS
WASHINGTON, D. C.
May, 14, 1910

The Association of Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia requests the honor of your presence at a service to be held in memory of its late Vice-President, Mr. Henry A. Willard, at the Church of Our Father, corner Thirteenth and L Streets, N. W., Saturday Evening, May 14, 1910, at eight o'clock.

Grateful greetings to the Oldest Inhabitants' Association at father's Memorial.

Henry K. Willard
Munich, May 14, 1910

Reverend John Van Schaick, Jr.

Almighty God, Our Heavenly Father, trusting in Thy loving kindness and tender mercy, we come into Thy holy presence and bring Thee our devout offerings. Purify us, we beseech Thee, of all guile; unite us to one another in the bonds of love and peace. Pour down upon us Thy spiritual gifts, and grant us every blessing, in Christ Jesus, our Lord.

We come unto Thee, our Heavenly Father, thanking Thee that Thou hast not left Thyself without a witness in the world; that Thou dost reveal Thyself to us in the winds that blow, in the rivers which run, in seed time and harvest, summer and winter, day and night.

We thank Thee that Thou hast spoken unto us in humanity, — and we come, our Father, to bless Thee especially that in our day and generation there is no single human life in which we may not read the lesson of Thy overruling providence and of Thy divine love.

We bless Thee for the tie which binds us together, for the friendships which we form here upon earth, for the strong men who do Thy work and obey Thy will, for the patient women who help lay deep and strong the foundations of civilization.

Let Thy blessing rest upon us as we remember the life of one whom Thou hast taken to Thyself. May all that was strong and courageous and good in that life be to us as a benediction. Help us, our Father, to remember the two who walked together for so many years, and in that example of fidelity and of love grant that we may find new strength for our lives, higher incentives to duty, and stronger determination to do our work while the day is, knowing that the night cometh when no man can work. For Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, forever and ever. Amen.

Nearer, My God, to Thee . . . . . Quartette

Mr. Brainerd H. Warner

In the absence of the President I have been asked as Chairman of the Committee on Arrangements, to preside at this Memorial Service in honor of our departed friend, who was one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society of Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia. I will first read a letter from Mr. Theodore W. Noyes, President of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants.

Henry Willard Reed and Henry Kellogg Willard

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Atlantic City, May 11, 1910

I regret very much that I am not able to exercise in person at the Willard Memorial Exercises my privilege as President of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants, of speaking at least a few words to that body in appreciation of Henry A. Willard, not only as a member of our Association but as a Washingtonian and as a man.

He possessed unusual business ability and few of our citizens have obtained such prominence.

As a Washingtonian he was identified for more than half a century with the city's business and general development. He figured prominently in its affairs before, during and since the historic era of Shepherd, among whose close friends and effective supporters he was numbered.

As an Oldest Inhabitant he was a loyal and devoted member. He served for several years and until his death as a Vice-President of the organization, and by the hospitalities extended on his birthday anniversaries and in other ways, he has demonstrated his interest in and regard for this Association, with which he was most intimately and sympathetically connected. This Association heartily and sincerely reciprocated his respect and regard.

It is a gratifying circumstance that in this instance of regrettable loss the membership roll of the Association does not lose the respected name of Willard, but that an honored father is succeeded by a worthy son, equally strong in loyalty to the Association as a member and as Vice-President.

Yours very truly,

THEODORE W. NOYES
President, A. O. I.

How uncertain is life! Only three days ago the Committee of Arrangements were in the performance of their duties, and Mr. Henry Willard Reed, a member of that Committee, was suddenly stricken and today was buried. He was deeply interested in carrying out this memorial of respect to the gentleman for whom he was named and to whom he was a faithful and devoted friend.

I have looked over the history of Washington printed about eight years ago, and have been astonished to find the prominent men who, since that time, have passed to their reward in the other land — Alexander R. Shepherd, Crosby S. Noyes, Lewis J. Davis, Charles A. James, Caleb C. Willard, James L. Norris, Appleton P. Clark. Soon our part will be performed, and we, too, shall pass over to the land of hope, which our faith leads us to contemplate with serenity.

Mr. Willard was one of five brothers, who were remarkable in their characteristics. Most of us were intimately acquainted with three of them, and as we looked upon their faces there was something impressive in their appearance indicating energy, perseverance and courage. When Mr. Willard located here, there was not a single public building completed and few in the course of erection. The Washington Monument was hardly begun. The city north of I Street was almost a wilderness, and all the eastern section was unimproved. West of Sixth Street there were few houses. He witnessed and participated in the building of this great Capital City.

He was connected with many organizations. I remember him most prominently as Vice-President of the Board of Public Works, because he was the link between the older regime, the more conservative element of the National Capital, and the energetic party under the leadership of Alexander R. Shepherd.

He was a member of the Inaugural Committee of various Presidents since 1861, and had the friendship of nearly every President who came into Office since the election of James Buchanan. . . . .

He was, with all his large wealth and influence, a most sensitive man and suffered keenly whenever the rules of friendship had been invaded. He was a loyal friend and he expected that quality in others. He had a most hospitable and lovely home, and those of us who had a personal acquaintance with him often enjoyed the delights of his hospitality. I never knew a

home that seemed to me at times more attractive than that of Mr. and Mrs. Willard. They could not do enough for their guests, and you, members of this Association, know the pains that Mr. Willard took to have you enjoy his friendship and kindness during the latter years of his life. Had he been alive today, you would have been his guests.

His leading characteristics were thrift, economy and perseverance. He was a good type of American manhood, and helped to develop the National Capital.

We are here tonight to pay tribute to him as a member of this Organization, composed of those who have long participated in the enterprises and prosperity of this city, and whose years have ripened, and who have been active in their participation in the affairs of life.

I Cannot Always Trace the Way . . . . . Quartette

Washington, D. C., May 14, 1910

Mr. Chairman:

It was my purpose to avail myself of your courteous invitation and be present at the service to be held this evening in memory of the late Henry A. Willard, but the condition of my throat compels me to stay indoors.

It was my good fortune to know Mr. Willard for many years. I esteemed him most highly, both as a citizen and as a man. He discharged with great fidelity his duties as a citizen, and had at heart the best interests of Washington and all its people. As a man, he was thoroughly upright, kindly in manner and feeling and wishing well to all with whom he came in contact. He was emphatically a true man whom it was delightful to meet on matters of business or for purposes of social intercourse.

It was, indeed, a privilege to know him. His memory will always be cherished by the people among whom he passed his long and useful life.

Regretting that I am not able to be at the meeting, I am

Yours truly

John M. Harlan

Wilhelmus B. Bryan

In a farmhouse standing back from the road to Putney, and one mile south from the town of Westminster, Vermont, Henry A. Willard was born on the 14th day of May, 1822. Living the life of a farmer's son, working in the fields of his father's farm, the third in a family of seven children, five boys and two girls, he had that sturdy training midst the simple surroundings of life in the country that tended to bring out those qualities that contributed to his success in business.

William Willard, his father's grandfather, was one of the first proprietors of land in Westminster, and a resident there as early as the year 1767. The Willard family had long been identified with New England through an ancestry that, at the time of Mr. Willard's birth, dated back more than a century and three-quarters of lineage on American soil.

He came to Washington, and in the fall of 1847 opened the City Hotel. He had just passed his twenty-fifth birthday. The City Hotel, at that time, comprised a row of six two-story and attic houses fronting on Pennsylvania Avenue, west from the corner of Fourteenth Street. They had been built by John Tayloe, the father of Benjamin Ogle Tayloe, in the year 1816.

At that early period, and for some years later, the hotel centre of the city was at Pennsylvania Avenue and Sixth Street, so that the proprietor of the Mansion House, as the Tayloe property was early named, had a struggle from the very start to gain and maintain a foothold. The first use of the Tayloe property as a hotel was in the year 1818, when it was leased by Strother and Tennison and opened as the Mansion House, — later known as Strother's Hotel. At the time, the property had a frontage of 139 feet on Pennsylvania Avenue and 129 feet on Fourteenth Street, and contained forty-five rooms.

In the year 1824, Basil Williamson succeeded Mr. Strother as the lessee of the property and it was then known as the Williamson Hotel. The movement away from the hotel centre

of Pennsylvania Avenue and Sixth Street is found in an announcement made in the fall of 1827, that Williamson's Hotel contained one hundred rooms. At this period, the hotel changed hands many times, and then, sometime before the fall of 1833, Azariah Fuller became the proprietor and changed the name to the American House; later, it was known as Fuller's Hotel.

In the last month of the year 1836, the entire structure was leased to the government and occupied by the Post Office Department. Some six years later, in the Spring of 1842, A. Fuller & Company again took the hotel. In that year Charles Dickens, on his first visit to the country, came to Washington and staid at Fuller's Hotel. He gave quite a description of the hotel and surroundings in "American Notes." He said the hotel was a long row of small houses fronting on the Street and opening at the back upon a common yard, in which there hung a triangle, used to summon the servants as there were calls for them in the different parts of the buildings.

In the fall of 1846, the tenancy of Fuller & Company of the City Hotel, or Fuller's Hotel, came to an end. A year later, Edwin D. Willard and Henry A. Willard, the new lessees of the Tayloe property, were engaged in making changes in that structure. Both fronts were raised to four stories, and an entrance was provided on Fourteenth Street marked by a portico, which was a feature of Willard's Hotel for so many years. The renovated buildings, or as it was announced when the hotel was opened by Mr. Willard in November 1847, — "Almost entirely rebuilt," was then said to have one hundred and fifty rooms. At the end of two years, Edwin D. Willard retired from all connection with the hotel, leaving Henry A. Willard in the sole management.

When Mr. Willard first came to the city in the early summer of 1847, oil lamps were the only means used for lighting Pennsylvania Avenue. . . . . The mode of living and the methods of business were simple. The customs of the day and the simplicity of living were reflected in the management of the hotels. In a real sense, a proprietor of a hotel in this city in the forties, and even at a later peirod, was "mine host" to the travelers, who found food and rest within its walls.

Ben Perley Poore, who came to the city each year during the session of Congress, early made the acquaintance of Mr. Willard and attested his ability as a hotel keeper. "Mr. Willard," he states in his "Reminiscences," "was in the habit of meeting his guests as they alighted at the Hotel from the stages. At dinner time, he adds, "Mr. Willard stood at the head of the dinner table, wearing a white apron, and carved the joints of meat, the turkeys and game."

The enterprise which had behind it the youthful energy and executive ability and business sagacity of Mr. Willard, also reflected the influences which were contributing to bring about a new era in the Nation's Capital. In two years from the time he came to the city, he was the proprietor of the largest and most successful hotel in the city.

It must have been gratifying to the pride of Mr. Willard, as well as an augury of the future of the business in which he was engaged, that in the Spring of 1849, General Zachary Taylor, the President-Elect, came to Willard's Hotel to spend the days that would intervene before he would go officially to the house erected by the Nation for the use of the President of the United States. The event, of course, was an important one to Mr. Willard and to Willard's Hotel, but it was also significant of the western trend of the city, for at the previous inauguration in 1845, James K. Polk, the President-Elect, stayed at the National Hotel, and from that place was escorted to the Capitol to take the oath of Office.

As early as the fall of 1849, the hotel under Mr. Willard's management bore the name of Willard's Hotel, — and its successor, both in name and location, after the lapse of sixty years, — during which the city of Washington has become one of the great centres of the country, still holds a high rank among modern hotels.

Willard's Hotel had a place in the notable occasion of the visit of Jenny Lind to this city in the middle of December, 1850, when she was a guest at the Hotel. It was due largely to the enterprise of Mr. Edwin D. Willard, the oldest brother of Henry A. Willard, that a suitable hall was provided which made possible the coming of the gifted singer to the Nation's Capital. A building was erected on the ruins of the old National Theatre, — the same site as that of the present-day building, — which had not been rebuilt since its destruction by fire; and, there, was witnessed one of the most remarkable exhibitions of public enthusiasm that has ever been called forth in the city by the performance of any person either on the dramatic or lyric stage.

At the inaugural period in March 1853, the President-Elect, Franklin Pierce, stayed at Willard's Hotel and left there to take his place in the procession.

So successful was Willard's Hotel that in the year 1853 Mr. Willard found himself in position to purchase the property, which he had occupied as tenant for the past six years. He had taken into partnership Mr. Joseph C. Willard, an older brother, who had just come from California. In May 1853, the title of the property was transferred to the Willards, and at once a plan of extensive improvements and alterations was begun.

At that time the Avenue front was given the form which it retained until the entire building was torn down in order to give place to the structure which now stands on the site, bearing the name of the New Willard Hotel. This front which was that of a row of individual houses, was raised to a height of five stories and finished with a uniform cornice.

Almost immediately a series of purchases of property adjoining the north side of the hotel on Fourteenth Street was begun, and the first addition was made in the fall of 1854. At the end of the following year Willard's Hotel was a structure having a frontage of 139 feet on Pennsylvania Avenue and five stories high, while it extended 200 feet on Fourteenth Street with a height of four stories for a portion of that frontage.

The accommodations were doubled and while in 1854 there were rooms for 300, by the following year 600, it was claimed, could be quartered within its walls, the largest hotel in the city.

The completion of this work, which might properly be termed a rebuilding, was celebrated by a dinner which was given at the hotel by the proprietors and which was attended by about a hundred men. After the bill of fare had been discussed, the health of Mr. Willard was proposed as the first toast, and Edward Everett, the finished speaker of the day, made the response.

Eight years after coming to Washington, years of untiring effort and industry, Mr. Willard had attained a position of eminence and influence in the line of business to which he devoted himself and from that time on was a period of material prosperity.

Willard's Hotel again became the centre of public attention on another inaugural occasion, when James Buchanan, on the 4th of March, 1857, took the oath of Office. Mr. Buchanan made his headquarters at Willard's Hotel, and went from there to the Capitol, attended by an array of military and civic organizations, which exceeded that of any previous display.

Provision for the expansion of Willard's Hotel building to the extent that proved to be the final stage in the phase of the growth of the enterprise, was made in the year 1858, when the southwest corner of Fourteenth and F Streets was purchased from James Kearney. The property had a frontage of 60 feet on F Street and 123 feet on Fourteenth Street, and the price paid was twenty thousand dollars.

The old home was removed and the extension of the Hotel building was completed so that the structure occupied the entire west front of the block between Pennsylvania Avenue and F Street. In the following year, the property adjoining the hotel — the F Street Presbyterian Church, was for sale. It was added to the Willard holding and the price paid was twelve

thousand dollars. The Church building then became Willard's Concert Room and was connected with the hotel building by a covered way. As Willard's Concert Room and Willard's Hall, this building continued for many years to be a popular place for entertainments and meetings of all sorts.

Willard's Hotel will have a place always in National History, owing to the fact that for more than a week prior to his inauguration it was the home of Abraham Lincoln. His arrival there in the early gray of the morning of February 23, 1861, was dramatic, not because of its immediate setting, but as a prelude to the great drama of the civil war. He was not expected until the evening, but owing to the apprehension of danger, what was known as the secret journey was resolved upon, and so, accompanied by Ward H. Lamon, the President-Elect left Philadelphia at midnight and by six o'clock the next morning, before dawn, he was met at the depot by E. D. Washburn and Mr. Seward, who was to be Secretary of State, and escorted to Willard's Hotel, where the sleepy porter was awakened and the parlors on the Pennsylvania front, which had been reserved for his use, were hastily opened. Here, during more than a week which elapsed before his inauguration, was witnessed the scene of the coming and going of the most distinguished men of the Nation. The President and members of the Cabinet called, and so did the distinguished delegates to the much-talked of Peace Conference, of which so much was hoped and nothing came, and which at that time was in session in Willard's Hall. The Mayor of the City and members of the City Council came to pay their official respects and bid the President-Elect a welcome to Washington.

It was in these rooms that the important conferences took place with the leaders of the Republican Party, with delegates to the Peace Conference, and with leading citizens from all parts of the country not in official life, who came to consult and advise about the make-up of the Cabinet, — about the topics to be discussed in the inaugural and about the policy of the administration. All day and far into the night the doors of the President's parlor were open and the callers came in, and the stream of visitors only ceased on the morning of March 4th, when President Buchanan drove to Willard's Hotel and conducted the President-Elect to the carriage to take their place in the procession.

In July 1861, the Messrs. Willard leased Willard's Hotel to Presbury, Sykes & Co. This closed Mr. Willard's career as a hotel man, and the property continued to be leased until July 1, 1892, when Mr. Willard disposed of his half interest, which was acquired by his brother, Joseph C. Willard.

Retiring from an active participation in the business to which he had successfully devoted so many years of his life did not mean in the case of a person of Mr. Willard's temperament and energy, a retirement from all activities. During the nearly fifty years that remained, he occupied himself in various ways, and between his private interests and attention to public and semi-public matters he kept so busily occupied that he was at no time in danger of rusting out through inaction. Thus, almost up to the day of his death, which occurred on the fourth of December 1909, Mr. Willard filled a place in this community, with which he had been identified for sixty-two years.

Abide with Me . . . . . Quartette

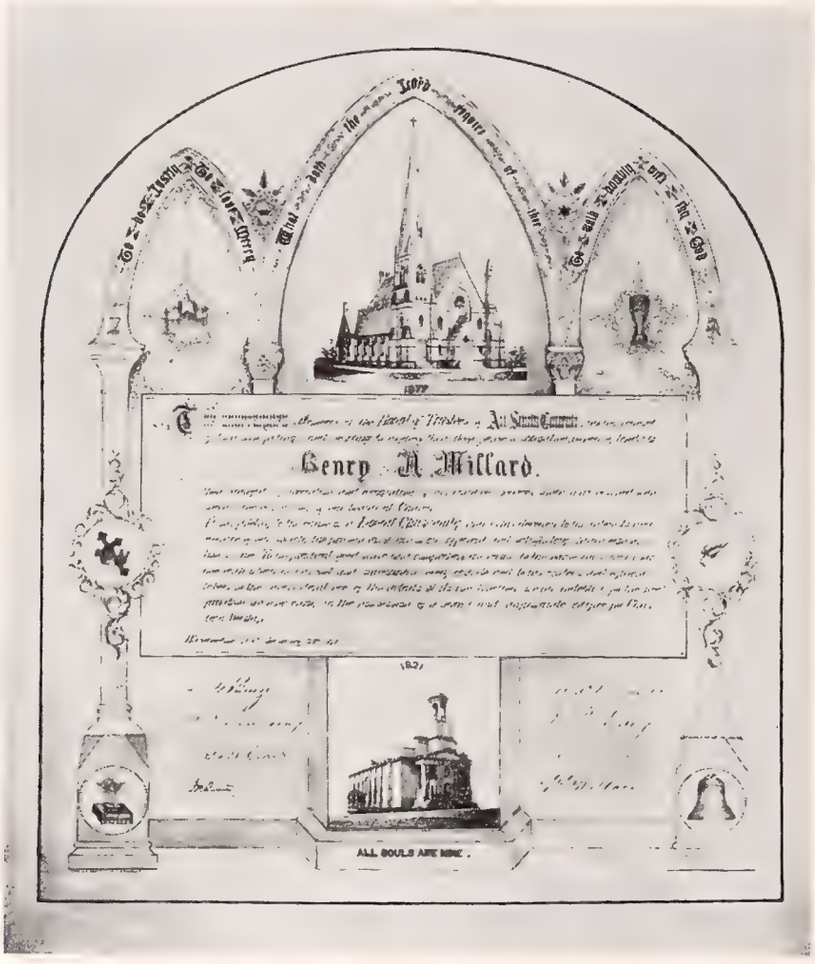
Reverend Rush R. Shippen

Tonight I count it a privilege to join you in bearing tribute of testimony, of honor and respect to the name of our friend and fellow-citizen who, if he had lived, would have been eighty-eight years old this day. My acquaintance with him naturally is of the home and church.

In the early twenties the Unitarian Church began, and the old house stood on the northeast corner of Sixth and D Streets, near the southwest corner of Judiciary Square. For

fifty years it served its purpose, coming to its climax under the splendid preaching of Dr. Dewey, one of the most magnificent preachers in America in the early fifties. Channing, nephew of the great Channing, was minister at the time of the War. It was the first church offered to the Government as a hospital in the days of that tremendous conflict. Also, it was in that aristocratic portion of the city between Sixth Street and the Capitol, where Clay, Calhoun and Webster lived, and Calhoun and Webster were both contributors to place in the tower the first bell that rang in the city.

When fifty years had gone, and the seventies were coming in, the drift of the population toward the northwest was leaving the old church stranded, as it were, on a sand bank, the ebb tide utterly flowing away.



Testimonial of Trustees, All Souls Church, to Henry Augustus Willard

Elected in 1871 for the decade of the seventies, I was the Secretary of the Unitarian Association of Boston. When I came in, the project was already talked of, of joining the forces of the country in our Union to supply half the funds, the other half being furnished here in the city of Washington, to build a new church. I had my appeal to send to the churches. The papers told of the Chicago fire. My first thought was, "We cannot take up Washington now; we must rebuild Robert Collyer's Church in Chicago." Then came the Boston fire in October 1872. In spite of the hard times, in the year 1878 we were ready to take up Washington. It was my privilege to communicate with Henry A. Willard, who was Chairman of the Committee here, and that was the beginning of my acquaintance with him.

At the Saratoga Conference in 1876, when we called the roll of churches, they subscribed, — not promises and pledges, — but hopes and expectations up to the mark of $25,000. During the succeeding year the money was collected. A gentleman of Woburn, near Boston, had left $100,000 to the use of the Unitarian denomination, of which $10,000 came here. We then had $35,000 and expected the same amount here.

What brought us to a point of culmination was that Mr. George E. Baker, who was of the church, came to us, saying that the Presbyterian Church on New York Avenue wanted to go northwest and build a new and magnificent church and were ready to sell their old brick church, and that it was just the location, just the size and just the sort of house we needed, and that we could buy it for $60,000. That concentrated us on $60,000 as the amount needed to give us our church home in Washington. When we had our $60,000 ready, the Presbyterians very wisely decided that they would rather have two churches than one, — and we were left to build our own.

The outcome was that Mr. Willard took the thing in hand and was Chairman of the Committee. He had good assistants — Dr. Wallace, Mr. George B. Clark, but Mr. Willard was the master-spirit and pushed the thing with energy. Napoleon as he was, he was bound to win. There was some debate as to location, and the kind of church to build. He did not want one too large, for he was afraid he would have a large church with a small congregation. We felt that we did not want a church at all, unless we had one big enough to make it worth while in the National Capital. What brought the debate to a climax was the action of Henry A. Willard. He had a son at Yale College, and in visiting him he saw in New Haven a church that he liked, and asked me to come and see it, and we all agreed that was the pattern of church that would suit us.

Part of the scheme was that they must sell the old church, and it was plain that the District of Columbia could make the most advantageous use of the property. It must have the endorsement of the District of Columbia Committee of the House and Senate, and after their endorsement it had danger of being pigeon-holed and forgotten. It was the personal energy and masterful will of Henry A. Willard that kept it before them and pushed it before the Senate and House, and got for us $20,000 for the old property, that became the Police Court for Washington for many years.

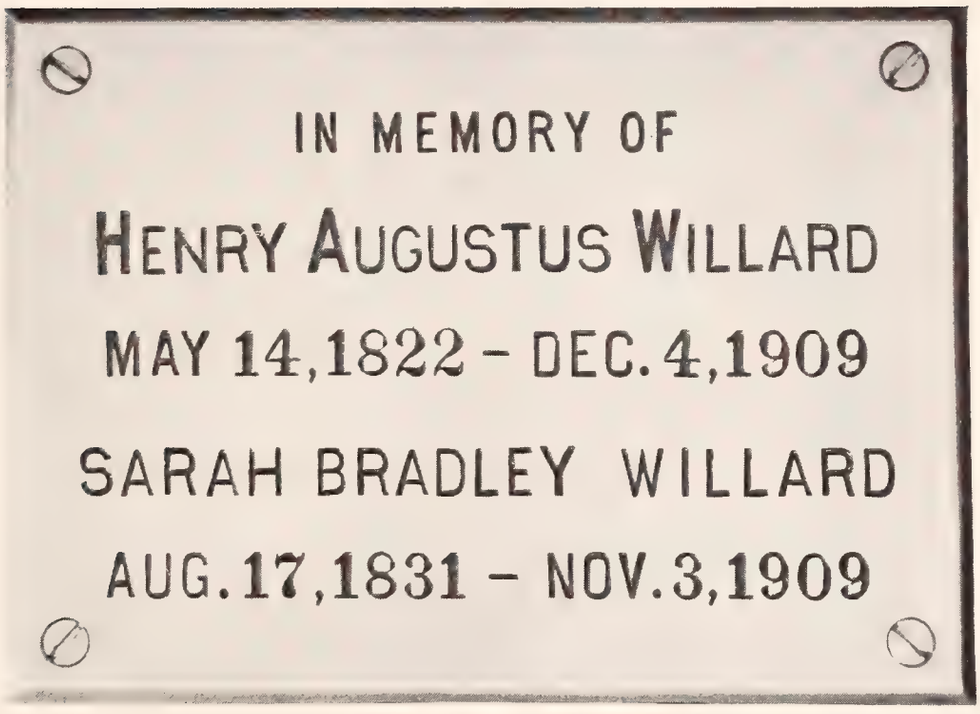
The Washington people had raised their portion and we had ours, and we were going ahead. We had as the President of our Board, Mr. Henry P. Kidder, a banker of Boston, — a wise, economical, splendid man. He was not willing to put in here $35,000 until assured it would be backed up here dollar for dollar. We brought Henry A. Willard on to Boston. He met us and said, "We have our subscriptions in good faith. They will be paid." "Yes," said Mr. Kidder, "but that is not business. Where is the money?" Mr. Willard said, "Well, I could build that church myself if I wanted to, but I do not please to do it. I have made my subscription." And it is fair to say that his subscription was the largest that was made in the making up of their $15,000. We discussed that until midnight, until Henry A. Willard agreed to put up $10,000 of United States securities into the hands of our Treasurer as a security that this church would be built in Washington and paid for without debt. I think that was a handsome thing on the part of Mr. Willard. In due time, all was done and we had our church. It was dedicated without debt in January 1878.

Of Mr. Willard, let me say, it was through his lovely wife that he was brought to this church, and through her loyalty that he devoted his masterful energy to the building of that house. I cherish the hope when we go from this world to another we leave something of our faults behind with our mortality and go into the presence of the great generosity of the Heavenly Father, who looks beneath the outward appearance, upon the heart, and its purpose and takes us at our best.

And now, this week, how our hearts are all deeply touched. The young man who bore his name, and who was a companion in the business office, was in communication with me to bring me hither. On Wednesday evening, he telephoned that next morning he would come and take me to drive. At the office I was told that when he did not come in on Thursday morning, it was thought he had gone with me to drive. I knew him and his good, clean record, and tonight, I pay my tribute to his memory. A noble young man, full of promise — if it had been God's will that he should continue here.

Our sympathies go across the sea to the young brother there. I never knew a more devoted son in the home, where I often shared the hospitality. Always I saw the loving devotion of this young man, devoted to his father and mother. And now, what have we to say but "God bless him."

May the events we celebrate tonight, and touching event of this week, under the blessing of God be a new consecration to him, teaching him that there are two worlds to live for: — that God's Universe is very large, a house of many mansions of which this is only one small chamber. This dear young friend, now in the prime of life, with a splendid inheritance of health and having inherited the great prosperity which his father leaves him, — what can we wish for him, but that his heart shall largely open, and head and heart and hand take up the power that he wields.



This Tablet was placed on Pew No. 42
CHURCH OF OUR FATHER, WASHINGTON, D. C.
December 1911

In memory of the last service which Sarah Bradley Willard attended. About three weeks before her death, she was taken to this church in her wheel-chair.

Christ Blessing Little Children

Hope

STAINED GLASS WINDOWS
ALL SOULS CHURCH[1]
Fourteenth and L Streets, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

The Stained Glass Windows designed by Louis Tiffany, New York, were placed in the gallery wall over the entrance of All Souls Unitarian Church, May 1910.

The window "Christ Blessing Little Children" — in memory of HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD, typifies his devotion to all children, and especially to his grandchildren.

The window "Hope" — in memory of SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD, typifies her cheerful and contented outlook on the present and future life.

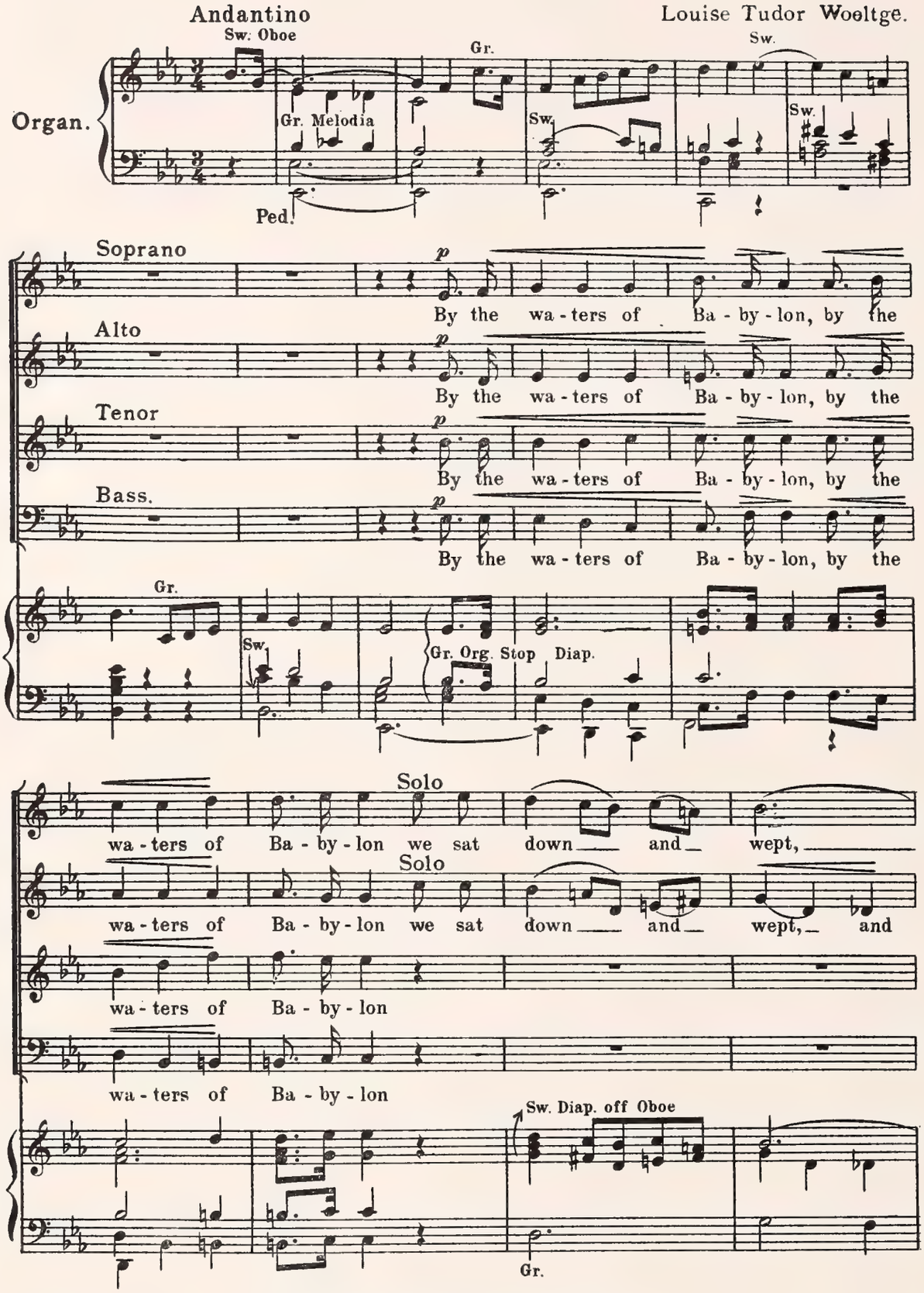
IN MEMORY OF
HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD
May 14, 1822 December 4, 1909
AND
SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD
HIS WIFE
August 17, 1831 November 3, 1909

A Tablet of Vermont marble was placed on the north wall of the church, near the family pew, No. 19.

Henry Augustus Willard II was baptized in this church April 26, 1903.

[1] The church was torn down in the spring of 1920, the Windows and Tablets returned to Henry K. Willard.

In Memoriam
SARAH KELLOGG WILLARD

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON

Andantino
Louise Tudor Woeltge.
Sw. Oboe
Gr.
Sw.
Organ.
Gr. Melodia
Sw.
Sw.
Ped.
Soprano
By the wa - ters of Ba - by - lon, by the
Alto
By the wa - ters of Ba - by - lon, by the
Tenor
By the wa - ters of Ba - by - lon, by the
Bass.
By the wa - ters of Ba - by - lon, by the
Gr.
Sw.
Gr. Org. Stop Diap.
Solo
wa - ters of Ba - by - lon we sat down and wept,
Solo
wa - ters of Ba - by - lon we sat down and wept, and
wa - ters of Ba - by - lon
wa - ters of Ba - by - lon
Sw. Diap. off Oboe
Gr.

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By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered Thee, O Zion.
As for our harps; we hung them upon the trees that are therein.
For they, that led us captive, required of us a song and melody in our heaviness. Sing us one of the songs of Zion.
How shall we sing the Lord's song, the Lord's song in a strange land?
If I forget Thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.
O daughter of Babylon, wasted with misery; happy shall he be, that rewardeth Thee, as Thou hast served us.

MEMORIAL SERVICE
UNITARIAN CHURCH

Nantucket, Massachusetts

August 28, 1910

The morning hour was devoted to a most impressive service in memory of Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Willard. For thirty years the Willard family have been summer residents of this Island, and especially interested in the Unitarian Society. Rev. John Snyder made the prayer and read appropriate selections from the Scriptures.

The Rev. Rush R. Shippen, D.D., fourteen years their pastor in Washington, preached on "The Immortal Hope."[1] He portrayed vividly the great things of life which death is powerless to affect. Among these were those forces of personal devotion, honesty and integrity which were conspicuous in the character of the venerable couple to whose gracious memory the service was dedicated. The congregation sang the hymns — "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Kead Kindly Light." The solos were "Face to Face" and "Come unto Me."

Professor Woeltge[2] presided at the organ. Although he had reached the Psalmist limit, four score years, yet his strength is not labor and sorrow; — the thickening years have but added strength and delicacy in the rendering of his art. — *Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror.*

[1] See Part Two, Chapter IX.

[2] This was the last public organ music rendered by Professor Woeltge, as he and his wife died suddenly in Walpole on September 12 and September 13, 1910, respectively, their double funeral being held from the Stephen Rowe Bradley Homestead, Walpole, New Hampshire, September 16, with burial in Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont. Mrs. Woeltge was a granddaughter of General Stephen Rowe Bradley by his third marriage to Melinda Willard Bradley.

The Recording Angel, Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont

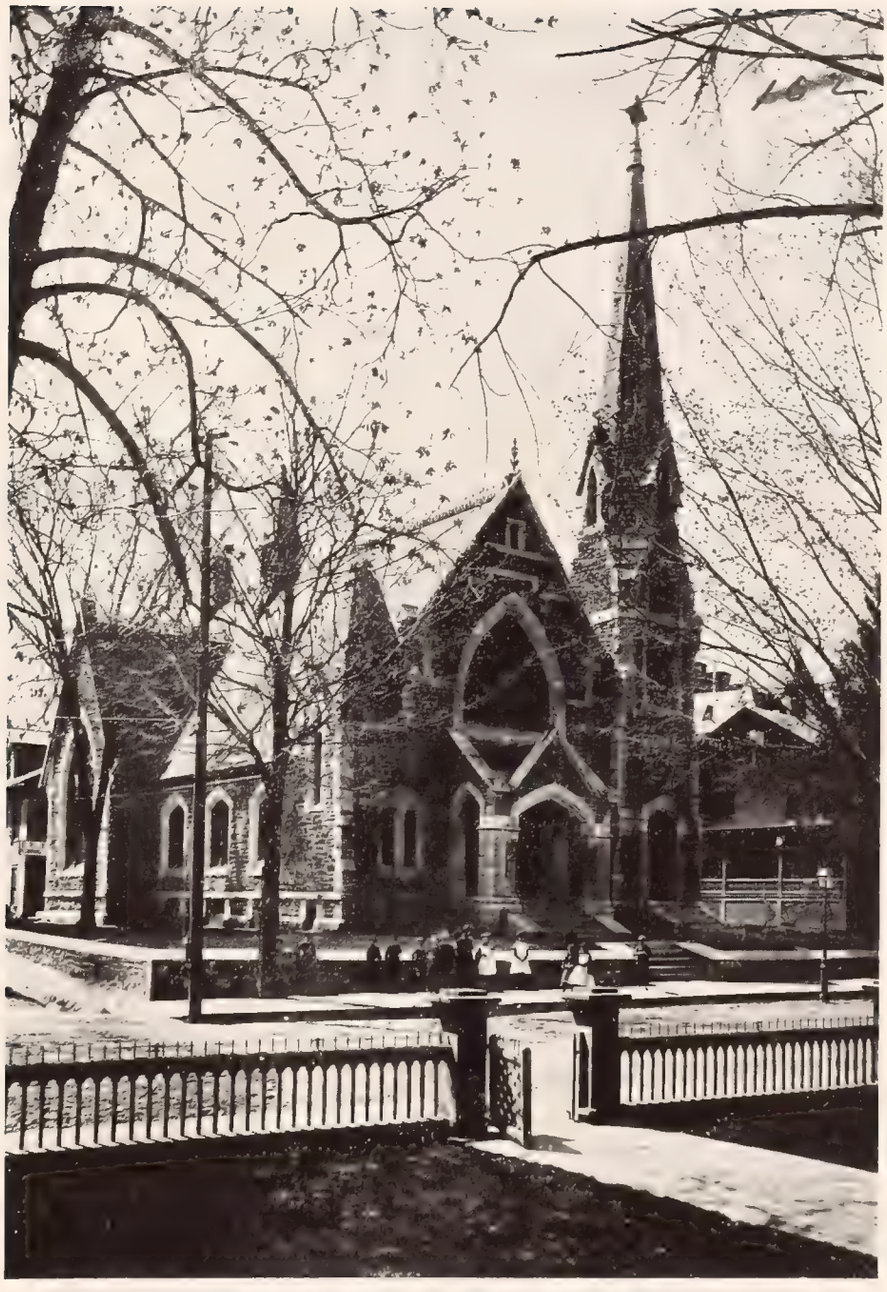
Of all the Memorials sacred to the memory of Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Willard, The Recording Angel by Larkin G. Mead is the most beautiful and the most hallowed.

It stands facing their last resting place on a commanding knoll of the Old Cemetery, in their native town of Westminster, Vermont. The marble snow image is symbolical of the pure and noble character of the lives commemorated.

The dedication was on Sunday afternoon, August 25, 1912. Henry K. Willard read the poem, "The Doorway Is Widely Opened," and some passages of Scripture from "Daily Praise and Prayer" by Reverend Rush R. Shippen.

Henry K. Willard, while abroad with his family, visited the studio of Larkin G. Mead in Florence, Italy, May 1910. He then made arrangements for the statue of the "Recording Angel" to be placed in a Memorial Monument designed by Mr. Mead.

When Mr. Mead was asked, "Has Brattleboro one of your 'Recording Angel'?" he replied that it had not. Mr. Willard ordered a replica of the Statue for Brattleboro, Vermont. The "Angel" was placed in the Unitarian Church, as a Memorial to Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Willard.



Unitarian Church, Brattleboro, Vermont

MEMORIAL SERVICE
AND
CONSECRATION OF
THE RECORDING ANGEL

UNITARIAN CHURCH, BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

March 19, 1911

The Reverend Mr. Osgood, Minister

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty

The Scriptures. St. Matthew xxvi, 6:30

Prayer

Lead Kindly Light — Solo

Sermon. Text: *Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told as a memorial of her.*

The Master's heart was touched when he uttered these words. Deeply did he appreciate the woman's generous impulse and the kindly spirit that lay behind the gift. True (as one of the disciples suggested) "the box of ointment might have been sold for a sum of money and the proceeds given to the poor." But to the uplifted soul of Jesus, in this hour fraught with such sacred significance, to Him, the spiritual rose above the material, and He intimated what would be of the highest value to humanity, — as a perennial source of inspiration and cheer. His work would soon be finished. Already were the shadows beginning to fall upon the closing scenes of his pilgrimage. Nevertheless, the offering from the heart of this woman would be linked, in all aftertime, with his last days upon earth, and hold both donor and recipient in tender remembrance.

This episode in the life of the Master, — one always dear to us because of the deep personal note running through it, — taught the real meaning and the transcending value of gifts of sentiment.

We are met today, in a church home, into whose walls are interwoven the generosity, the devotion and the deep sense of filial obligation, such as characterize a band of disciples seeking to serve a common Master, and to do God's holy will in sincerity and truth. This building might have been reared along more prosaic lines, — it might have demanded less costly material, — the beauty it reflects might have been dimmed, in order to advance some scheme of greater utility. But, friends and fellow-worshippers, would we wish to have it otherwise? Does not this church represent to us, — from corner-stone to pinnacle, — the act of coming together, the willingness to give, not only of one's basket and store, but of one's self. so that a deed of lasting value may be achieved?

For nearly four decades has it stood on this spot — its towers of stone pointing heavenward, symbolic of the message of peace and good will and earnest faith, given at the altar. The windows and tablets and baptismal font are all connected with the names of those associated with the past history of our Society, — such as, Wells, Root and Bradley; Brooks, Pratt and Newman; Brown, Higginson and Hall; Dowley, Powers and Balestier.

These names are held in reverence among us. They do not stand for pale abstractions, but for living personalities, — for men and women who have labored and sacrificed, in the olden days, so that the church for which they had so pure an affection might continue to do its gracious work in this community. Like the "box of precious ointment" in the hands of the woman of Bethany, has this loyalty been vested in something beautiful and rarely significant, — in something the memory of which can never pass away.

Such thoughts as these come naturally to mind, in this service of praise and prayer and holy meditation, for now, for the first time are we privileged to look upon a memorial gift which must appeal to the deeper and finer emotions of the soul-life within. This replica of "The Recording Angel," appearing before us in its sweet purity, is the free-will offering of a devoted son to the memory of his father and mother, who, long since, were worshippers in this congregation, and always had the welfare of this Society at heart.

I have mentioned the names of several persons identified with the history of this church. When I add the names of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Augustus Willard you will recognize the propriety and justice of their being placed in the list. Mrs. Willard, as Miss Sarah Kellogg, was accustomed to spend much time in Brattleboro when a girl, living with her uncle, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, on Terrace Street, and attending the private school of the Rev. Addison Brown. Her name appears as a member of our church in the year 1845. Later, she and her husband were here at frequent intervals. We recollect them as they came for worship the last time, only three or four summers ago, weighed down in years, but alert in spirit.

This is a "gift of sentiment," friends, yet is it not one invested with charm? The "Angel" may be thought of as placing on record, here in this sanctuary redolent with uplifted faith and hope and prayer, — the deeds of simple goodness and righteousness of these two children of God, who have "fought the good fight," who have "kept the faith," who have gone on to their higher service in the kingdom above. Wherever their home was made, word has come of the kindly acts they performed, of the messages of cheer they were so quick to give, of the sincerity and depth of their religious belief, as expressed in terms of truth and sacrifice and love.

Let us think of them as forming part of that larger "company of witnesses" by which our every service in this church is attended. Generations arise and pass away. The torch of service is handed down. No thought, no work, no act of man ever dies. Somewhere in this world he will meet their fruit in part, — somewhere in the future life he will meet their garnered harvest.

But ought I to pause here? Is not this "Recording Angel," whose face is turned so wistfully towards us today, closely and vitally associated with one, its creator, who went forth from this town many years ago to do his honored part in the world, and has entered into rest in the land of his dreams beyond the sea?

I think we are all pleased at this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to Larkin G. Mead for the earnest devotion with which he plied his art — for the laborious days that made possible the fashioning of so many beautiful and gracious forms, wherewith to ennoble the minds of men.

His gift was surely "the box of precious ointment." It subserved no end of mere utility alone, — it was addressed to the waiting soul of his fellows, and could be enjoyed to perfection only when he who gave and he who received met each other on some high plane of thought and expression.

We recognize, with regret, and yet with a certain consciousness of pride, that the statue, into whose presence the hour has summoned us, represents the finished and complete work from the sculptor's hand, before it laid the chisel aside forever.

IN MEMORY OF
HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD
MAY 14, 1822 — DECEMBER 4, 1909,
AND
SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD
HIS WIFE
AUGUST 17, 1831 — NOVEMBER 3, 1909.
THE STATUE OF THE RECORDING ANGEL
BY LARKIN G. MEAD OF BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT
AND FLORENCE, ITALY, IS PRESENTED TO THE
UNITARIAN SOCIETY OF BRATTLEBORO, BY
THEIR SON
HENRY KELLOGG WILLARD
1910

Recording Angel and Memorial Tablet, Unitarian Church, Brattleboro, Vermont

This is his last work, friends, and yet, we all are aware how inseparably it is connected with the image moulded out of snow, which appeared so suddenly and so unexpectedly, more than half a century since:

"Like some celestial being
Of more than human birth,
It stood like one immortal
Descended unto earth."

This snow image — almost the first creation of the youthful sculptor, — was doubtless gazed upon by some of you taking part in this service of remembrance. As a vision of the "Recording Angel" it was transferred to more enduring marble. Only three or four copies of the statue exist. And this one of the little sisterhood has through the generosity of one of our number, taken up her abode in our midst.

Fitting is it that it should find a place in our church, which is founded on the faith that Mr. Mead loved, and in which he was nurtured in his earlier years. Here was his church home, towards which he may have looked back with longing as he entered upon his pilgrimage beneath a more sunny, but no more friendly sky. His last visit among us is still fresh in memory, and his last warm handclasp at the close of the service. Fitting is it, too, that the "Recording Angel" should stand as near as may be to the spot where the roads meet in the heart of the village, once graced by that fantasy in snow.

Nor should we, friends, separate this morning and go our different ways without first asking ourselves the meaning of this work of art, which appeals so deeply to the inner nature. Has it a message of import? Is it a work of loveliness, — a beautiful vision, and nothing more? Or does it speak with tones of authority to the soul-life within, influencing character in its building and making the individual man or woman eager to serve the highest ends?

You know what our answer must be. The "Recording Angel" is typical of the aroused conscience in the soul. Every day is a day of accounting for us. Before the bar of conscience we bring our thoughts and words and deeds, and seek by rigid scrutiny to discard that which is ignoble, and to hold to that which is true and Christ-like.

May not this statue which we are met to consecrate, represent in some figurative way this self-criticism of ours? May we not believe that thus we are laying here the hidden meaning of the artist? But, if so it be, let us not suffer the "Recording Angel" to be significant of any morbid or disheartening message! After all, it is "the box of precious ointment" that is proffered us. The sentiment that exists is one of cheer and courage and resolute faith. It has wrought a good work upon us. The path of duty lies more open to our feet. We are anxious to live our lives more worthily, not for our own sakes alone, but in order that we may be the better fitted to share the burdens of others, and to keep loyal to the ideals of the brotherhood that encircles us, — whether on earth or in heaven.

O God, consecrate this hour to us. — May we feel something of the significance of its message, and may we feel the worth of this sentiment and of the ideals that sometimes are placed before the soul-life within, aiding us in that which is material, but not so as to lose sight of the faith and hope of our earlier years; and may this figure in our midst express to us a deeper, diviner, purer and more lofty desire to build up Thy Kingdom here among the abodes of men. Hear our prayer, we pray Thee. In His name we ask it. Amen.

The Lord Be with Us — Solo

May the peace of God, that passeth all understanding go with you all, abide with you henceforth and forever more. Amen.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

On June 28, 1913, a Tablet of Scotch marble was placed on the wall back of the Statue. The inscription in black letters reads as follows:

IN MEMORY OF

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

May 14, 1822 December 4, 1909

AND

SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD

August 17, 1831 November 3, 1909

This Statue of "The Recording Angel" by Larkin G. Mead of Brattleboro, Vermont, and Florence, Italy, is presented to the Unitarian Society of Brattleboro by their son

HENRY KELLOGG WILLARD

1910

HENRY A. WILLARD MEMORIAL BUILDING

GARFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

MEETING
OF THE
ASSOCIATION OF OLDEST INHABITANTS
ON THE OCCASION OF THE
NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
BIRTH OF HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD
HOTEL OCCIDENTAL
TUESDAY, MAY 14, 1912, 1 O'CLOCK P.M.

An orchestra provided music during the assembling of the members.

Henry Kellogg Willard

Friends and members of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants, it is my pleasure to call this informal gathering together. Three years ago, my father was with us, celebrating the eighty-seventh anniversary of his birth. I greet you again that we may celebrate his ninetieth birthday anniversary. I greet you in his name, and although he is not with us in the flesh, I feel assured he is with us in spirit. I thank you all for coming, and meeting in his name.

At the conclusion of the luncheon, I hope you will go as my guests, to the Garfield Memorial Hospital, where the HENRY A. WILLARD MEMORIAL BUILDING is to be dedicated.

Brainerd H. Warner

There is a picture hanging on the wall taken five years ago. I have been looking at it, and I have noticed that many of those faces that are pictured there are not here today. The host on that occasion, and his wife are included in the picture. They are gone Beyond.

Mr. Willard was one of our oldest and most respected citizens. He has left a legacy to the community in the son, who is the host on this occasion, and in the two splendid grandsons. I call a man generous who keeps up the spirit of liberality right along from year to year. We find today an exhibition of that spirit in its truest sense, on the heights of the city, where an addition is being dedicated to the Garfield Memorial Hospital, presented by Mr. Willard's mother as a Memorial to his father. Now, that stands for all time. It is a contribution not only to the sick of today, but of tomorrow and of the coming years. It stands as a continual benefaction to the community.

I congratulate you on being here. . . . . It is a good thing to keep up your father's birthday. I love to see a loyal son. I love to have him give evidence that he does not forget his father, — he does not forget the man who gave him his name.

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

Ninety years ago today,
This patriarch was born
In old Vermont, Granite State,
One beautiful May morn;
And looking down from heaven,
His spirit fondly cheers
Friends he knew in Washington,
Across the vanished years.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

He loved the Union and the law
With heart so warm and true,
And constantly supported
The Red, White and Blue.
And Lincoln was his leader,
In every place and plan
For freedom and her glory,
And all the rights of man.

He silently assisted
The lowly and the poor,
With charity unnoticed
For those who must endure,
And those who grieve and languish
In hospitals today
Are aided by his mercy
And gifts of golden sway.

Such men as Willard never die,
But down the rolling years
Their memory ever lingers
To banish pains and tears.
And in the Nation's Capital
His monument shall shine,
To thrill the souls of patriots
And greet the superfine.

COL. J. A. JOYCE

Colonel Joyce then sung a war song, which he composed over forty years ago.

FOND MEMORIES

We are gathered here this evening
As we've gathered heretofore,
To recall to mind the loved ones, —
Our kind hosts of days of yore.

They are absent in the body,
But we feel that they are here —
That their spirits hover near us,
While they bid us have good cheer.

We have not forgot the meetings
Of the happy days gone by,
When we grasped their hands in greeting, —
Nor the sparkle of the eye.

We'll remember H. A. Willard
Just as long as life shall last,
For we gray-haired Washingtonians
Don't forget friends of the past.

So we'll spend this social hour
Living o'er the days of old,
And in happy recollection
Of the Story that is told.

DR. HARRY O. HALL

Lady of the Shadows . . . . . Mr. Herndon Morsell

It Is not Because Your Heart Is Mine

Thereupon luncheon was served, and at its conclusion the members repaired, at three o'clock P.M., to Fourteenth and E Streets, where they boarded special cars, and proceeded to the Garfield Memorial Hospital, to take part in the dedication exercises of the HENRY A. WILLARD MEMORIAL BUILDING.

SERVICES AT GARFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL

Washington, D. C.

Dedication of the

HENRY A. WILLARD MEMORIAL BUILDING

and

GRADUATING EXERCISES

of the

SCHOOL FOR NURSES

Tuesday, May 14th, 1912

At half-past three o'clock

PROGRAM

PRAYER	Rev. John Van Schaick, Jr.
ADDRESS	Mrs. M. B. Tulloch
ADDRESS	Mrs. John A. Logan
REMARKS	Mr. B. H. Warner
REMARKS	Mr. Henry K. Willard
RECITATION	Henry Augustus Willard II

Presentation of Graduates

H. C. YARROW, M.D.

Conferring of Diplomas

GENERAL GEORGE M. STERNBERG

President of the Board of Directors

Henry A. Willard Memorial

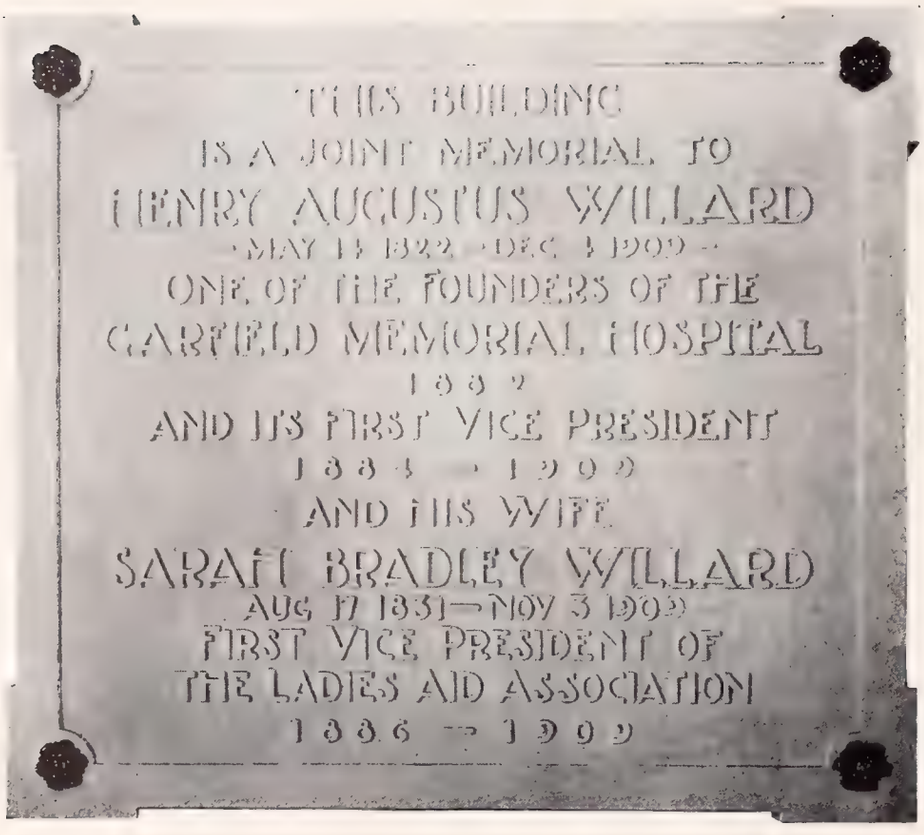
Dr. Van Schaick

Almighty God, Our Heavenly Father, recognizing Thee as the source of every good and every perfect gift, we come into Thy presence with our thanksgiving and praise. We bless Thee, Our Father, for our lives, that Thou hast created and sustained us. We know that Thou dost hold us in the hollow of Thine hand under the shadow of Thy wing. We bless Thee, Our Father, for the revelation of Thyself that we have in Thy children, that we learn of Thy love, of Thy goodness, in every work of charity and goodness that comes from the hearts of Thy children. We bless Thee, Our Father, for every ministry of healing, for the knowledge that the race has accumulated, and for the sympathy with which it uses the knowledge. We bless Thee for the doctors and the nurses, who, like Our Master, go about doing good.

We thank Thee, Our Father, that Thou hast put it into the hearts of Thy children to create these buildings. We thank Thee for these wards that are dedicated to the service of humanity; and we bless Thee for those through whose generosity this has been made possible. We pray Thee that with greater fidelity we may all do our work; that in this place many precious human lives may be brought back from the Valley of Shadows; that there shall be made here larger contributions to the human knowledge; that here, there shall be true love and sympathy.

Help us, Our Father, in other fields, to carry this Hospital in our minds and in our hearts, and by co-operation to build it up and make it a greater power than it has been in the past. Bless these nurses who are here today and hold them, we pray Thee, in Thy hand, guide their steps that they may lead useful and loving lives.

Through Jesus Christ, Our Lord. Amen.


THIS BUILDING
IS A JOINT MEMORIAL TO
HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD
MAY 14 1822 DEC 4 1909
ONE OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE
GARFIELD MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
1 8 8 2
AND ITS FIRST VICE PRESIDENT
1 8 8 4 - 1 9 0 9
AND HIS WIFE
SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD
AUG 17 1831 — NOV 3 1909
FIRST VICE PRESIDENT OF
THE LADIES AID ASSOCIATION
1 8 8 6 — 1 9 0 9

May 14, 1822 — Dec. 4, 1909

1882

1884–1909

Aug. 17, 1831 — Nov. 3, 1909

1886–1909

Near the interior main entrance on the first floor is a Vermont marble tablet bearing the above inscription.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

General Sternberg

We are here to dedicate the HENRY A. WILLARD MEMORIAL BUILDING. Both Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Willard were for many years active members of the Board of Directors of Garfield Memorial Hospital, and Mrs. Willard in her will provided for the erection of this building by a bequest of $50,000. Her son, Mr. Henry K. Willard, who is with us today, has promptly and loyally carried out his mother's will, and I believe you will all agree that the building we are now assembled in, is not only a suitable memorial to our late associate on the Board of Directors, but a most useful addition to the equipment of Garfield Memorial Hospital.

The basement is divided into rooms which can be used for dispensary service. The upper stories contain the maternity wards, with separate rooms for white and colored. And the wards in the first and second stories are for cases sent to the Hospital by the Board of Charities and paid for by an annual Congressional appropriation.

We are proud of the progress that has been made during the past few years and we believe that this hospital is doing a very useful and necessary work. It has an unsurpassed location and all the facilities for giving to medical, surgical and obstetrical cases such skillful attention as is called for by the most approved methods of treatment.

Address — Mrs. M. B. Tulloch . . . . . Read by Rev. Dr. Van Schaick

Mr. Willard's good judgment, integrity and ability were early recognized by his Associates, and he occupied positions of highest trust. Mrs. Willard was his devoted companion and adviser. Surrounded by every comfort and luxury, their home life was ideal, and their hospitality most generous.

My intimate acquaintance with them dates from March 1882, when the citizens of Washington were called upon to assist in establishing a General Hospital as a Memorial to President James A. Garfield, an enduring honor to the late President whose great life was so tragically ended. This Memorial would not only be a tribute to the martyred dead, but a blessing to the living. This call was signed by ex-Mayors Emery and Berrett, Messrs. A. S. Solomons, H. A. Willard, J. Ormond Wilson, Thomas L. Tulloch, John A. Baker, James G. Blaine, W. W. Corcoran, and over one hundred others, bankers, lawyers, and the clergy.

Another call was issued signed by eighty-five prominent physicians, stating the object of and the necessity for the proposed hospital, whose doors were to be opened to the afflicted without distinction of race, class or nationalities. An organization was perfected to found the Garfield Memorial Hospital in this city.

General William T. Sherman was elected Chairman, Hon. William Windom, Vice-Chairman, John A. Baker, Secretary, and Mr. Willard, a member of the Executive Committee. To realize a complete success of the enterprise a circular letter was sent out, inviting the ladies to meet the Board of Directors in the Ebbitt House parlors, Wednesday, March 29, 1882, at 1 p.m. More than one hundred and fifty ladies responded to this call.

The meeting was opened by Senator Windom. Mr. A. S. Solomons, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, stated that almost money enough had been raised to put the Hospital in active operation. Property had been transferred to this institution belonging to the late Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphans Home. The Hon. Simon Wolf, Minister of Egypt, collected and forwarded nearly $10,000 to the Board of Directors. Through his efforts, the Baroness de Hirsch gave $5,000.

The ladies present organized the Ladies' Aid Society of the Garfield Memorial Hospital, with Mrs. Windom, President; Mrs. James B. Rickets, Vice-President; Mrs. Leonard Whitney, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Henry W. Blair, Corresponding Secretary; M. B. Tulloch, Treasurer. Committees were appointed, — one to secure the Rotunda of the Capitol for

the purpose of holding an entertainment in aid of the hospital. Both Houses of Congress granted them the use of the Rotunda, Statuary Hall and various rooms for this purpose.

The Rotunda Reception was held May 6, 1882. The Rotunda was beautifully decorated with flags and shields of the States. The Marine Band furnished the music. The floral decorations were fine, and included a shaft of exquisite flowers with the legend "Garfield. Lord Keep my Memory green." The vast space beneath the great white dome was a scene of rare beauty. President Arthur attended. Mrs. Willard presided over the District of Columbia Table.

This entertainment, perfect in all its details, increased the hospital fund nearly five thousand dollars. Upon the resignation of General Sherman as Chairman of the Board of Directors, Associate Justice Samuel F. Miller, of the United States Supreme Court, was elected President, which position he held during life.

Mr. Willard was Chairman of the Committee on the Selection of a Site for the Hospital, with the result that the Schneider property overlooking the City, with a most attractive panoramic view, was chosen. This property consisted of seven acres of ground, on which was a suitable building. The title to the same was held in the name of Henry A. Willard under a declaration of trust. The house was prepared for occupancy, and a new wing built.

Mrs. Willard was an active member of the Furnishing Committee, and later was Chairman, resigning when ill-health compelled her to do so. The hospital was impressively dedicated May 30, 1884, Justice Miller presiding. Mrs. Logan was elected President of the Ladies' Aid in 1884, and Mrs. Willard was Vice-President, which position she held through life. Mr. Willard was elected Vice-President of the Board of Directors, which he filled during life.

The necessity for more rooms became urgent. The Board of Directors invited the ladies to assist in building a new wing to be named the Ladies' Aid Building. They pledged themselves to raise $15,000 for this purpose. There were many entertainments in which Mr. and Mrs. Willard most generously assisted, frequently giving their home for gatherings.

The building was ready for occupancy in 1887. The ladies beside redeeming their pledge for $15,000, furnished the rooms — twenty-three ladies furnished rooms bearing their names, Mrs. Willard being one of the number. Mrs. Willard, Mrs. Harlan and Mrs. Tulloch were a Committee for the Selection of a Matron; Miss Sophia Palmer was engaged and served from 1888 to 1894. It was under her regime that the Nurses' Training School was established in 1889. Upon Miss Palmer's resignation, the same Committee engaged Miss Georgia Nevins, who is now with us as Superintendent of the Hospital and giving eminent satisfaction to the Board of Directors, Medical Staff and Ladies' Association.

Upon the death of Justice Miller, October 13, 1890, Justice John Marshall Harlan was elected President. He faithfully gave his time, influence and earnest efforts to promote the best interests of the Hospital. Mr. Willard as first Vice-President prepared the annual report for 1890, in which he paid a glowing tribute to Justice Miller. He presented the urgent need of another building and proposed it should be a Memorial to our late President, to be known as the "Miller Building."

On the 30th of May, 1892, the eighth anniversary of the dedication of the Hospital, the Miller Building was dedicated. Mr. Willard presided. The admirable and encouraging report of the President was read.

At this time, a new Administration Building and a Nurses' Home were foreshadowed, the present building being inadequate for a Hospital of this size. In 1894, this new building was furnished and occupied, Mrs. Willard carefully supervising the furnishings. The approach to the Hospital, which was straight and precipitous, had been converted into a winding driveway, graded and graveled, leading to a wide terrace in front of the Hospital. In the centre of this terrace, a large marble fountain had been placed through the generosity of Mr.

and Mrs. Willard, which adds greatly to the beauty of the grounds. They also presented two life-size statues to the Hospital.

Mr. Willard presided over the exercises (1902) — Rev. R. H. McKim offered prayer, Dr. Henry B. Fry made an address in behalf of the Medical Staff, and Mr. Joseph K. McCammon presented the diplomas to sixteen graduates. Mrs. Logan made a graceful acknowledgment of the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Willard in presenting the statues.

In Mr. Willard's response he gave an account of the experience of the Hospital since its foundation. He gave a word of praise to those who were active in the work, many of whom had passed away. In referring to his latest gifts, he said, "It has given me great pleasure to be able to present the two statues to Garfield Hospital, I believe they will give pleasure to convalescents who need diversions from the ills flesh is heir to. It has been one of the great pleasures of my life that my wife and myself have for more than twenty years been associated with you in this grand institution. The history of the evolution of Garfield Hospital may be summed up in three words, Love, Unity, and Humanity. It was born of Love, — it was nurtured and grown in Unity of purpose for the welfare of Humanity."

As the years have rolled around, the Hospital has extended its borders, and its usefulness has increased. The crowning gift of all is this Memorial Building. Although given by Mrs. Willard as a Memorial to and in loving remembrance of her devoted and honored husband, her name is indissolubly connected with it. Like precious ointment poured forth, her gift will perpetuate their memory and will continue to bless the sick and sorrowing for years to come.

Their devoted son, Henry K. Willard, who has been elected to the position held by his father in the Board of Directors, has put forth every effort to have this Memorial completed and its mission fulfilled.

Mrs. Willard was "Called aside

> From the glad working of her busy life,
> From the world's ceaseless stir of care and strife
> Into the shade and stillness of her Heavenly Guide."

Beyond the Border-Line they were soon united, only a few short weeks separating them in this mortal life and reuniting them where sorrow and suffering are unknown.

Fond Memories . . . . . Composed and read by Dr. Harry O. Hall

Address — Mrs. John A. Logan . . . . . Read by Mr. Gatley

Through unusual manifestation of filial affection by a worthy son, we are permitted to assemble here to do honor to one of Washington's noblest citizens and his faithful wife. Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Willard exemplified in their happy union that holy state of matrimony, established by God, the author of this sacred ordinance. From the date of their marriage they lived in such union that it could be truly said of them, that "two hearts beat as one," and to emphasize this fact these faithful hearts ceased to beat almost simultaneously.

The generous, patriotic hearts of Henry A. Willard and his noble wife were foremost in every movement made for the benefit of the sick, wounded and unfortunate; and as the "Lord loveth the cheerful giver," Mr. and Mrs. Willard were prospered an hundred fold, — the more prosperity smiled on them the more they distributed among the unfortunate. During reconstruction days, when Washington was overrun by refugees and freedmen, Mr. Willard was one of the most active citizens in providing ways and means for their relief and support until they could find habitations and occupations.

He was eminently just in all his intercourse with mankind, and while he had no sympathy with evil doers and the indolent, his generosity was boundless for the worthy and industrious.

He was never found wanting in his loyalty to his country, his home, or his friends. In all public movements and charities of the City of Washington, he was one of the most active and liberal supporters. He was always a member of the Committee for Inauguration ceremonies, and contributed generously to the expenses, which were great for these occasions. During the long and painful illness of President Garfield, Mr. Willard was one of the deepest sympathizers with the family and the Nation in this fearful calamity, and was most prominent in the movement for the erection of some imperishable monument to the martyred President's memory.

We, who were associated in the beginning in the project of erecting this Memorial, appreciate what this City owes to Mr. and Mrs. Willard for the part they took in solving the difficulties and problems with which Garfield Hospital Board and its auxiliary had to contend, through the many years when building and equipping this retreat for the unfortunate of all races, creeds, sexes and conditions. It must not be forgotten that as the result of the labor of many philanthropic men and women, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Willard, and the generosity of the Congress of the United States, in establishing this National Memorial to the memory of the martyred President, thousands of sick and unfortunate have been restored to health and have been able to return to their vocations in life, who might otherwise have perished.

Through the same sympathetic humanitarian spirit which prompted the founders of this benefaction, others have added buildings and appliances, extending the capacity of the Hospital and ability of the management to multiply many times the number of recipients of its benefits. Inspired by the same spirit of sympathy for ill-fated humanity and parental reverence, Mr. H. K. Willard in giving this magnificent building, adds still further accommodations for additional numbers, who may come to Garfield Hospital for the most skillful treatment and tender care possible to obtain.

The legions destined to enjoy the comforts and conveniences of the Willard Memorial Building will bless the name of Henry Kellogg Willard evermore.

Mr. Warner

Mr. and Mrs. Willard to whom this building is a joint tribute, were the best of citizens. Formed of good material, coming down from the green hills of Vermont, — they lived long enough to make an impression upon every department of life in the National Capital. Mr. Willard was not only a member of this organization but a positive force. He had an impulsive, energetic nature. When those about him understood him, they knew a man of most varied attainments. He was President of the Columbia Fire Insurance, — I remember that we used to ride through the town at least once a year and make an inspection of the engine houses, and it was long enough ago when we commenced that, to have all the directors sliding down the brass rods and imitating the movements of the firemen as they went to a fire.

Mr. Willard was President of the Columbia Railway, and although a man past middle age, there never was a large snowstorm coming in the middle of the night or in early morning, but that Mr. Willard was down personally looking after the removal of the snow from the tracks, and the comfort of the traveling public. Then again, when this lot was purchased, Mr. Willard came up here with other members of the Committee, among whom was Mr. Justice Miller. They looked off away down the Potomac to Mount Vernon, past the Washington Monument, upon the beautiful vista which spread out before them. Justice Miller said, "This is a pretty nice lot." Others were in favor of locating elsewhere. Mr. Willard said, "Well, it is so fine, if the Hospital does not take it, I will;" and that settled the question.

And he was a good friend. It is not the constant giving in response to every demand that fixes a man's ability to serve the community in which he lives. Let him deny himself through

a generation and pass on as an active factor, and after he has gone let an institution of this kind spring into being, it will live through all time as a blessing to mankind; and it is a perpetual testimony to the good judgment and the benevolence of heart of the donor.

Prior to 1880, there was but one large general hospital in this City. The surgeons and the medical faculty for a number of years had discussed the need of another general hospital to supply needed facilities for a wider range of operations, — to have an equipment of buildings and of skilled and experienced surgeons capable of making use of every modern improvement in medical and surgical labors.

The attempt on the life of President Garfield occurred in 1881, at the then Pennsylvania Railroad Station, at Sixth Street near Pennsylvania Avenue. In the horror excited thereby the universal grief seemed to point the way to a change in the use of the blood-stained building, alike to the change in use of the Ford's Theatre on Tenth Street, in which President Lincoln had in 1865 received the fatal wound at the hand of Wilkes Booth.

To what use shall this building be put? And from many various sources came quickly the response, why not convert it into the needed public hospital, — a Memorial to Garfield. The suggestion was widely accepted. Dr. Francis A. Ashford, with the cordial co-operation of others high in the medical and surgical activities of the District, especially Dr. A. Y. P. Garnett and Dr. Samuel C. Busey, outlined a tentative program, and from this initial organization followed the later organization, of which Mr. Willard was so valuable a member.

Mr. Willard's large acquaintance with men in public life, and above all, the unquestioned confidence in his integrity of every one who knew him, at this hour gave his services to this new hospital project especial value.

Yesterday I stood on the porch of the Boy's Training School near Hyattsville, — through the window I saw the benevolent face of Mr. Willard outlined in a picture, and looking away toward the City. For twelve years he was President of that Institution, the Chairman of its Building Committee, and the chief constructor of its early buildings.

Unable to secure the Pennsylvania Railroad Building, the newly organized Garfield Memorial Hospital Association was given by Congress the title to an unused set of frame structures with the land on G Street between Seventeenth and Eighteenth Streets, N. W. This site seemed remote. Sale of the G Street property was made and the present site procured. Large gifts were received from all parts of the country, as well as from foreign lands, a loving tribute to the memory of the lamented Garfield. As a Memorial of a man loved by a Nation suddenly stricken to his death, this Hospital has served, and will always be a Memorial peculiarly dear to the American People.

The happy condition of the Hospital in which we today find it, is largely due to the life and services of that man and his wife whom we have gathered here to honor. They were fortunate in having a son devoted to their memory, one glad to thus generously aid in carrying on to still higher standards of achievement this noble charity which was so close to the heart of Mr. Willard and his devoted wife.

Henry K. Willard

When Miss Nevins wrote me, asking if I would speak a word at the dedication exercises of the Building in Memory of my father, — my first thought was, that word should be left entirely to others. My second thought was, — that perhaps I was the one most vitally interested. First, because my father and my mother were among the founders of this noble institution, a third of a century ago; second, because of their interest in it during the many years since its foundation; and third, — because of my personal interest in Garfield Hospital. Just a year ago at this time, I was a patient here, and had the opportunity of seeing what a noble institution it is, and how kind you are to the patients intrusted to your care.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

About eighteen months before my dear mother passed away, how well I remember her saying, "I want $50,000 to go to Garfield." This beautiful building, so well fitted for good and noble work in relieving the suffering of humanity, is the result of that wish.

My feelings today are those of joy and sorrow; — joy, at the ultimate consummation of my mother's wish, and sorrow, because my parents cannot be with us in the flesh to see that wish realized. As soon as the fund became available, the matter was taken up by the Board of Trustees; the late Mr. Justice Harlan personally directed and took charge of the preliminary work which inaugurated the commencement of the HENRY A. WILLARD MEMORIAL BUILDING.

The Trustees of this Hospital have added $25,000, in order that the building might more fully meet the present needed requirements of the Hospital. It is a comfort to me to know that this building which will do good to humanity will remain as a perpetual memorial to my father and mother. The plan of the Board of Trustees contemplates, some time in the future, a Chapel on these grounds, where the nurses and convalescent patients may have the sacred privilege of daily worship. In this Chapel, Memorials should be placed of beautiful glass, or of marble, to Mr. Justice Harlan and also to James Ormond Wilson, who for many years while health was spared him, worked quietly and unostentatiously, — but with a purpose in which his whole heart and soul were put forth for the upbuilding of Garfield. As he was Garfield's friend, so was he mine, and I am glad to give this word of tribute to a good, noble man. A Memorial should be placed to Mr. Reginald Fendall, without whose substantial aid at the outset the ultimate success of this institution was hardly possible, to Mr. Benjamin Lovejoy, to Mr. A. S. Solomons and to Mr. Thomas L. Tulloch, who signed the call for the first founding of this Hospital.

In conclusion, I want to speak a few words to the young ladies of the graduating class, with many of whom I had, by reason of my being a patient here, a very pleasant acquaintance. You know when a man is sick he has one doctor; when he is very sick, he has two doctors; when he is very, very sick, he has three doctors; and when he is awfully sick, he has four doctors. I had four doctors, so you may know I was awfully sick.

But through the kindness of these nurses I got well. I had the privilege of having a good nurse. She had a sunny and lovely disposition, and I feel that, because of my being a patient here, I can say to you that what is most needed in the sick room is a nurse who combines with professional skill, a disposition full of joy and sunshine. I, therefore, commend to your example that of my sainted mother, who was not only a good nurse, but who, during her long life of nearly four score years, never spoke a cross word.

Your instructors and your course of study prepare you well for the duties of the noble profession which you have chosen to follow, but, let me say to you, possessing the sunny disposition combined with the jeweled virtues of self-control and patience, — your work in life will be a success.

I wish to speak a word of credit to the four physicians, who attended me so faithfully, — Dr. Reichelderfer, the surgeon who performed the operation which saved my life, under Divine Providence, — Dr. Kearney, Dr. Wellington and Dr. Lindsay. I thank them all.

How fortunate you are to have at the head of this Institution Miss Georgia M. Nevins, who combines good judgment with rare tact and ability. When I was very ill, that kind Miss Maynard at the head of the operating room, wearied out with her arduous work, would come to speak a cheering word to me. I shall remember Miss Maynard with gratitude as long as I live.

I now take pleasure, General Sternberg, in handing to you the keys of the HENRY A. WILLARD MEMORIAL BUILDING. It seems as though the heavens were opening, and we have the sacred benediction of my father and mother.

General Sternberg

On behalf of the Board of Directors I accept from Mr. Willard this beautiful building.

The doorway is widely opened,
The house is garnished and sweet.
But she silently waits for our coming,
And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting,
Not where she met us before,
For over the pleasant threshold
She is only to go once more.

The smile on her face is quiet
And flowers are on her breast,
Her hands are folded together
And the word on her lip is — Rest.

And yet, it looks like a welcome
For her work is compassed and done
All things are seemly and ready
And her summer has just begun.

It is we, who may not cross over; —
Only with song and prayer
A little way into the glory
We may reach as we leave her there.

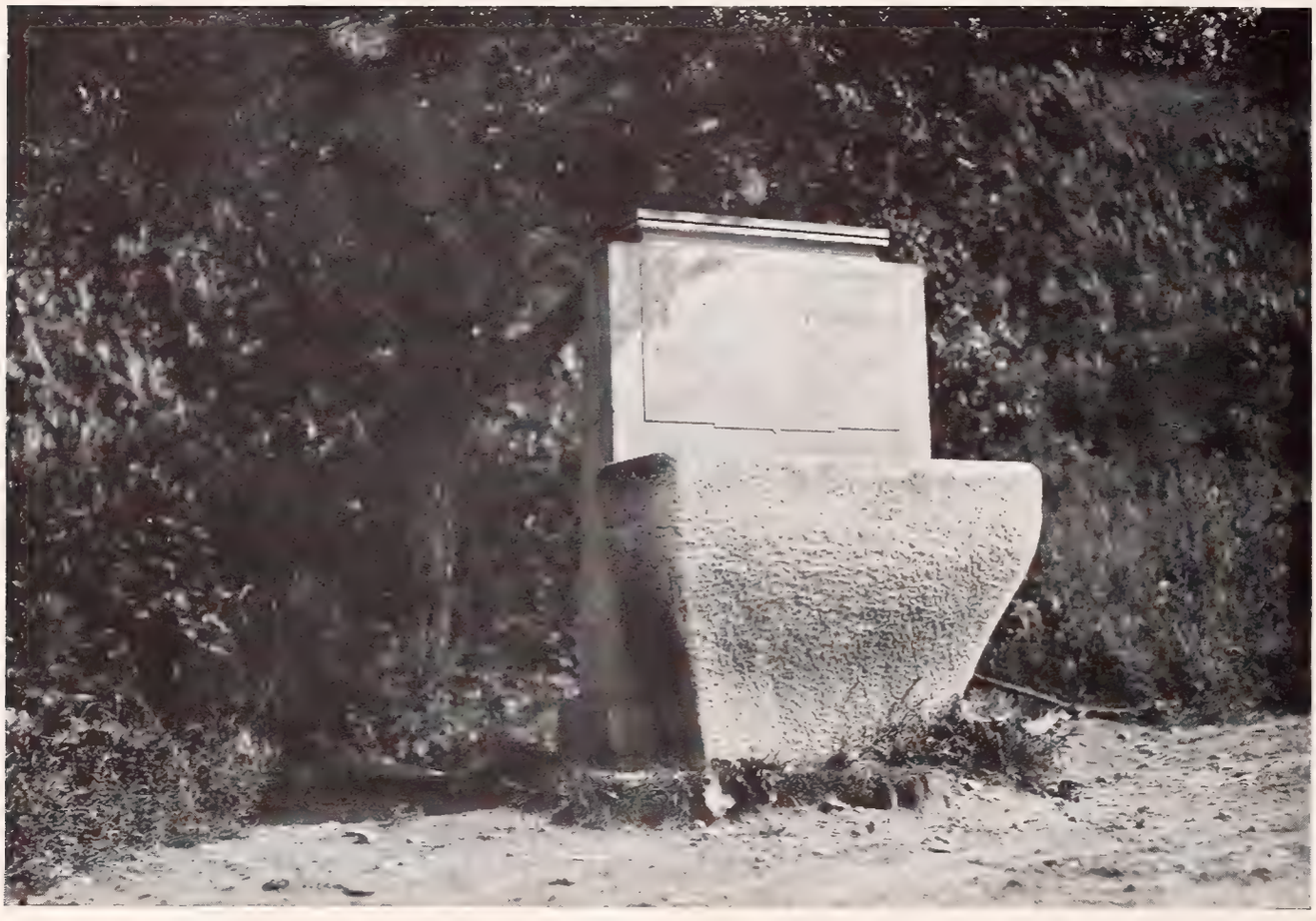
But we cannot think of her idle,
She must be homemaker still;
God giveth that work to the Angels,
Who fittest the task fulfill.

And somewhere yet on the hilltops
Of the country that has no pain,
She will watch in her beautiful doorway
To bid us a welcome again.

Recited by Henry Augustus Willard II

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

On Thursday noon, June 26, 1913, in the presence of the Selectmen, and many of the townspeople, Henry Kellogg Willard presented to the Town of Westminster, a Drinking Fountain in memory of his great-grandfather, William Czar Bradley, and of his father, Henry Augustus Willard.



Willard Memorial Fountain, Westminster, Vermont

The inscription on the fountain is as follows:

PLACED HERE
IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM CZAR BRADLEY
March 23, 1782 March 3, 1867
AND
HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD
May 14, 1822 December 4, 1909

PRESENTED TO THE TOWN
OF WESTMINSTER, VERMONT, BY
HENRY KELLOGG WILLARD
June 26, 1913

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Mr. Willard said it gave him great pleasure to present this Memorial to the Town in memory of his distinguished relatives,[1] among the foremost, ablest and most honored citizens of Westminster. He felt that this memorial was most useful, for it not only provided a drinking-place for horses and other animals, but refreshment for the thirsty traveler.

William Czar Bradley, his great-grandfather, represented Vermont in Congress; — Stephen Rowe Bradley, his great-great-grandfather, was among the founders of the town, at one time owning the largest amount of land in Westminster. Henry Augustus Willard was a self-made, honorable citizen, accumulating what he left solely by his own efforts. His most precious legacy was his honored name and a character without stain or reproach. In affectionate terms Mr. Willard said that the fountain was a memorial to his mother also, who had been the loyal helpmate to her husband in a happy married life of more than fifty years.

After presenting his children, Henry Augustus II, William Bradley, and Sarah Kellogg, he said he wanted the townspeople to feel that he was at heart one of them, and that he desired earnestly to co-operate with them in every effort for the improvement and uplift of the Town.

The Fountain was formally presented to the Town through the Chairman of the Board of Selectmen, Wallace Ranney. Mr. Ranney, in a few well-chosen remarks, accepted the gift for the Town, saying that Westminster felt proud and happy in being the recipient of such a useful and substantial Memorial.

The Drinking Fountain stands near the foot of Court House Hill, on the right side of the road as one goes to Bellows Falls, and adjoins land given to Mr. Willard by his mother in 1909.

It is a solid block of blue Vermont marble from the quarries of West Rutland and is one of the most substantial fountains ever erected by the Vermont Marble Company. The citizens of Westminster greatly appreciate Mr. Willard's generous gift and his continued interest in the welfare of their community. — *Bellows Falls Times*

[1] To the Honorable William C. Bradley, of Westminster, a statesman, a lawyer and a man of letters, whose learning and ability have for half a century been the boast of his native state, I would make my grateful acknowledgments for the many personal recollections and family papers he has placed at my service without which, indeed, this work would have been incomplete in many particulars. — *Hall's History of Eastern Vermont, 1857.*

Willard Memorial Marker

THE SITE OF THE BIRTHPLACE

OF

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

MAY 14, 1822

SON OF JOSEPH WILLARD

AND

SUSAN DORR CLAPP, HIS WIFE

FOUNDED WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 1847

MARRIED SARAH BRADLEY KELLOGG, DAUGHTER OF DANIEL KELLOGG AND MERAB ANN BRADLEY, HIS WIFE; AND GRANDDAUGHTER OF WILLIAM CZAR BRADLEY AND SARAH RICHARDS, HIS WIFE, OF WESTMINSTER, VERMONT, NOVEMBER 6, 1855

WAS A RESIDENT OF WASHINGTON, D. C., SIXTY-TWO YEARS

DIED IN THE STEPHEN ROWE BRADLEY HOUSE, WALPOLE, N. H.

DECEMBER 4, 1909

MEMORIAL MARKER
IN MEMORY OF
HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

JOSEPH WILLARD FARM, WESTMINSTER, VERMONT

August 25, 1913

Home Again — Solo

Mr. Henry K. Willard

Mr. President, Members of the Simon Willard Descendants' Association, Mr. Allbe, Mr. Fitts, my honored guests and citizens of the Town of Westminster:

I want, first of all, to make my deep acknowledgment to my friend, Mr. R. R. Barber, for without him it would have been difficult to have arranged this Memorial Service. Some of the friends whom I had hoped to have with us today are absent, and I wish to read the following letters:

North Hero, Vermont, 8|16|13

Dear Mr. Willard:

Your telegram to Washington soliciting my presence as your guest at a very important function on the 25th was repeated to me here by my secretary. I know how much you appreciate such occasions and how thoughtful you were to permit me to share the rich pleasure with you. I want to say to you that your deep and abiding regard for your father and mother and for your ancestors has made a great impression upon me, and I do not idly or carelessly put away such an opportunity, but I am convinced by advices which I am receiving from Washington, that I should not be away from there so long as this invitation would require.

Kindly pardon me this time for declining your valued invitation. It is no easy task to refuse. My inclinations are all against a refusal, but my judgment is on that side.

I remain,

Yours very truly,

Frank Plumley

Washington, D. C., August 16, 1913

Dear Mr. Willard:

I cannot tell you how much pleasure it would give me to be present at the unveiling of a memorial tablet to your good father at Westminster, August 25th, but it has been one of the cardinal principles of my life since I came to Washington, never to absent myself from the city during the sessions of the Senate. I believe I have never deviated from this rule, except at the time my little home village of Hyde Park, Vermont, suffered a severe conflagration, when I felt it my duty to go home and help them out of their despondency.

I am sure that as a son of the Green Mountain State you will approve of my line of conduct, and excuse me for not being present at the ceremonies attending the unveiling of the tablet.

Sincerely yours,

C. S. Page

We are honored in having with us today, Judge James M. Tyler, formerly of the Supreme Court of our State, and before that, a Representative from our County in Congress. You all know where to find in the Gospel these words: "A good friend is a strong defense." Now, Judge Tyler has been a good friend to me. He has stood by me through thick and thin, and I appreciate that friendship which shall last as long as life shall last, and I fully believe, into the Life Eternal.

Judge James M. Tyler

Mr. Willard and all of us have occasion to be grateful that we have such a beautiful day. I met him last Thursday and we were speaking about this occasion and the weather and what it

might be, and Mr. Willard said he hoped it would rain before Monday and clear off. He has had his wish and I am very glad of that, but while he was about it I wish he had spoken for a little more rain.

I have always held the town of Westminster, Vermont, in very high regard on account of its remarkable early history, far away back in the years before Vermont was admitted as a State into the Union. When we think of the stalwart men and women, who came up from Massachusetts and Connecticut, about one hundred and seventy-five years ago, and made the first settlement at Westminster, I think we involuntarily wonder what they looked like, — what kind of men and women they were, and, we involuntarily make mental pictures of those rare men and women, possessing the strong characteristics which they possessed.

Today, we cannot help but think of the old Westminster Court House and the massacre of William French. That scene which was enacted in the old Court House that night, resulting in the death of French, was an act just preceding, — and some people claim it was the first in the Revolutionary War.

Today, we cannot help but think of the old jail, and some of us remember the old Congregational Church with its high pulpit and its sounding board, and we call to mind some of the thrilling events that transpired within its walls. We feel that we walk upon soil that is sacred, and we walk upon it reverently.

The town of Westminster is rich in many respects. It is rich in its natural resources, — rich in the picturesqueness of its natural scenery. It is richer far in the memory of the men and women who were born here, or who passed a large part of their lives in this town as their home.

I need not refer to Stephen Rowe Bradley, one of Vermont's most able men in the early days, and one of the first United States Senators from Vermont. I need not speak to you of Jeremiah Mason, who, though not a Vermonter began the practice of law in Westminster. He came up from Connecticut and studied law with Stephen Rowe Bradley, and was admitted to the bar in this county when the Court House was on old Newfane Hill.

I need not call to your mind today, William C. Bradley, a member of Congress and a man of Websterian intellect and ability. These names have been handed down by the people of Westminster from generation to generation, and they are familiar as household words.

Permit me to express my gratification that a tablet has been erected and is to be unveiled today, in memory of Mr. Henry A. Willard, who was born near the place where we sit and stand. He went out from here into the great world to make for himself a fortune and a name and to reflect honor upon the town which gave him birth and which he always regarded with great love and great pride. As I come to this spot today, and look around upon these picturesque, wonderful hills, I wonder whether there might not have been something in the hills themselves, that inspired that boy to make for himself the effort that he did make. Starting out from here a poor boy, going out into the world with only his own hands to help him, the record that he made during his life was a most remarkable record of success.

It is not assigned to me to pronounce a eulogy upon Mr. Henry A. Willard. I only wish to say, that many years ago when in Washington, my wife and myself had the privilege of forming the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Willard. That acquaintance ripened into a lifelong friendship with them and with their son, Mr. Henry K. Willard. It was then perhaps, that Mr. Willard was about at the height of his success in business. While there, we had ample opportunity to observe the proof of the wonderful success that he had made, and to observe the part he had taken, — a very large part, — in the development of the Capital City; also, to observe the high esteem in which he was held by his fellow citizens, for his ability, his integrity and his public spirit.

You may have seen, — and I hope you have, — the precious little volume written by Mrs. Henry A. Willard, many years ago, as a tribute to William C. Bradley, in whose

home the most of her life was spent, previous to her marriage. If you have read it, you will see between the lines of that little volume, that there shines forth the evidence of her own rare intelligence and the beauty of her character.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard enjoyed a long, happy married life, made happier by the devotion of their son, who adored them, — "adored" is not a word too strong, and it is he who today has erected this Tablet in memory of his father. It is fitting that it is made of Vermont marble, which is typical of the strength, firmness and endurance of the man whose memory it commemorates.

It is commendable in the son to erect tablets, monuments and other memorials to perpetuate the memory of his distinguished ancestors, — for this, he deserves the gratitude of the Town, and the State; for the lives and deeds of Vermont's strong men are interwoven with Vermont, and have become a part of its history.

Mr. Henry K. Willard

It gives me special pleasure to introduce to you one of the dearest friends of my father, and a classmate in the old Walpole Academy, about 1836, — Mr. A. M. Allbe, of Bellows Falls. Mr. Allbe comes here at my personal request and we are honored to have him with us.

Mr. A. M. Allbe

I am very thankful that I have lived to be nearly ninety-two years of age, that I might be present on an occasion like this, and I feel greatly honored that I have been invited to say a few words in regard to Mr. Henry Augustus Willard.

It so happened in our boyhood days I was a fellow-student with Henry Augustus Willard at the Walpole Academy. In those days, we had no graded or high schools supported by the public, for the education of children. The only schools we had were the district school, the Academy and the College. The Academies were far apart, and it was with great inconvenience that some of the children were sent to school, for the people in those days were troubled more or less by poverty and it was hard to meet expenses of board and tuition and everything connected therewith.

Nearly eighty years ago, the leading citizens of Rockingham and Walpole met together and agreed to raise funds to erect an Academy. One man gave the ground for the building, and others contributed more or less. Mr. William C. Bradley was one of those who assisted materially in this organization, and in the establishment of that academic institution. At that time there were only three district schools, and I well remember the little schoolhouse, that stood a few rods southerly from where the road now turns off from Westminster Street to cross the bridge to go to Walpole. This was the largest district school in the town; it was painted red, while the other two were simply wood-colored buildings without paint.

Westminster Street, with all of its beauty and width and general attractiveness, was laid out in old Colonial times. There were no bridges in those times across the river; there was a ferry. The road extended on the north side to the river bank, and this road was laid from the bank of the river ten rods wide, and was called the "King's Highway."

These little towns of Walpole, Westminster and Rockingham may well be proud of their early history and of their noble men and women. But I must come back now to my subject under consideration, — Henry Augustus Willard. We were students together at this Academy and I have always been proud of my friendship with him. He was of a most amiable and genial disposition, — very industrious and diligent, — and these traits won for him success, — deserved success. He eventually located in the city of Washington, and became a member of the very best society of the Capital of the United States, a country which I believe to be the best on earth.

When Mr. Willard came to form a marriage relation, he became connected with the families of Daniel Kellogg and William C. Bradley. I well remember Mr. Kellogg, — he was one of the most able advocates in the State of Vermont, and for years a member of the Supreme Court of this State. Mr. Bradley, with whom I had the honor to study law, had the reputation of being one of the two most learned men in the State, — he was a member of Congress during the time of the last war with Great Britain.

I could go on saying many good things of this noble man, whose memory we are celebrating, not the least of which is, that he left a son who has honored his father and his mother.

Hon. Clarke C. Fitts

I well recall my first visit to Mr. and Mrs. Willard. I fell under the rays of the sunshine in that happy home in Washington a good many years ago, and without any other reason than that I came from this County, I was invited into that home and most charmingly entertained. The friendship, then commenced, lasted through the lives of that noble couple, and has continued with their son.

I will speak from the standpoint of a young man of Vermont. This occasion is tongued with tidings of the turn of the tide for Vermont. Every young man, I suppose, thinks he has some mission or particular object in this life. I have thought that I had one, and that it was to help develop the natural resources of our beautiful County and State. So, as some of you know, I have been a sort of apostle, in a small way, in the upbuilding of my own town and County during the past few years. I have thought, and many of our good citizens have supported me in that view, that to hold to Vermont the best young men and women, we must take advantage of the great natural resources which are ours, and which have, to such a large extent, failed of development in the years gone by.

We all know there is something higher, better and greater, than mere industrial development in the upbuilding of communities and rejuvenating of these old towns. This is exemplified and typified on just such occasions as these. One of the happiest things in the life of Henry Augustus Willard and his good wife was that they wanted to come home to these hills and valleys to pass their last days; and it is one of the greatest joys to their friends and family to know that they did so, — that they passed their last hours right here in sight of the place of their nativity.

So, I say, when we see a man of affairs of the world, large affairs, come back to this little town and erect a tablet to the memory of his good father and mother, — rebuild the old homestead of his ancestors, and in so many ways beautify the town, I repeat that it is "the turn of the tide" and it bespeaks the greatest hope for the rejuvenation of our State.

We all know that these smaller towns have suffered much in the generations since the Civil War; the allurement of life in the larger centres has picked, so many times, the best young people of our communities. In the development of our natural resources, and the upbuilding of these towns, we are going to see the "turning of the tide."

One of the best ways to bring this about is to get the interest of men of affairs, who have gone out from us, and met with success in the world outside. Get their interest aroused as this man's interest is aroused today; get them to do something to help give cheer to those of us, who are left in Vermont. Henry Augustus Willard and his good wife made a great success. Their greatest success in life was not the wealth which was accumulated from the energy, enterprise and high character of that noble couple; their greatest success was the large circle of acquaintances and high social position they attained. The ideal life was typified in their home; and it is getting men of that kind interested to come back to our towns and take an interest in them, that tends to the betterment of our towns and State.

It is by getting such men interested, as this man here is now, as is shown by the beautiful memorials he has erected to the memory of these good people, that we are going to better our villages and our young people. This occasion today shows that the best of a man's life is the good will of the community where he is born and which saw his start in the world.

One of the best addresses which I have ever heard given before a graduating class, was one I heard a number of years ago, and I always remember it. The speaker said, "I want to say to you, young men, that I hope your greatest aim in life will be so to live that the greatest fame of the little place from which you came will be the fact that you were born there."

It is so with this little place, in which Henry Augustus Willard first saw the light of day. And, as the young people go forth from here, I hope they will ever have in mind the beautiful picture set before them by these two noble people, and by this son here, today, and by the grandchildren, who were their joy and pride, in the erection of this beautiful tablet.

I once more give you this motto:—To so live that nothing greater can be said of the place of your birth, than that you were born there.

Mr. Edgar L. Willard, President of the Major Simon Willard Descendants' Association

Since becoming a member of our Association I have learned a few things, — one of those things is that it is not always safe to seek too far and too general a knowledge of your ancestors. A relative of mine wrote me, and asked if I would find out whether she could gain admission into the Daughters of the American Revolution. I looked it up very carefully, far and wide, and I had to tell her that she could not, from any connection with the Willard family, seek admission, — for I had found the Willards were Tories.

One of the earliest sayings of which I have any remembrance is, "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee." These exercises today are only one of the many wherein our host has shown that he is a sincere believer in the soundness of this saying. To know him is to know that he loves to honor his father and mother.

Since the inception of the Major Simon Willard Descendants' Association, he has been an honored member and a loyal supporter of its interests. One of the first needs was that of a receptacle for keeping the large number of records of the Association, — some twenty thousand cards I think, have already been collected, — and in our need our host came forward and helped us out. The next need was that because of the organization of the Association, a great demand was created for the old Willard Memoirs, a book published (1858) by Joseph Willard. This involved a large expenditure of money, and again our host came forward and helped us out. We wished to bring these records from 1858 down to the present time, and again our host has shown us the way. He has been ever willing to help us in all good work which we have undertaken, and today we are here as another evidence of his attitude towards our organization.

And now, Mr. Henry Kellogg Willard, I wish to be allowed to convey to you the gratitude of the Major Simon Willard Descendants' Association, for your loyal support and many favors given it. And, in as much as you have highly honored your father and your mother, — as this memorial here, and many others throughout the town will testify, — you have done well, and I, as President of the Major Simon Willard Descendants' Association, express the hope that your days will be long in the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee.

Mr. C. W. Walker, Historian, Major Simon Willard Descendants' Association

Mr. Willard has done all that a historian could be expected to do as far as his noble father is concerned, so it leaves me but very little to say. I am sure every member of our Association will agree with me in saying that no more beautiful spot could be found for a visit. . . . .

Henry Augustus Willard II

I am pleased to present to the town of Westminster, this marker in memory of my grandfather, —

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

Lilian Leora Barber

In behalf of the Town of Westminster and all noble men and women in dear old Vermont, we accept this marker in memory of the honored dead, cherishing the noble heart and kindred devotion of our benefactor, townsman and friend, Mr. Henry K. Willard, and his son, Henry Augustus Willard II.

The marker was unveiled by William Bradley Willard and Sarah Kellogg Willard, children of Henry K. Willard, and flowers and wreaths placed thereon, by the children of Westminster.

Nearer, My God, to Thee — Solo

Reverend C. E. Rice

I am a newcomer here, and while you have made me feel at home, yet I think that one should know the history and traditions of a town in presenting resolutions, and in speaking on such an occasion as this. I am sure, that it is this sentiment shown here today, the sentiment that surrounds the places of youth, that is the strength of the nation in which we live. It is this sentiment that Mr. Willard has, — as he comes back to the scenes of his father's early life and work, and which has brought to us of this town some of the memorials which you have seen today.

Yonder on the Court House Hill is a fountain, placed there by Mr. Willard, which is a blessing to man and beast, only one of the many reminders of the lives of his dear parents.

It is my pleasant task to present at this time, these resolutions to Mr. Willard:

RESOLUTIONS, FROM THE TOWN OF WESTMINSTER, VERMONT, TO MR. H. K. WILLARD:

Whereas our benefactor and fellowtownsman, Mr. H. K. Willard, has caused to be placed at the foot of Court House Hill, beside the highway, a beautiful water fountain and a marker at the birthplace of Henry Augustus Willard,

Be it resolved, That we, the undersigned, in behalf of the town of Westminster, Vermont, hereby express our thanks and gratitude for the beautiful and useful ornaments given us, June 26th and August 25th, 1913.

Be it resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be handed to Mr. Willard and spread on the records of the town.

W. W. Ranney
C. H. Spaulding } *Selectmen*
E. G. Butterfield
F. I. Lane, *Clerk and Treasurer*

And so, Mr. Willard, it becomes my pleasant task to present to you these resolutions in behalf of the town of Westminster. One more word and then my task is done. Mr. Willard, in relating some of the biography of his father and mother, spoke of two young men, who

went forth at the call of their country, and while answering this call, passed on to Life Eternal. Their names were Ellis and Fairbrother, — and, only through the goodness and kindness of heart of Joseph and Henry Augustus Willard, these two boys' bodies were brought back, that they might be buried in their native soil. The families of these two boys feel great gratitude towards Mr. Willard.

This cane which I have here, is a very old one; it was used by the father and grandfather of this Ellis boy just spoken of, and it is hereby presented to Mr. Willard, as a small token of gratitude. It has seemed to the family of Mr. Ellis, that this cane which has been used for so many generations, should find a resting place in the hands of Mr. H. K. Willard, who today has spoken so lovingly of his parents.

The inscription on the cane is as follows:

This cane was the property of Capt. Gould, great-grandfather of Artemus Ellis, one of the boys whose body Henry Augustus Willard had sent home during the war times.

Given to Mr. H. K. Willard, August 25, 1913, by Matilda Ellis, on the occasion of the placing a marker at the birthplace of that noble man, Mr. Henry Augustus Willard.

In behalf of Miss Ellis, I present to you this cane.

Mr. Henry K. Willard

I want to thank each and every one of you with a full heart for all your kindness to me. It seemed to me that the loving cup and picture presented on the occasion of the celebration of my tenth wedding anniversary was all that I deserved.

Reverend Mr. McIntyre

Let us all unite in prayer. Almighty God, Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this day, — we thank Thee for the lives of Thy servants whose virtues we have been told about today. Help us to realize what it means to be sons and daughters of the Most High, — help us to realize that it is only little by little, day by day, that we can go forward to that perfection of character that the Master has promised all those who try.

We thank Thee for this Town,— we thank Thee for this Nation, we thank Thee that Thou hast so richly dealt with these people. Help us to realize, O God, the fulness and happiness of lives lived as those whose memory we commemorate today. Help us to act in a united spirit, that no thought of schism can be ours in this town, and that only kindly feelings may exist at all times with Thy children here and elsewhere.

And now, we pray at this time, that Thou keep Thy servants, who are about to depart from us, in the hollow of Thy hand. Keep this Thy servant, who has been so kind to us, and favored us not with his presence only, but also by words of cheer and love, — be Thou with him on his journey, and be with those near and dear to him, and bring them back to us. These favors we ask today, in Our Redeemer's Name. Amen.

America

Reverend C. E. Aimar

May the better thoughts of the present, joining with the better thoughts of the past, inspire us with wise and understanding hearts, that we in our time may serve our generation as our fathers served theirs; — and may their great ideals inspire us to know God, for without Him we cannot be made perfect. Amen.

Unitarian Church, Walpole, N. H.

HENRY AUGUSTUS WILLARD

May 14, 1822 December 4, 1909

SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD

August 17, 1831 November 3, 1909

"From scheme and creed the light goes out,
The saintly fact survives,
The Blessed Master none can doubt
Revealed in holy lives."

This inscription on a Tablet of Vermont marble, in memory of Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Willard, was suggested and designed by the Reverend S. R. Maxwell, one of the pastors of the Unitarian Church, Walpole, New Hampshire. The design was approved by the Trustees, and the Tablet was installed early in 1910.

The Unitarian Church was destroyed in the winter of 1920, crushed in by snow and ice on the roof. The Tablet was placed in the new Unitarian Church of Walpole.

PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO DISTRICT GOVERNMENT

June 1910

A large oil painting of the late Henry A. Willard was presented to the District of Columbia at noon today, in the presence of the Commissioners of the District and members of the Willard family. The presentation was made in the office of Commissioner Rudolph by former Commissioner MacFarland on behalf of Henry A. Willard's son, Henry Kellogg Willard, and his grandson and namesake, Henry Augustus Willard II, who jointly gave the portrait to the District of Columbia.

The District of Columbia does well in honoring the memory of its faithful servants. It spurs others to greater endeavor, besides expressing appropriate gratitude. Public servants may well say in Shakespeare's words, "Our praises are our wages," for, as a rule, their salaries are not adequate. To know that our service is appreciated, to know that we may be honored for what we have done after we have gone, is by nature a powerful stimulus to any man. And his family holds such recognition at its full value.

Today, we offer to the District Government, to be honorably preserved in the District Building, through all the years to come, a portrait of Henry Augustus Willard, for many years active in our civic affairs, and for a large part of that time, an official of the District of Columbia, notably as the successor as Vice-President of the Board of Public Works, and as an effective lieutenant of Governor Shepherd in all that he did for the physical regeneration of the National Capital.

Mr. Willard served for love and not money, having by his own sagacity and industry acquired an independent fortune. His public service in office and out of office was of great value to this community, the home of his choice; and richly merits the seal of approval which the acceptance of this portrait will impress upon it. Washington is rich in public-spirited men and women. It has more in proportion than any other city of which I know. Hundreds are today working for its welfare, not only in this building, but in the civic organizations and even outside of them. Most of them have no hope of public honors, but all can share the consciousness of having done their full duty.

I trust that more and more this building may be a Hall of Honor embellished with memorials of those who have rendered conspicuous service to the National Capital.

Commissioner Rudolph accepted the portrait:

"We will take the greatest pleasure," said the Commissioner, "in placing this magnificent portrait in the place of greatest prominence, where it can be seen by the citizens of the District of Columbia, and by visitors from other cities. We are very glad to have it, and to substitute this larger portrait for the photograph of Mr. Willard which we now have." — *The Evening Star, Washington, D. C.*

PORTRAIT PRESENTED TO ASSOCIATION OF OLDEST INHABITANTS

A pastel portrait of the late Henry A. Willard, formerly Vice-President of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia, was presented last night to that body, by Henry K. Willard, the son of the distinguished citizen.

Exercises in memory of Mr. Willard, whose financial aid made possible the obtaining of the present headquarters in the old Union Engine House, 19th and H Streets, N. W., featured the regular monthly meeting of the Association, and brought out a large attendance of members.

In presenting the painting, Mr. Willard read an extended sketch of his father's life. Judge Charles S. Bundy, who presided, John B. McCarthy, Andrew Regan, Col. John A. Joyce and others paid tributes to the memory of Mr. Willard. L. F. Spinner, who painted the portrait, and William Wilson, who has been an employee of the Willard family for a number of years, were in attendance at the meeting.

In accepting the portrait, Judge Bundy paid a high tribute to the subject, touching upon the affection of the son for the father, and he reminded the members that the son had given $1,000 toward the rebuilding and refurnishing of the Hall of the Association. The gift was provisional, he explained, on the other members raising $2,000, and the Judge declared but for the start given the movement by Mr. Willard, the Hall would never have been obtained.

The Association was preparing to adopt a motion by Colonel Joyce that a committee be appointed to arrange for the printing of the address, when Mr. Willard stated that, if it was the wish of the members that his remarks should be printed, he would personally defray the cost. The offer was accepted.

At the conclusion of the meeting, an informal reception was held for Mr. Willard, who within a short time, will leave Washington to spend the winter in California.—*The Evening Star, September 4, 1913.*

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

May 14, 1922

Of imperishable and fragrant memory among Vermonters and Washingtonians, the name of Henry Augustus Willard, a native of Westminster, Vermont, founder of the Willard's Hotel in Washington, and foremost among those pioneers of an older generation, whose foresight visioned the Capital Beautiful, was accorded a striking tribute at a luncheon given by his son, Henry Kellogg Willard, to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

A conspicuous feature of the exercises was an address by Representative Porter H. Dale, of Vermont, who dwelt upon the achievements of the elder Willard in the city of his adoption and the beneficent influence of his home life. Original poems written expressly for the occasion were read, and many distinguished citizens of the Capital testified by their presence to the regard for the memory of Mr. Willard and the esteem for the son.

The luncheon was given at the Willard homestead on K Street, directly opposite Franklin Park, one of the many city squares in whose development Henry A. Willard interested himself to such good purpose.

Congregated in the spacious double parlors, from whose walls looked down rare works of art collected by the builder of the house, were some two hundred members of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants of Washington, in which both father and son of the Willard family held honored membership, with now and then some Vermonter and other New Englander. L. S. Hayes, of Bellows Falls, and historian of Rockingham, was there, also Justice Charles H. Robb, formerly of "The Falls," and now associate-justice of the District of Columbia Court of Appeals; Stephen Willard had come from Wethersfield, Connecticut, and William A. Willard of Hartford Connecticut, a banker and President of the Willard Family Association, was one of the principal speakers. Roses and honeysuckle were artistically arranged in the decoration, while a life-size portrait of Henry A. Willard in oils, surrounded with evergreen, seemed to preside with benevolent dignity over the occasion.

Allen C. Clarke, President of the Columbia Historical Society, was Master of Ceremonies, which did not begin until every guest had been personally greeted by Mr. and Mrs. Willard and their two sons, Henry Augustus II and William Bradley. Congressman Dale assisted in receiving the guests.

Mr. Clarke spoke briefly of the elder Willard. He was distinctively and in fact, the host of his hotel.

John Claggett Proctor, poet of the Oldest Inhabitants, and generally known as "poet laureate of the District of Columbia," followed the toastmaster with a reading of three original poems, one by John A. Bellows, of Walpole, New Hampshire, another by Emily Page Webb, of Pasadena, California, and a third by Mr. Proctor himself.

Mr. Bellows' verses dealt with the heritage transmitted through the generations in the blood of him whom the assemblage honored.

What do we seek from ancestry?
    Is it the pride of lofty birth,
The lordship of a fair domain —
    That lays its hand on half the earth?

Nay, not such our heredity,
    From armored knight, or belted earl,
But proud descent from honest man,
    Who bowed not knee to King or churl.

If child is father of the man,
As poet sings, so much the more
Is worthy father surest pledge
Of rich bequest from days of yore.

And now with joy, we hail again
New life, from out that century's birth, —
Fulfillment of the Gospel-word —
Of meek inheriting the earth.

The kind, the generous, faithful soul
With simple wisdom of the child,
The pure in heart, the loyal friend, —
Religion that is undefiled

By rancor, and from malice free,
Ready with swift intelligence
To mark the need and serve his race. —
This is the great inheritance!

Stanzas from the long poem by Emily Page Webb touched upon the manifold activities of the subject of the verse. It opened thus:

It was a hundred years ago, when
White New England's hills
Had flung their shining caps of snow
Into a thousand rills;
The flowers had broken through the sod
To see if it were Spring.
And all the trees were full of birds,
That made the woodlands ring.

A hundred years ago today, a
Little boy was born,
Within the happiest home of all,
The bright sun shone upon.

After reciting some of the important events, that took place at the far-famed hostelry, established by the "Little boy" now grown to man's estate, the poem added a picture of the man himself:

His mind was broad and versatile
And would not be denied;
No single interest filled his
Thoughts, but many satisfied.
In all life's great activities,
He was born to command,
And church, and bank, and hospital,
All felt his guiding hand.

Mr. Proctor's tribute began:

Though thou art gone these many years,
Thy memory lingers still.
. . . . . .
To speak of your good character,
While here upon this earth, —

Your charity, benevolence and Christianity
Made you an honored citizen
As all should strive to be.
Your kindness toward your fellowmen
Earned you a just reward, —
A place to sit in heaven in
The Kingdom of the Lord.

William A. Willard, of Hartford, spoke as a member of the Willard Family Association.

Representative Porter H. Dale was warmly greeted when he rose to deliver the chief address of the day. He said:

It is with genuine appreciation that I accept the privilege of meeting with you, to speak and to think of the influences, which centre in a life begun one hundred years ago. It is a pleasure to come here and express my esteem for an honored family; my gratitude for a large measure of daily enjoyment in this city, because of continuing conditions begun by the ancestors of that family; and my sensibility of the fact, that Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Kellogg Willard were born and nurtured in the State of Vermont, and that the hereditary traits and natal qualities and governing principles of their lives were developed through generations of ancestors eminent in the affairs of that State.

On this occasion, it is natural that others should speak of what the Willards have done in advancing the material and religious welfare of the City of Washington since Henry A. Willard came here seventy-five years ago. And it is no less natural that I, a native Vermonter, should take pride in recalling the fact that the qualities you praise were brought here from Vermont.

But beyond all this, there is a substance, which to me is the real incentive to this occasion, and about which I am moved to speak with special earnestness; that is, the influence of the domestic relations of the Willard family. You will find this influence only by going beyond the great structures which bear their name and are conspicuous, and being admitted to the places where dwell almost in seclusion the finer experiences, and memories, and traditions, which through generations have been kept inviolate. The magnificent Willard Hotel is known the world over, but I trust its fame will never overshadow the attributes of its founder, which hallowed the associations of this K Street home.

As long as men shall come from all parts of the world, and take pleasure in the parks and trees of this city, what Mr. Willard did to develop this parking system shall remain of public record; — but to understand that force which urged him to help make the city beautiful you must be permitted to come here and see the paintings and the statues, among which, through quiet hours, his love of art was encouraged.

When a man becomes strong in any line, it is natural to seek the source of his strength. We wonder how it was that Mr. Willard could meet the many and different guests included in the wide scope of his rare opportunity and be the cordial, courteous host to the unknown transient and to the highest Government Official; — how he could meet the drudgery of the early morning, the whim of the eccentric, and the demands of the wealthy through all the day, and keep the poise for which he was remarkable; how he could train himself to general affability and yet retain that firmness of character, by which, in time of war when threats brought down the Stars and Stripes from all other buildings, he kept it flying on his roof; how he could go straight on through all the little vexatious tasks and the great business obligations of many years, and maintain a cheer that was never exhausted, and a credit that was never doubted.

We are assembled in the place where he found strength for all his endeavors, — his home. At any hour, he would come home to art and music, and find rest and gain strength. All these material things are beautiful; it should be helpful to us to come and see them, and it should greatly benefit us to consider that this was such a home as inspired a son to retain its every article, a sacred memento through these later years. These things are not saved by him, merely because they are artistic; he could purchase more costly furnishings if he desired, — but they enfold memories and give out emotions and possess a priceless art, which once lost is gone forever.

But these material things did not constitute Mr. Willard's home, and he would have had the inspiration which he found in it without them, for that inspiration came from Sarah

Bradley Kellogg when she and he were children up in Westminster, Vermont. Knowing as we do, the ideal relations of the man and his wife, the devotion of her nature, the fine, strong traits of character inherited from her ancestors, the Bradleys and the Kelloggs, we must in all our recognition of Henry A. Willard as host, and official and financial supporter of the Unitarian Church, pay tribute to his wife, whose presence made the home in which he found the best of all his eventful life, and whose inspiration went with him through all his undertakings; — and who crossed just before him the sunset bridge to the Beyond.

I have hardly made reference to much that could be said of Henry A. Willard, and I have spoken chiefly of the characteristic devotion of the Willard family, because it seems to me so admirable.

Permit me to say to you, Henry Kellogg Willard, that I think no memorial could be builded and no tribute could be uttered, which would be more convincing of the true greatness of your father and your mother than the fact that they so lived as to inspire in you such reverence for the memory of them as you are continually expressing, and especially, that they so lived that to their descendants their houses have become temples, and the ancestral homestead at Westminster a shrine to which you are about to make a pilgrimage to worship on this one hundredth anniversary of your father's birth.

Many of these facts about the Willard family teach us all of Immortality.

Barry's Washington Letter, Rutland Daily Herald, May 17, 1922

"O Life is Life! With all things else incomparable.
How beautiful is Birth; the dawn of Life.
How beautiful is Death; its close."

Part Two

Chapter I

DIRECT LINE OF WILLARD ANCESTRY TO

Henry Augustus Willard II
William Bradley Willard
Sarah Kellogg Willard

1.
Richard Willard, Brenchley, Co. Kent, England; b. before 1500; d. 1558.

2.
Symon Willard, Gowthurst, Co. Kent, England; d. 1584.

3.
Richard Willard, Horsmonden, Co. Kent, England; d. 1616.

4.
Major Simon Willard, Horsmonden, Co. Kent, England; Cambridge, Concord, Lancaster and Groton, Massachusetts; d. 1676.

5.
Josiah Willard, eldest son of Major Simon Willard, b. 1635; d. 1674.

Henry Willard, fourth son of Major Simon Willard.

6.
Samuel Willard, eldest son of Josiah Willard, b. 1658; d. 1716.

Josiah A. Willard, son of Henry and Dorcas Cutler Willard; b. 1693.

7.
Rev. Joseph Willard, second son of Samuel Willard, b. 1696; d. 1723.

Prudence Willard, daughter of Josiah A. and Hannah Wilder Willard; b, 1727.

8.
William Willard, son of Joseph Willard b. 1721; m. Prudence Willard; d. 1804.

9.
Joseph Willard I, son of William Willard, b. 1760; d. 1817.

10.
Joseph Willard II, son of Joseph Willard I, b. 1792; d. 1845.

11.
Henry Augustus Willard, son of Joseph Willard II, b. 1822; d. 1909.

12.
Henry Kellogg Willard, son of Henry Augustus Willard, b. 1856.

13.
Henry Augustus Willard II b. 1902.
William Bradley Willard b. 1904.
Sarah Kellogg Willard b. 1906.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Newington, Connecticut
September 12, 1846

Edwin D. Willard,
Coleman's Hotel,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir: —

Of the two Willards who came over from England more than two centuries ago, but little is known of George Willard except that he lived first at Cambridge, Mass., afterwards at Scituate, Mass., in the year 1638, from whence he removed to some other place, and that he had three children, Deborah, Daniel and George.

Most of the Willards of America are the posterity of Major Simon Willard, who came from the County of Kent, England, in 1634, and lived at Cambridge, Mass. The next year, 1635, he removed to Concord, Mass. He was the most prominent man among the first settlers of that town. Johnson, in his "Wonder-working Providence," says: — "One Captaine Simon Willard, became a chiefe instrument in erecting this town."

Barber, in his Historical Collections of Massachusetts, says: "That said Willard and others did pay for the land in Wampumpeague, Hatchets, Hoes, Knives, Cotton and Chintz to the Indians."

He removed to Lancaster as early as 1660, lived at Groton in 1672, and, on breaking up of that town by the Indian Wars in 1676, went to Salem. He died at Charlestown, April 24, 1676.

He was a military officer, gained the rank of Major, and was a commander in Minigret's and Philip's Wars. He represented Concord in the Legislature fourteen years commencing with 1636 and was elected an "Assistant" judge of the General Court, twenty-two years.

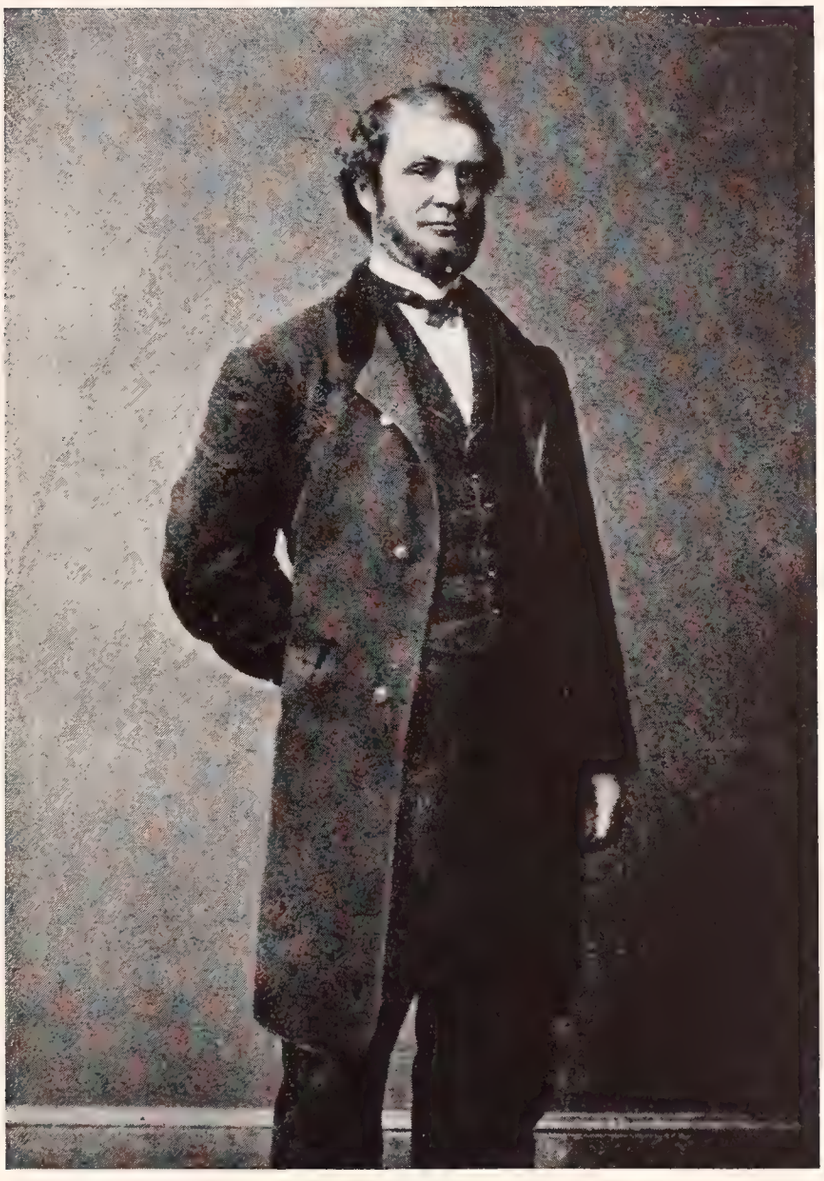
He married first, Mary Sharp; second, Elizabeth Dunster, sister of President Dunster, the first President of Harvard University; third, Mary Dunster, and had nine sons and eight daughters, namely:

1. Mercy. Born in England. Married Joshua Edmonds.
2. Elizabeth. Born in England. Died in infancy.
3. Elizabeth. Married Robert Blood.
4. Dorothy. Died in infancy.
5. Josiah. Born (probably) in New England. Married Hannah Hosmer.
6. Samuel. Born in Concord July 31, 1639-40. Married (1) Abigail Sherman; (2) Eunice Tyng. Died at Boston, September 12, 1707.
7. Sarah. Born June 27, 1643. Married Nathaniel Howard. Died January 22, 1678, Charlestown.
8. Abovehope. Born October 30, 1646, Concord. Died September 23, 1663, Lancaster.
9. Simon. Born November 23, 1649, Concord. Married (1) Martha Jacob; (2) Priscilla Buttolph. Died June 21, 1731.
10. Mary. Born September 7 or 27, 1653, Concord. Married Cyprian Stevens.
11. Henry. Born June 4, 1655, Concord. Married (1) Mary Lakin; (2) Dorcas Cutler. Died 1701.
12. John. Born February 12, 1656-57, Concord. Married Mary Hayward. Died August 27, 1726, Concord.
13. Daniel. Born December 29, 1658, Concord. Married Hannah Cutler. Died August 23, 1708.
14. Joseph. Born January 4, 1660-1. Died before 1721.
15. Benjamin. Born 1665, Lancaster. Married Sarah Lakin. Died June 16, 1732, Hassanimisco (later Grafton).
16. Hannah. Born October 6, 1666. Married Captain Thomas Brinthall.
17. Jonathan. Born December 14, 1669, Lancaster. Died 1706.

In speaking of the loss of Major Simon Willard and Richard Russell, Dr. Increase Mather says: "The death of a few such men is as if a thousand had fallen." Hubbard calls Major Willard "That worthy and experienced soldier." Rev. Mr. Pemberton calls him, "A sage patriot in Israel whose wisdom assigned him a seat in the Council Board and his military skill and martial spirit entitled him to the chief place in the field." (A letter from him to the Commissioners of the United Colonies, 1664, is found in Hutchinson's Collections, pages 263-268.)

Yours respectfully,

DANIEL WILLARD



Edwin Dorr Willard

EDWIN DORR WILLARD b. March 11, 1817; m. September 11, 1845, Sarah Elizabeth Hepburn, who d. February 18, 1877. He was a Colonel in the Union Army, and d. October 21, 1863, Brooklyn, New York, from disease contracted in the army.

Children of Edwin Dorr and Sarah Hepburn Willard:

I. Edwin Hepburn Willard b. June 6, 1851, Washington, D. C.; m. September 6, 1881, Annie Hyde b. 1851, d. August 1, 1916; he d. February 18, 1917, New York City.

Children of Edwin Hepburn and Annie Hyde Willard:

1. Edwin Sumner Willard b. June 4, 1884.
2. Irene Harland Willard b. March 17, 1888; m. Hiram Hodgdon Farnham, Hartford, Connecticut.

Child of Hiram Hodgdon and Irene Willard Farnham:

Richard Willard Farnham b. August 22, 1912.

II. Everett Judah Willard b. December 10, 1856, Brooklyn, N. Y.; d. April 13, 1891, New York City.

Joseph Clapp Willard b. November 11, 1820; m. (1) March 7, 1849, Caroline Moore, New York City; m. (2) March 10, 1864, Antonia Ford b. July 23, 1838, the daughter of E. R. and Julia F. Ford, Fairfax, Virginia; d. February 14, 1871. He d. January 17, 1897.

Children of Joseph Clapp and Antonia Ford Willard:

I. Joseph Edwin Willard b. May 1, 1865, Washington, D. C.; m. September 16, 1891, Belle Layton Wyatt b. September 18, 1875. He was U. S. Ambassador to Spain 1914-21. He d. April 4, 1924.

Children of Joseph Edwin and Belle Wyatt Willard:

1. Belle Wyatt Willard b. July 1, 1892, Baltimore, Maryland; m. June 14, 1914, Madrid, Spain, Kermit Roosevelt b. October 10, 1889, Oyster Bay, New York, the son of Ex-President Roosevelt.

Children of Kermit and Belle Wyatt Willard Roosevelt:

a. Kermit Roosevelt, Jr., b. February 16, 1916, Buenos Ayres, Argentine.
b. Joseph Willard Roosevelt b. January 16, 1918, Madrid, Spain.
c. Belle Wyatt Roosevelt b. November 8, 1919, New York City.
d. Dirck Roosevelt b. January 1, 1925, New York City.

2. Mary Elizabeth Willard b. May 4, 1898, Fairfax, Virginia; m. June 1, 1921, Madrid, Spain, The Hon[ble] Mervyn Herbert, third son of Earl of Carnarvon.

Children of The Hon[ble] Mervyn and Mary Willard Herbert:

a. Mary Elizabeth Catharine Guendolin Herbert b. March 1922.
b. Margaret Anne Antonia Herbert b. August 13, 1925.

II. Charles Ford Willard b. April 13, 1867, Washington, D. C.; d. September 2, 1867.

III. Archie Willard b. February 9, 1871, Washington, D. C.; d. in infancy.

Mary Ann Willard Howe

MARY ANN WILLARD b. December 18, 1824; m. June 13, 1850, George E. Howe b. July 4, 1824, Vernon, Vermont, d. February 21, 1888. She d. March 17, 1905, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Child of George and Mary Ann Willard Howe:

George Ebenezer Howe[1] b. February 5, 1862, Brattleboro, Vermont; m. June 23, 1892, Nellie May Wright b. May 5, 1862. He d. October 4, 1920, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Children of George Ebenezer and Nellie Wright Howe:

1. Calma Wright Howe b. April 22, 1893; m. Rev. James Gordon Gilkey b. September 28, 1889.

Children of James Gordon and Calma Howe Gilkey

   a. James Gordon Gilkey, Jr., b. May 6, 1917.
   b. Margaret Howe Gilkey b. October 29, 1918.
   c. Edith Brigham Gilkey b. April 25, 1923.

2. George Wright Howe b. November 19, 1899.

[1] George Ebenezer Howe graduated from Harvard 1883; spent two years at Harvard Law School; entered the office of W. E. L. Dilliway, Boston; practised law with F. W. Kittredge and Nathan Matthews, Jr. His office was 23 Tremont Street, Boston. He had been for many years one of the trustees of the C. C. Willard Estate, Washington, D. C.; he was a member of the Colonial Club of Cambridge, — a life member of the Harvard Law School Association, the Bar Association of the City of Boston, the Oakley Country Club of Watertown and the Harvard Clubs of Boston and New York.

Susan Dorr Willard b. October 3, 1826; m. June 5, 1848, George Manley Dickinson b. August 10, 1812, Westminster, Vermont, d. June 8, 1867. She d. December 18, 1907, Washington, D. C.

Child of George Manley and Susan Willard Dickinson:

Susan Rebecca Dickinson b. January 20, 1854, Charlestown, New Hampshire; m. (1) October 20, 1874, John Clinton Work b. February 9, 1841, d. August 30, 1889; m. (2) February 9, 1893, Herbert Bond. She d. February 1, 1903.

Child of John Clinton and Susan Dickinson Work:

Georgine Dickinson Work b. December 26, 1878; m. (1) August 1898, Edward McGee d. December 1899; m. (2) April 1900, Mark Morton d. September 1910; m. (3) June 29, 1911, Henry Wright Worthing.

Cyprian Stevens Willard b. April 29, 1831; d. January 17, 1906.

Caleb Clapp Willard

Caleb Clapp Willard b. August 10, 1834; m. (1) September 8, 1863, Allie C. Jones b. August 19, 1836, d. June 9, 1874; m. (2) March 12, 1879, Lucy Stratton Parker, b. August 3, 1843, d. January 12, 1910. He d. August 2, 1905.

Children of Caleb Clapp and Allie Jones Willard:

I. Katherine Dorr Willard b. November 19, 1864; m. June 28, 1887, Dr. John C. Boyd, U. S. N. Retired, b. December 24, 1850.

Children of John C. and Katherine Dorr Willard Boyd:

1. Alice Willard Boyd b. April 19, 1888; m. December 3, 1914, Dr. Arthur Camp Stanley, U. S. N. Retired.

Children of Arthur Camp and Alice Boyd Stanley:

a. John Boyd Stanley b. November 28, 1915.
b. Arthur Camp Stanley II b. August 14, 1918.
c. Caleb Willard Stanley b. August 29, 1924.

2. Walter Willard Boyd b. August 6, 1898.

II. Walter Jones Willard b. December 1, 1868; d. November 4, 1893.

Lucy Parker Willard

Ebenezer Dorr III b. March 20, 1739, the son of Ebenezer and Amy Plimpton Dorr; m. January 7, 1762, Abigail Cunningham; d. September 29, 1809, Boston, Massachusetts.

He was a ship merchant whose vessels were engaged in the northwest and East Indian trades, and resided on the north side of Milk Street, between Washington and Devonshire Streets. In the Boston Town Records of 1770 to 1783, his name appears in thirty-four instances as a member of Committees.

April 18, 1775, disguised as a peddler, he left Boston by way of the Neck, conveying the information of the expedition of the British troops to Lexington and Concord.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
On the eighteenth of April in seventy-five,
Hardly a man is now alive,
Who remembers that famous day and year.
He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal-light;
One, if by land, and two, if by sea, —
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm,
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

"The embarkation of the troops for Lechmere's Point immediately became known to Warren and his alert associates through several channels. William Baker, of Haverhill, then twenty-years old, lived with Mr. Hall, who resided in Cole's Land (afterward Portland Street) and worked in his distillery.

"On the evening of the 18th of April, a woman, who quartered with the Forty-Third Regiment, went to the shop and being somewhat intoxicated, unguardedly mentioned that some of the troops were going to Concord that night on a private expedition. Hall saw the urgency of advising General Warren of the proposed movement. Baker offered to convey the information. Warren being absent from home, Hall requested Baker to go to Adjutant Devens, and notify him, — in order to have the country prepared for the emergency. This was accomplished, and after two efforts the Adjutant privately left town — safely reached Charlestown, and had Deacon Larkin's fast horse ready for Paul Revere.

"With this and corroborative information, the signal 'Two if by sea' was given and the messengers were dispatched to arouse the yeomanry to arms. Paul Revere left 'the opposite shore' between ten and eleven o'clock that night, passed through Medford, awoke the Captain of the Minute-men there, and on his ride he thundered the news at every house on his way.

"About the same hour, Ebenezer Dorr started from Boston and passed over the Neck and through Roxbury. He was mounted on a jogging old horse with saddle-bags behind him and a large flapped hat upon his head, — to be suspected as a peddler.

"Paul Revere arrived at the residence of the Rev. Jonas Clark, where Hancock and Adams were visiting in Lexington, about midnight. Revere was refused admittance as the family did not wish to be disturbed by any noise. 'Noise!' exclaimed he, 'You'll have noise enough before long; the regulars are coming!' He requested to see Mr. Hancock. Mr. Clark said he must refuse to admit strangers at that time of the night, but Hancock recognized Revere's voice and called out 'Come in, Revere; we're not afraid of you.'

"Ebenezer Dorr, in his flapped hat, made his appearance soon after, with this dispatch from General Warren: 'A large body of the King's troops (supposed to be a brigade of about 1000 to 1500) were embarked in boats from Boston and gone over to land on Lechmere's Point in Cambridge; and that it was suspected that they were ordered to seize and destroy the stores belonging to the Colony deposited at Concord.'

"Hancock immediately gave the alarm and the village church bell pealed forth its warning notes; and long before the dawn of the nineteenth, one hundred and thirty or forty inhabitants of that town and

Ebenezer Dorr

neighborhood had collected on the Commons. Among the excited patriots was Jonathan Harrington, the fifer. About one o'clock, his mother roused him: 'Jonathan, you must get up, the regulars are coming — something must be done!'

"Hancock was full of resolution and activity. Adams was calm. Hancock occupied much of his time in cleaning his gun, with the determination to act with the militia. It was made manifest that one of the objects of the expedition was the capture of Adams and Hancock. The militia and the citizens who had gathered on the Commons on the first alarm remained till three or four o'clock. They had sent out scouts to ascertain where the enemy was, but a reconnoitering party of the regulars had captured them.

"It was considered safe to dismiss the militia. Some went to their homes near the Commons, and some to Buckman's tavern. But, at last, Thaddeus Bowman, who had escaped the enemy, arrived with tidings of the rapid approach of the redcoats. About half-past four o'clock alarm guns were fired, and

drums beat to arms to recall the militia. Fifty or sixty armed men were on the Commons, with thirty or forty unarmed spectators, when the British arrived in sight. Immediately on the appearance of the enemy, Captain Parker, the commander of the militia company, ordered his men to disperse and not to fire, but the boldness of the Americans appearing in arms exasperated the British officers, and they rapidly advanced.

"The enemy shouted and cheered and rushed furiously toward the provincials. Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn rode forward, and, when within five or six rods of the militia, Major Pitcairn said, 'Lay down your arms, damn you; why don't you lay down your arms?' and immediately discharged a pistol toward the few men before him as they were retreating. Colonel Smith, then within a few yards of some of the provincials, brandished his sword and gave the order in a loud voice, 'Fire, by God, fire!' The order was instantly obeyed and a brisk fire was continued by the regulars as long as any of the half a hundred provincials were within range. Eight Americans were killed and two wounded.

"The two patriot messengers, Revere and Dorr, alert and active, had proceeded to arouse the inhabitants of Lincoln and Concord. They left Clark's house between twelve and one o'clock in the morning and were overtaken a short distance beyond the town by Dr. Samuel Prescott, of Concord. The three rode on in company, giving the alarm at every house. When near the Lincoln line, they were surprised by the reconnoitering party of the enemy.

"Revere and Dorr were immediately captured. Prescott escaped, after he had the reins of his bridle cut, by jumping his horse over a wall and taking a circuitous route through Lincoln. He safely reached Concord.

"The British officials closely interrogated Revere and Dorr. In reply, Revere said, 'Gentlemen, you have missed your aim.' 'What aim?' asked one of the officers. 'I came out,' replied Revere, 'an hour after your troops left Boston. If I had not known that messengers had been sent to give information to the country, and have had time to carry it fifty miles, I would have ventured one shot from you before I would have suffered you to stop me.' This intelligence startled the officers. On hearing distant bells, a scout, whom they had previously captured on the road, exclaimed, 'The bells are ringing: the towns are alarmed; you are all dead men.' They thereupon started toward Boston. When within a hundred rods of the meeting-house in Lexington, they took Revere's horse, cut the girths and bridles of the others, parted with their prisoners and proceeded with full speed toward Boston and joined the main body of the troops on the road."

Children of Nathaniel and Susan Lambert Dorr:

I. William Lambert Dorr b. April 12, 1809, Roxbury, Massachusetts; d. May 15, 1838. Buried at sea.

II. Nathaniel Dorr II b. October 25, 1810, Roxbury; m. September 26, 1838, Sarah Ann Hoyt b. July 10, 1824. He d. October 25, 1845, Roxbury.

Children of Nathaniel and Sarah Ann Hoyt Dorr:

1. Sarah Frances Dorr b. December 5, 1841; d. July 10, 1844.
2. William Lambert Dorr b. July 30, 1843; m. October 3, 1872, Lydia Moore Evans b. July 18, 1845; resided Federal Point, Florida.
3. George Nathaniel Dorr b. December 12, 1845; m. (1) October 13, 1869, Alice Adell Shattuck b. June 16, 1844, d. March 10, 1872; m. (2) May 5, 1874, Franc Margaret Conger b. April 21, 1850, d. October 5, 1875. He d. July 15, 1886, Somerville, Massachusetts.

Child of George Nathaniel and Franc Conger Dorr:

Franc Conger Dorr b. March 17, 1875, Syracuse, New York.

Chapter II

Children of Stephen Rowe and Gratia Taylor Bradley:

I. Stella Czarina Bradley[1] b. March 8, 1796; m. November 25, 1813, Josiah Bellows b. November 25, 1788, d. January 13, 1842, the son of Josiah and Rebecca Sparhawk Bellows. She d. December 13, 1833. Buried in the Bradley Tomb, Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Children of Josiah and Stella Czarina Bradley Bellows:

1. Stella Louise Bellows b. October 7, 1814; d. May 19, 1839.
3. Sarah Adeline Bellows b. April 18, 1818; d. August 1837.
3. Gratia Rebecca Bellows b. January 1, 1821; d. April 26, 1835.
4. Stephen Rowe Bellows b. October 17, 1822; d. March 17, 1844.

II. Stephen Rowe Bradley II b. January 5, 1798; drowned in the Deerfield River, June 27, 1808.

III. Adeline Gratia Bradley b. April 28, 1799; m. January 1817, Samuel Griswold Goodrich (Peter Parley), b. August 19, 1793, d. May 9, 1860, the son of Chauncey and Mary Ann Wolcott Goodrich, Ridgefield, Connecticut. She d. June 24, 1852. Buried in the Old North Cemetery, Hartford, Connecticut.

Child of Samuel Griswold and Adeline Bradley Goodrich:

Mary Elizabeth Goodrich b. October 26, 1818, Hartford; m. November 1, 1843, Charles Moseley Wolcott, the son of Frederick and Sallie Worthington Cook Wolcott. She d. December 13, 1845.

[1] Mrs. Bellows was a refined and cultivated woman, of great beauty of person and sweetness of disposition. Her death from consumption, at the early age of 37, followed in rapid succession by the deaths, from the same cause, of her three daughters, Gratia, Sarah and Stella, all of whom inherited their mother's charm of person and character, — of her husband, and lastly, of her son Rowe, formed a remarkable instance of the complete extinction, within a few years, of an entire family.

Children of Stephen Rowe and Melinda Willard Bradley:

I. Louise Agnes Bradley b. December 20, 1809; d. November 30, 1811.

II. Mary Rowe Bradley b. August 11, 1811; m. June 26, 1828, Henry Samuel Tudor b. September 3, 1804, d. October 26, 1864, the son of Samuel and Mary Watson Tudor. She d. October 23, 1882, Hartford, Connecticut.

Children of Henry Samuel and Mary Bradley Tudor:

1. Henry Bradley Tudor b. July 23, 1829; d. February 23, 1860.
2. Samuel Tudor b. December 5, 1830; d. July 13, 1865.
3. Charles Carroll Tudor b. June 5, 1832; m. (1) April 22, 1854, Mary Kelsey b. 1836, England, d. February 6, 1880, Hartford; m. (2) Addie Abgyria Page b. March 23, 1859, d. September 16, 1908, the daughter of Hiram Willard and Hannah Bradbury Page. He d. March 29, 1910, Hartford.

Child of Charles Carroll and Addie Page Tudor:

Charles Hoadley Tudor b. April 13, 1895; d. December 1, 1918, Cleveland, Ohio.

4. Edward Tudor b. 1834; d. in infancy.
5. Mary Louise Tudor b. January 15, 1835; m. Albert Woeltge b. November 1830, Berlin, Germany, d. September 12, 1910. She d. September 13, 1910, in the Stephen Rowe Bradley Homestead, Walpole, New Hampshire. Both buried in the Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vt.

Child of Albert and Mary Louise Tudor Woeltge:

Mary Louise Woeltge b. August 6, 1862; d. May 10, 1863.

6. Edward Augustus Tudor b. October 2, 1837; m. October 17, 1858, Mary Bradbury. He d. July 6, 1864, Hartford.

Child of Edward Augustus and Mary Bradbury Tudor:

Mary Rowe Tudor b. June 26, 1864; m. November 27, 1882, Wellington James Rodgers b. July 17, 1856, the son of Hart Jonathan and Grace Stowe Rodgers, New Haven, Conn. She d. August 10, 1889.

Child of Wellington James and Mary Tudor Rodgers

Tudor Stowe Rodgers b. October 4, 1885, St. Paul, Minn.; m. October 16, 1911, Edna May White b. December 6, 1894. He practised law in San Diego, California.

Child of Tudor Stowe and Edna May White Rodgers

Mary Tudor Rodgers b. January 23, 1914.

7. Elizabeth Tudor b. September 3, 1839; m. William Charles Waters b. September 7, 1843, the son of John and Anna Williams Waters. She d. February 26, 1869, Hartford.
8. Frederick Tudor b. February 8, 1841; d. March 5, 1867, Havana, Cuba.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

STEPHEN ROW BRADLEY'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN WESTMINSTER

On April 21, 1779, William McWain, a sergeant in the First Regiment, Vermont, took in his possession two cows, one belonging to Clay and the other to Williams, in default of refusing to serve in the Militia of the State. He gave notice that a week later they would be disposed of in Putney at public auction. The Yorkers were determined to resist. On the morning of the 28th, about one hundred of the residents in the neighboring towns, who were friendly to New York, assembled unarmed in Putney, and vainly endeavored by calm arguments to stop or postpone the sale. Satisfied that force alone could prevail, they took possession of the cows, restored them to their owners, and returned to their homes.

On May 18, Sergeant McWain entered a complaint against those who had been engaged in the rescue of the cows, and lawful Money Writs were issued signed by Ira Allen for the arrest of forty-four persons charged with "enemical conduct" in opposing the authority of the State. Thirty-six were taken and confined in the jail at Westminster; the prisoners, among whom were Bela and Joseph Willard, were men of influence and great ability.

An adjourned session of the Superior Court was held at Westminster on the 26th of May, 1779. Moses Robinson, of Bennington, presided as chief judge. To guard against interruption during the session the people of the town who supported the jurisdiction of Vermont forcibly seized the public stock of gunpowder, amounting to one hundred pounds, which had been provided by the State of New York, and placed twenty-five pounds of it in the hands of their friends. Preliminaries having been arranged, the prisoners, under a strong guard, were marched from the jail-rooms in the lower part of the county hall to the court-room in the second story. Noah Smith, the State's Attorney, exhibited a complaint against the delinquents, in which he stated that they were assembled at Putney on the 28th of April previous, "in a riotous and unlawful manner;" that they, at that time, made an assault upon one William McWain, "a lawful officer in the execution of a lawful command," and rescued out of his hands and possession two cows, which he had taken by legal measures. He charged that such "wicked conduct" was a flagrant violation of the common law of the land, and contrary to the force and effect of a statute law of the State, entitled, "An act to prevent riots, disorders, and contempt of authority within this State, and for punishing the same."

Much time having been occupied in perfecting the arrangements incident to the occasion, and the day being far spent, the court announced a recess until the following morning. On their return to the jail, the prisoners held a consultation in order to decide upon the course which in the present emergency could be pursued with the greatest advantage. Of their number was Micah Townsend, of Brattleboro, a lawyer of ability. By his advice they addressed a petition to the judges of the court, in which they set forth the peculiarity of their situation and the want of impartiality in the proceedings then in progress against them. They averred that on account of the recency of their apprehensions, and the strictness of their confinement, they had been unable to procure any writings or witnesses to substantiate the pleas, which they might wish to offer, and, further, that they could not be "justified to their consciences and to the world," should they omit any "prudent and lawful measures to acquit themselves." They also desired the privilege of obtaining counsel from another State to plead their several causes. To obtain these ends, they prayed that the court might be adjourned, for at least one month. To this petition were subscribed the names of twenty-eight of the prisoners. Its only effect was to procure as counsel for the delinquents, Stephen Row Bradley, then of Bennington, the temporary clerk of the court.

When the court resumed business on the morning of the 27th, the State's attorney having become satisfied of his inability to sustain the complaints which he had instituted against three of the prisoners, John Kathan, Jr., and Lieutenant Daniel Kathan, all of Dummerston, entered a *nolle prosequi* in their cases and withdrew the suits. At the same time the defendants' attorney, Mr. Bradley, presented a motion to quash the indictments preferred against Stephen Greenleaf, Jr., of Brattleboro, Joseph Goodhue, of Putney, and Josiah White, on the ground of the nonage of the parties. The motion was granted, and the court was about to proceed with the trial of the remaining prisoners, when an unexpected interruption

took place. Ethan Allen, who, with his men, had been engaged at Westminster in assisting the sheriff and guarding the prisoners, had watched with interest and satisfaction the transactions of the preceding day, and had expressed great pleasure at the manner in which the goddess of justice seemed to be preparing to punish the rebellious Yorkers. He was not present at the commencement of the second day's session, but having heard that some of the prisoners were obtaining their discharge, he resolved to stop such flagitious conduct, and teach the court their duty. Accoutred in his military dress, with a large cocked hat on his head profusely ornamented with gold lace, and a sword of fabulous dimensions swinging at his side, he entered the court room breathless with haste, and pressing through the crowd which filled the room, advanced towards the bench whereon the judges were seated. Bowing to Moses Robinson who occupied the chief seat, and who was his intimate friend, he commenced a furious harangue, aimed particularly at the State's attorney, Noah Smith.

"I would have the young gentleman to know that with my logic and reasoning, from the eternal fitness of things, I can upset his blackstones, his whitestones, his gravestones, and his brimstones." Here he was interrupted by Moses Robinson, the Chief-Justice, and was gravely informed that it was not allowable for him to appear in a civil court with his sword by his side.

Allen replied by a nod, and taking off his chapeau threw it on the table. He then proceeded to unbuckle his sword, and as he laid it aside with a flourish, turned to the judge and in a voice like that of a Stentor, exclaimed,

"For forms of government, let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd, is best."

Having delivered himself in this style, and, observing that the judges were whispering together, he listened for a moment, and then cried out: "I said that fools might contest for forms of government — not your Honors! not your Honors!" He then turned to the audience and having surveyed them for a moment, again addressed the judge, as follows: "Fifty miles I have come through the woods with my brave men, to support the civil with the military arm; to quell any disturbances should they arise; and to aid the sheriff and the court in prosecuting these Yorkers — the enemies of our noble State. I see, however, that some of them, by the quirks of this artful lawyer, Bradley, are escaping from the punishment they so richly deserve, and I find, also, that this little Noah Smith is far from understanding his business, since he at one moment moves for a prosecution, and in the next wishes to withdraw it. Let me warn your Honor to be on your guard, lest these delinquents should slip through your fingers, and thus escape the rewards so justly due their crimes." He, with great dignity, replaced his hat, and having buckled on his sword, left the court room with the air of one who seemed to feel the weight of kingdoms on his shoulders.

The defendants were found guilty and fined, — the State being the recipient of the proceeds. Ira Allen expressed what may be regarded as the sentiments of the more moderate portion of the partisans of Vermont. "It is not our design to treat the inhabitants of this country with severity, but with as much lenity as the nature of the case will admit. Yet the authority of this State must be supported, for commissions from two different States can no longer subsist together. We mean not to boast our victory over those gentlemen that were in favor of New York in this county, but hope to make them our friends, and have the pleasure of treating them as such. We mean this movement as a defiance to the old government of New York, with whom we have long contended for our properties." — *History of Eastern Vermont, Benjamin H. Hall.*

WEDDING — ETHAN ALLEN

Soon after the removal of General Stephen R. Bradley to Westminster, he erected a convenient dwelling for himself and family on the flat, north of the spot where the old Court-house formerly stood. During the sessions of the Supreme Court, the judges usually boarded with him. At this period, Mrs. Wall and her daughter, Mrs. Buchanan, occupied rooms in the house, and General Allen was a frequent visitor. One morning, while General Bradley and the judges were at breakfast, General Allen, with his sleigh, horses, and driver, appeared at the gate, and on coming into the room, was invited to partake. He answered that he had breakfasted at Norton's and would, while they were engaged, step into Mrs. Wall's apartments and see the ladies. Entering without ceremony, he found Mrs. Buchanan in a morning gown, standing on a chair, and arranging some articles on the upper shelves of a china closet. After recognizing her informal visitor, Mrs. Buchanan raised up a cracked decanter, and calling General Allen's attention to it, accompanied the exhibition with a playful remark. The General laughed at the sally, and after some little chat said to her, "If we are to be married, now is the time, for I am on my way to Arlington." "Very well," she replied descending from the chair, "but give me time to put on my Joseph."[1]

Meanwhile, the judges and their host, having finished their breakfast, were smoking their long pipes. While thus engaged the couple came in, and General Allen, walking up to his old friend, Chief Justice Moses Robinson, addressed him as follows: —

"Judge Robinson, this young woman and myself have concluded to marry each other, and to have you perform the ceremony."

"When?" said the Judge, somewhat surprised. "Now," replied Allen. "For myself," he continued. "I have no great opinion of such formality and from what I can discover, she thinks as little of it as I do. But as a decent respect for the opinions of mankind seems to require it, you will proceed." "General," said the Judge, "this is an important matter, and have you given it a serious consideration?" "Certainly," replied Allen, "but," glancing at Mrs. Buchanan, "I do not think it requires much consideration." The ceremony proceeded, until the Judge inquired of Ethan whether he promised to live with Frances "agreeable to the law of God." "Stop! stop!" cried Allen at this point. Then pausing, and looking out of the window, the pantheist exclaimed, "The law of God as written in the great book of Nature. Yes! Go on." The Judge continued, and when he had finished, the trunk and guitar case of Mrs. Allen were placed in the sleigh, the parties took their leave and were at once driven off to the General's home. —*History of Eastern Vermont, Benjamin H. Hall.*

[1] Joseph: A garment made like a man's great coat, usually with a broad cape, and buttoning down the front — worn in the 18th century by women. Probably in allusion to Joseph's "coat of many colors." — *Century Dictionary.*

1795 — BRADLEY FLAG — 1818

Madam President General, and Daughters of the American Revolution and Guests: —

The history of the Bradley Flag is rich in its memories of the past from 1795 to 1818.

General Stephen Rowe Bradley of Westminster, Vermont, was the first Senator from that State. He was a man of high character, a statesman of learning, of clear perceptions, a brilliant orator. He had the utmost courage of his convictions, and the highest sense of public duty.

In 1794, Senator Bradley of Vermont, in a speech in Congress, said, "Kentucky and Vermont have been added to the Union, and they consider themselves of as much importance as the thirteen original Colonies and desire to be represented on the Flag. I therefore move that the Flag be fifteen stars and fifteen stripes."

This motion was carried, to take effect May 1st, 1795.

This was the United States Flag for twenty-three years and was the flag used during the War of 1812.

Francis Scott Key was district-attorney for the District of Columbia when the British invaded Washington in 1814. General Ross and Admiral Cockburn with their staff officers, made their headquarters in upper Marlboro, Maryland, at the residence of a planter, Dr. William Beanes, whom they subsequently seized as a prisoner. Upon hearing of his friend's capture, Key resolved to release him and was aided by President Madison who ordered that a vessel that had been used as a cartel should be placed at his service and that John S. Skinner, agent for the exchange of prisoners, should accompany him. General Ross finally consented to Dr. Beanes' release, but said that the party must be detained during the attack on Baltimore. Key and Skinner were transferred to the frigate "Surprise," commanded by the Admiral's son, Sir Thomas Cockburn, and soon afterward returned under British sailors to their own vessel, whence they witnessed the engagement. Owing to their position, the Bradley Flag at Fort McHenry was distinctly seen through the night by the glare of the battle, but before dawn the firing ceased and the prisoners anxiously watched to see which color floated on the ramparts. Attorney Key's feeling when he found that the stars and stripes had not been hauled down found expression in "The Star Spangled Banner," which gained for him a lasting reputation. On arrival at Baltimore he finished the lines which he had hastily written on the back of a letter. Mr. Key had directed that the poem was to be sung to the air "Anacreon in Heaven." In a short time "The Star Spangled Banner" became familiar throughout the United States.

Into the lives of great men there come certain culminating experiences, the memories of which endure to the end of their days, — even to the unlocked door of the future. Thus have the soul-stirring lines of the poem of Attorney Key come down nearly one hundred years for us to graciously quote as the

NATIONAL ANTHEM OF AMERICA

"Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation;
Then conquer we must — when our cause it is just;
And this be our motto, — 'In God is our trust.'
And the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave!
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave."

In 1818, there were twenty states in the Union, at which time Congress convened and it was voted to return the Flag to its original thirteen stripes and add a star as each new state was admitted into the Union.

For the services and sacrifices our ancestors gave the country, we can only content ourselves with giving now and then some slight token of our deep gratitude and keen appreciation.

The absence of one better fitted to present the Bradley Flag on this occasion, has brought me the honor of presenting the Flag by letter, an honor which I wish I might more worthily fulfil.

Fortunately for me, no dulness of letter and no absence of grace upon my part, can dim the glory of this beautiful, soul-inspiring.

BRADLEY FLAG.

Madam President General, and Daughters of the American Revolution,

I present to you, its most worthy Officers,

THE BRADLEY FLAG PAINTING

to adorn and give cheer to our Continental Hall, of which we, as an Association, are justly proud.

In placing the Flag Painting in your custody, I am filled with a great confidence that you will receive "The Bradley Flag" as an emblem of our Nation's early glory and as a token from our ancestors of their loyal devotion to the love of country in its hour of need of inspiration and courage. Thus we can exchange thoughts of mutual interest on the past lustre which our ancestors' united interest in the cause of Liberty

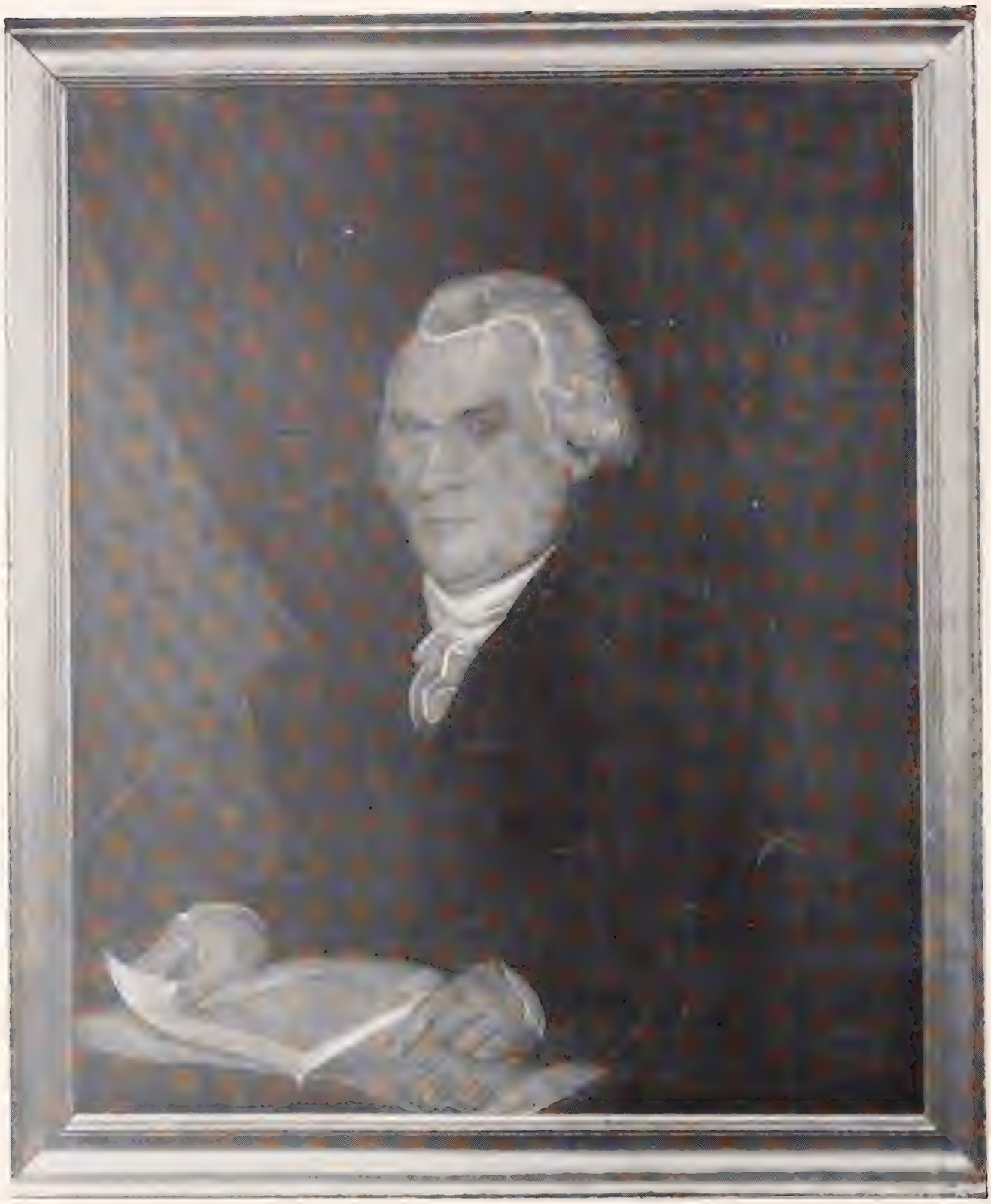
CAUSED TO SHINE.

A song for our banner! The watch-word recall
Which gave the Republic her station,
"United we stand — divided we fall"
It made and preserved us a nation.
The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of States — none can sever.
The union of hearts — the union of hands,
The Flag of our Union forever.

Maria Gilbert Bradley

Haverhill, Massachusetts

Charter and Life Member
of
The Daughters of the American Revolution



General Stephen Rowe Bradley

Portrait owned by Stephen Rowe Bradley, Nyack, N. Y.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF STEPHEN ROWE BRADLEY

I, Stephen R. Bradley of Walpole in New Hampshire being of health & of a sound mind and memory & knowing that I must shortly bid adieu to all earthly possessions do make, ordain & constitute this to be my last will and testament in manner & form following — that is to say — in the first place I commit my body to the dust to be decently interred by my executors hereinafter named and my spirit to my Heavenly Father in an humble hope as he has been pleased to give me a further existence in an immortal state of life and glory —

In respect to my worldly interest I will & direct the following disposition to be made thereof and that the same be divided & disposed of as follows (viz) I give & bequeath to my wife Melinda the use & improvements rents & profits of the house & farm on which I now live in Walpole including all the lands & buildings more particularly described in a deed[1] from David Stone to me bearing date the 23d day of January A D. 1817 and also about one hundred rods of land I purchased of Abel Bellows lying between my house & the Meeting house & also all my household furniture of every name & nature including both my clocks to have, use, occupy & possess the same during the term of her natural life subject to the reversion hereinafter provided — *Item* I give to my wife Melinda one Horse & Chaise & Chaise harness, two cows, one yoke of oxen, all my implements of husbandry, all my pork, beef & grain that I may die possessed of — Also all my hogsheads, barrels, tierces & kegs & whatsoever is contained therein together with all my hogs to be to her sole use, benefit and behoof forever — *Item* I give & bequeath to my wife Melinda one thousand dollars to be paid her as soon as convenient after my decease by my executors hereinafter named, the foregoing bequest with what is hereinafter provided for my wife Melinda in lieu of all dower. *Item* I give & bequeath to my wife Melinda during the period she shall remain my widow & unmarried & no longer full right power & authority & interest to enter on that tract or parcel of land lying in said Walpole adjoining the land reserved for the use of the meeting house & which I purchased of Josiah Bellows, by a quit claim deed & there from time to time & at all times during said period to cut, fell, take & carry away so much wood & timber only as shall be wanting & necessary for fuel to consume in the fires in the house & repairs of the place which is herein before bequeathed to her during her natural life — *Item* I give & bequeath to my son William C. Bradley all that tract or parcel of land lying & being in Westminster being all the land I own or possess on lots number one & number two in the first division of 100 acre lots in said town which is now leased to my son-in-law Josiah Bellows, 3rd. Also my gold headed cane and all my library & manuscripts (excepting my Bibles & other books & pamphlets which I reserve for the use of the family) to have & to hold the same to him, his heirs & assigns forever. *Item* I give & bequeath to my daughter Stella C. Bellows that certain tract or parcel of land lying in said Walpole commonly called & known as the Dana & Bellows farm & is bounded southerly on the highway, easterly & northerly in part on Deacon Stearns and westerly on Thomas Bellows Esq. and also my gold watch to have & to hold the same to her & her heirs & assigns forever—*Item* I give & bequeath to my daughter Mary R. Tudor my Wier farm so called lying in the southwest corner of Walpole containing about three hundred acres & bounded west on the Connecticut River, South on Westmoreland line, East in part on John H. Wier's land & north in part on Lyman's land to have & to hold the same to her & her heirs & assigns forever. *Item* I give & bequeath to my two children William C. Bradley & Stella C. Bellows the

[1] In the abstract of title (Vol. 74, page 154 of the Cheshire County Registry of Deeds), David Stone conveyed the original place containing 30 acres with the buildings thereon to Stephen R. Bradley by Warranty deed dated January 23, 1817, for the consideration of $6000. General Bradley willed this property by reversion to his two children, William Czar and Stella Czarina.

Henry Kellogg Willard, the great-great-grandson of Stephen Rowe Bradley, purchased the original house, barn, and about four acres of land of Miss Fanny P. Mason, August 26, 1913, for $10,000, to be kept in the family *in perpetuo*.

reversion of the house & farm on which I now live together with about one hundred rods of land I purchased of Abel Bellows & which is herein before bequeathed to my said wife Melinda during her natural life, they, the said William & Stella to have & to hold the same after my said wife's decease as tenants in common to them, their heirs & assigns forever share & share alike. *Item* I give & bequeath to my two daughters Stella C. Bellows & Mary R. Tudor & to my granddaughter Mary E. Goodrich all my household furniture of what name or nature soever herein before bequeathed to my wife Melinda during her natural life to have & to hold the same after my said wife's decease to them, their heirs & assigns in three equal parts, share & share alike. *Item* I give & bequeath to my grandson Stephen R. Bellows otherwise called Stephen R. Bradley Bellows all that tract or parcel of land lying in said Walpole adjoining the land reserved for the use of a meeting house & which I purchased of Josiah Bellows by a quit claim deed recorded in the records of deeds for the county of Cheshire to have & to hold the same to him, his heirs and assigns forever. subject to the right and authority herein before given to my wife Melinda to take wood and timber as therein provided. *Item* I give & bequeath to my granddaughter Mary E. Goodrich twenty-seven shares in the Hartford Bank to have & to hold the same to her & her heirs with all the profits accruing therefrom subject to the following conditions that the dividends on the said twenty-seven shares shall remain a fund for the support & education of the said Mary Elizabeth until she arrives at the age of eighteen years under the immediate care and trust of my executors herein after named who are hereby empowered to receive & employ the same to the uses & purposes aforesaid and in case my said granddaughter Mary E. shall live & attain the age of eighteen years or shall have issue born of her body before that time then & in that case the twenty-seven shares to be vested in her & to be to her sole use, benefit & disposal forever but in case my said granddaughter should die before she attains the age of eighteen years & before issue born of her body then the said twenty-seven shares to vest in and be equally divided between my three children, William C. Bradley, Stella C. Bellows & Mary R. Tudor to them, their heirs & assigns forever. *Item* I give & bequeath to my granddaughter Mary E. Goodrich four lots of land in Bradley vale in Vermont marked and numbered on the plan as lots number eight, twelve, twenty & twenty-four to have & to hold the same to her & her heirs & assigns forever. *Item* I give & bequeath to my daughter Mary R. Tudor a certain lot of land lying in the town of Hartford containing about five acres & bounds north & west on highways, south on land of Leonard Bacon & east on land of John Babcock & which lot I purchased of Leonard Bacon to have & to hold the same to her & her heirs & assigns forever subject to the following conditions that if the said Mary R. Tudor should die without issue born of her body then & in that case the said lot of land together with the Wier farm so called herein before bequeathed to the said Mary R. Tudor shall revert to and be vested in & be equally divided between my two children William C. Bradley & Stella C. Bellows to them, their heirs and assigns forever. *And* all my just debts & funeral expenses being first paid & discharged I give & bequeath to my wife Melinda & to my three children, to wit, to my son William C. Bradley & to my two daughters Stella C. Bellows & Mary R. Tudor all my goods & chattels & personal estate, debts, dues & demands of what name or nature soever not herein otherwise disposed of to be divided in four equal parts share & share alike & I do moreover declare & ordain that all mortgages & ground leases shall be deemed and taken to be personal estate altho the conditions should not be fulfilled & the land should revert & be vested in my heirs & shall be equally divided in four equal parts as herein provided for personal estate. *Item* I give & bequeath to my three children William C. Bradley, Stella C. Bellows & Mary R. Tudor all my real estate lands and tenements, wheresoever situate lying or being & not herein before disposed of to have & to hold the same to them, their heirs & assigns forever as tenants in common, share & share alike. — *And* I do further ordain that none of my children shall be charged or held responsible for anything heretofore advanced to them this provision however not to extend to promissory notes for which they are to stand charged & responsible. — *And* I do more over by these presents ordain constitute & appoint my wife Melinda & my son William C. Bradley & my son-in-law Josiah Bellows, 3rd, executrix & executors of this my last will & testament & do authorise them or any two of them to deed & convey by quit claim all such tracts or farms or lands as I may have given bonds or covenants to deed as soon as the conditions shall have been fulfilled & to discharge all mortgages when the conditions shall have been fulfilled & all monies & rents accruing from such

contracts or covenants to be considered as goods & chattels in the hands of the executors respectively other than those rents & profits herein before bequeathed — *And* in case one or more of my executors herein named should decline, resign, die or remove to distant parts or by any other contingent event become incapacitated to act whereby two or even one of three named executors shall remain in that case the remaining or surviving executrix, executors or executor shall have all the power & authority to execute this testament & transact all matters & things relative thereto herein before given to the three or any two of them. *And*, whereas, the land in Westminster herein before bequeathed to William C. Bradley is under a lease to Josiah Bellows the 3rd I will and ordain that the said William C. Bradley shall have the rents and profits of the Dana & Bellows farm in Walpole herein before devised to Stella C. Bellows unless they can otherwise agree during the continuance of the said Bellows' lease after which they respectively to enjoy & possess the herein before bequeathed premises free of all incumbrances — *And* my pew in the old meeting house & my two slips in the new meeting house on the hill I give & bequeath to my wife Melinda & to my daughter Stella C. Bellows & to their heirs & assigns forever, share & share alike.

And I do further give & bequeath the following shares in the Hartford Bank one share to each person respectively, to wit, to my sister the widow Mary Wales one share and to my daughter-in-law Sarah Bradley one share & to Stella C. Bellows one share to Mary R. Tudor one share & to my seven grandchildren Emily Bradley, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, Merab Ann Bradley, Stella Louise Bellows, Sarah Adeline Bellows, Rebecca Gratia Bellows & Stephen R. Bellows one share each to have & to hold the same to them, their heirs & assigns forever.

Signed, Sealed published & declared by the said Stephen R. Bradley to be his last will & testament revoking all former wills by him heretofore made in presence of us the Subscribing witnesses who subscribed our names in the presence of the Testator & of each other this fifteenth day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight.

Stephen R. Bradley
LS

Samuel Grant
Abel Bellows
George B. Redington

I Stephen R. Bradley of Walpole in the State of New Hampshire of sound and composed mind & memory do make and ordain this to be a codicil or supplement to my last will & testament in manner & form following, that is to say, I give & bequeath to my Grandson Henry Bradley Tudor son of Henry S. Tudor and Mary R. Tudor all that tract or parcel of land lying & being in the town of Walpole in the county of Cheshire and State of New Hampshire & bounding east on the highway southerly on land of William Buffum, westerly on Connecticut River, northerly on land of N. Holland and the widow Livingstone and supposed to contain about forty acres, being the same land I purchased of David Stone, as by his deed reference thereto being had to have & to hold the same to him, his heirs & assigns forever subject to the following conditions — that if my said Grandson should die without issue before he arrives at the age of twenty-one years then & in that case the premises with the appurtenances thereof shall be & remain vested in my three children William C. Bradley, Stella C. Bellows & Mary R. Tudor to them their heirs & assigns forever share & share alike. And whereas the said David Stone holds a bond giving him a right to redeem said land by paying One Thousand Dollars in one or two years from the date thereof, now if the said David Stone shall redeem said land by paying the One Thousand Dollars in one or two years from the date of said bond it is my will & I do hereby ordain that the One Thousand Dollars so paid for the redemption of said bond shall by my executors named in my last will, be vested in stock as securities held in trust for the use & benefit of my said grandson Henry Bradley Tudor until he arrives at the age of twenty-one years & then to be at his or his heirs sole disposal — but if before that period my said grandson Henry Bradley Tudor should die without issue then & in that case the said money stock or securities to be equally divided between my three children William C. Bradley, Stella C. Bellows & Mary R. Tudor, their

heirs & assigns share & share alike to have & enjoy the same forever. And I do moreover constitute & appoint executors named in my last will as executrix & executors of this codicil or supplement to my last will & testament giving them & each of them the same authority & power as to the execution of this codicil or supplement as is given them in my last will & testament.

Signed Sealed published & declared by the said Stephen R. Bradley to be a Codicil or supplement to his last will and testament in presence of us the Subscribers, witnesses who subscribed our names hereunto in presence of the testator and of each other this twenty-ninth day of January in the year of the Lord one thousand eight hundred & thirty.

Stephen R. Bradley
LS

Catharine Wier
Martha Frost
Daniel A. Jennison

WILL OF GENERAL BRADLEY'S THIRD WIFE, MELINDA WILLARD BRADLEY

In the Name of God, Amen.

I, Melinda Bradley of Walpole in the County of Cheshire, State of New Hampshire, do make and publish this my last will and testament in manner and form following, that is to say,

I give to my grandson Henry Bradley Tudor one hundred Dollars.

I give to my grandson Samuel Tudor five hundred Dollars and my gold watch.

I give to my grandson Charles Carroll Tudor Five hundred Dollars.

I give to my granddaughter Mary Louise Tudor Five hundred Dollars.

I give to my sisters Electa W. Green and Betsy Willard the use or interest of Six hundred dollars from my decease and at the decease of either the said Electa W. or Betsy I give the survivor the said Six hundred dollars and order the same to be paid to her.

The legacies to my grandchildren I order to be paid to them when they arrive at age with the interest from my decease.

All of the rest residue and remainder of my estate either real or personal of whatever kind or nature soever I give and devise to my daughter Mary R. Tudor.

And I hereby appoint my son-in-law Henry S. Tudor sole Executor in this my last will and testament hereby revoking all former wills by me made. In witness whereof I do hereunto set my hand and seal this Twelfth day of August in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred & thirty-six.

Melinda Bradley (Seal)

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the above named Melinda Bradley to be her last will and testament in the presence of us who have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses in the presence of the testator.

C. I. Godfrey
A. E. Dwinell
Hollis Burt

The above will was admitted to probate in common form by the Probate Court in and for the County of Cheshire, in the State of New Hampshire, on the first Tuesday of May anno Domini 1837.

Melinda Willard Bradley

Portrait owned by Stephen Rowe Bradley, Nyack, N. Y.

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF WILLIAM CZAR BRADLEY

This is the last will and testament of me, William C. Bradley of Westminster, County of Windham, and State of Vermont.

After the payment of all debts, taxes and funeral charges for which my estate may be liable, and the depositing of my remains in a quiet and unostentatious manner by the side of my lamented and beloved wife in the family tomb at Westminster, I do dispose of my estate, real and personal, of every name and nature soever, whether vested in me by principles of law or equity, or by any authority of any person, in manner following; that is to say.

Firstly, I do give and bequeath to my grandson, William Czar Bradley, 2nd of Brattleboro, in the county of Windham, my impression of Senartic Manuscript of the New Testament which I imported from Germany soon after its publication; also my copy of Wetsteins New Testament, in two volumes folio, in Vellum; of Geisbachs New Testament in two volumes 12 F O, together with Robinson's Lexicon of the New Testament; my gold snuff box, and the copy of Sanchrists's Greek Classics having already been delivered to him, and now are in his possession; to have and to hold to him, the said William Czar Bradley 2nd, his executors, administrators and assigns in full proprietorship.

Secondly, I do give and bequeath to my grandson, Richards Bradley, of said Brattleboro, all my copies of the Edinburgh Review whether bound or unbound; my set of British treaties published by Jones of Dublin, and also my set of Marryatt's novels; and I do furthermore give and bequeath to him all the family portraits[1] now hanging against the walls in the north room of my dwelling house; reserving to his brother Rowe, if he be so minded, the right of taking a copy of the likeness of my father, to have and to hold to the said Richards Bradley his executors, administrators and assigns forever.

Thirdly. I do give and bequeath to my grandson Stephen Rowe Bradley of the city of New York, my set of Pinckerton's Voyages and Travels, in six volumes quarto; my copy of Chambers Cyclopedia in two volumes folio; my copy of the Holy Bible in two volumes folio, printed by Thompson and Small of Philadelphia near the close of the last century, and is the first hot pressed copy ever published in the United States; and I do bequeath to him the medallion casts in plaster of Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugenie now hanging over the fireplace in my sitting room; and the privilege of taking copy of the likeness of my father (after whom he was named), the original by Fitch, one of Trumbull's pupils, given to his brother Richards having been executed in very cold weather and being defective both in expression and color. To have and to hold to the said Stephen Rowe Bradley, his executors, administrators and assigns forever.

Fourthly. I do give and bequeath to my grandson Arthur Crosman Bradley, who has expressed to me his intention of adopting the profession and practice of law, my law library, now in the custody and keeping of George Howe Esq.: subject, however, to the condition that said Arthur Crosman shall after due examination, be admitted to practise in the State of Vermont, and actually commence the practice of his profession; otherwise, the said library is to be sold by my executor, hereinafter named, or such parts thereof, as will raise the sum of Seven Hundred and Fifty Dollars which is to be paid to said Arthur Crosman in lieu of the library itself; and the unsold part, if any, is to fall into my residuary estate and go to my grandchild Sarah B. Willard, it being always insisted that the said Arthur C. is to have no right or interest in said library unless he complies with the conditions above expressed.

[1] The portraits mentioned in this will are located as follows: Stephen Rowe Bradley and his wife Melinda, are owned by Stephen Rowe Bradley, Nyack, N. Y. Richards M. Bradley, 261 Beacon St. Boston, Mass., owns those of Mark Richards and his wife, Ann Ruggles. Reuben Atwater and his wife, Mary Russell, are owned by Jonathan Dorr Bradley, Lake Forest, Ill. William Czar Bradley, taken in youth, Stella Czarina Bradley Bellows, Rowe Bradley, Jr., are at the home of Richards M. Bradley, Brattleboro, Vt.

Fifthly. I do give and bequeath to my daughter-in-law Susan C. Bradley of said Brattleboro, my Encyclopedia Americana in thirteen volumes, with a supplemental volume, to have and to hold to said Susan her executors, administrators and assigns forever.

Sixthly. I do give and bequeath to my grandchild Daniel Kellogg, Jr. of Brattleboro, Vt., the lots of land lying on the westerly side of Main Street in the East Parish of said Westminster, known as the Wall lot and the Fletcher lot heretofore carried on by James Titcomb and containing nearly ten acres by estimation, be the same more or less, to have and to hold the same to him, the said Daniel Kellogg, Jr., his executors, administrators and assigns forever in fee.

And I do hereby give and bequeath to him so much money out of my estate as by amounting when added to the value of said land to the sum of Two Thousand Dollars shall make his share equal to what I gave to my daughter Emily B. Dorr, to have and to hold the same to him, the said Daniel Kellogg, Jr., his executors, administrators and assigns forever.

Seventhly. I do give and bequeath to my daughter-in-law Margaret White Kellogg wife of said Daniel Kellogg, the silver bowl in which their child Merab Ann was the last person christened, with one silver table spoon and one silver desert spoon, to have and to hold to her and to her executors, administrators and assigns.

Eighthly. I do give and bequeath to my grandson-in-law Henry A. Willard of the city of Hudson in the State of New York, the copy of Harris's Voyages, which I purchased of his grandmother Nancy Clapp; and I do also give and bequeath to the said Henry A. Willard all my documents, papers, correspondence, notices and memoranda by me made or owned whether of pecuniary value or as matter of taste, fancy, or of personal history, to have and to hold to him, his executors, administrators and assigns forever.

Ninthly. I do give and devise to my grandchild and our adopted daughter Sarah Bradley Willard, wife of said Henry A. Willard of the city of Hudson in the State of New York, the piece or parcel of land lying and being in said Westminster, on which I now live with the dwelling-house,[1] office, barn and other erections in and upon the same, to have and to hold the same to the said Sarah Bradley Willard, her heirs and assigns forever; and furthermore, I do give the said Sarah Bradley Willard all the furniture, including crockery and glassware, beds, bedding and plate now in said building or elsewhere not already herein and hereby expressly given and disposed of, and also all my library including all the books not herein and hereby designated as bequeathed to other persons, to have and to hold the same to the said Sarah Bradley Willard, her executors, administrators and assigns.

And as in, and by the last will and testament of my late deceased and beloved wife, it is provided in effect that whatever of her estate should remain at my decease, the same was to go to her descendants and in such quantities and proportions as I in my discretion should choose to direct, I do hereby choose, order and direct, that to each of her descendants, to wit, William Czar Bradley, 2nd, Richards Bradley and his children Susan, Ritchie, Dorr and Emily, Rowe, Arthur, Daniel K. Jr., and his children William and Merab Ann be paid One Dollar out of her said estate; and in full for said legacy or bequest as soon as may be convenient after my decease, by my executor hereinafter named the sum of Ten Dollars each, to purchase a mourning ring in memory of her; and as to the rest of my late wife's estate I do, in my discretion, choose and direct that the same go to Sarah Bradley Willard above named, one of her descendants, to have and to hold to said Sarah Bradley Willard, her heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever.

And as to the rest and residue of my estate, real, personal and mixed, whenever or wherever situate whether holden in trust or otherwise, I do give, devise and bequeath the same to said Sarah Bradley Willard, her heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever (the matter in relation to the law library above mentioned being excepted so far as necessary).

[1] The William Czar Bradley Homestead with the exception of the Law Office was sold to Henry Allen Willard. The property passed through several other hands until January 1910, when Henry Kellogg Willard, the son of Sarah Bradley Willard, re-purchased the same, and arranged to hold it in the family *in perpetuo.*

And I do hereby constitute and appoint the said Henry A. Willard to be the sole executor of this my last will and testament, hereby revoking all other and former last wills and testamentary dispositions by me at any time heretofore made.

Witness my hand and seal this 28th day of December Anno Domini 1866.

Signed and sealed by said William C. Bradley and declared by him to be his last will and testament. We hereby subscribe our names in the presence of the testator and of each other.

William C. Bradley LS

Sylvester S. Stoddard, Fenelon Arnold, Ralph F. Safford

THE BRADLEY TOMB

Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont

At the time of the death of Stephen Rowe Bradley, December 1830, the tomb which he was building was not completed, but was temporarily arranged to receive the

Bradley Tomb, Westminster, Vermont

body. The inscription is carved on a marble slab on the front, with the name and dates of birth and death; also the names of Mark Richards and William Czar Bradley, with dates of birth and death.

Sarah Bradley Willard and her son, Henry Kellogg Willard, sealed the door with a white marble tablet in memory of Sarah Richards Bradley, Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg and Henry Kellogg.

On the north wall is a tablet to the memory of Ann Ruggles Richards.

ANN RUGGLES RICHARDS

Widow of Joseph Dorr
and wife of
Hon. Mark Richards.
A direct descendant of
King Henry I of France
Born at Sudbury, Mass., December 25th, 1751.
Died at Westminster, Vermont, June 8th, 1841.

On the west wall are two tablets, containing the following data: —

Merab Atwater Bradley
First wife of Gen. S. R. Bradley
June 19, 1757 April 7, 1785
Thankful Taylor Bradley
Second wife of Gen. S. R. Bradley
1768 January 10, 1802
Melinda Willard Bradley
Third wife of Gen. S. R. Bradley
August 29, 1784 April 10, 1837

Children

Stephen Rowe Bradley, Jr.
January 5, 1798 June 27, 1808
Louise Agnes Bradley
December 20, 1809 November 30, 1811

Col. Josiah Bellows
November 25, 1788 January 13, 1842
Stella Czarina Bradley

His Wife

Daughter of General S. R. Bradley
March 8, 1796 December 15, 1833

Children

Stella Louisa Bellows
October 7, 1814 May 19, 1839
Sarah Adeline Bellows
April 18, 1818 August 1837
Gratia Rebecca Bellows
January 1, 1821 April 26, 1835
Stephen Rowe Bellows
October 17, 1822 March 17, 1844

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

On April 3, 1902, Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Willard as Grantors on the one part, and the town, Westminster, Vermont, by its Treasurer, on the other, entered into an agreement whereby the sum of One Thousand Dollars was made a trust fund, the interest from which was to be annually expended by the Cemetery Commissioners of the town, for the preservation, care and beautifying of the monuments, tombs, ancestors and descendants of the grantors in the Old Cemetery, including particularly the Bradley Tomb.

A few years prior to his death, Henry Augustus Willard erected a substantial iron fence and gate with granite posts across the front of the cemetery.

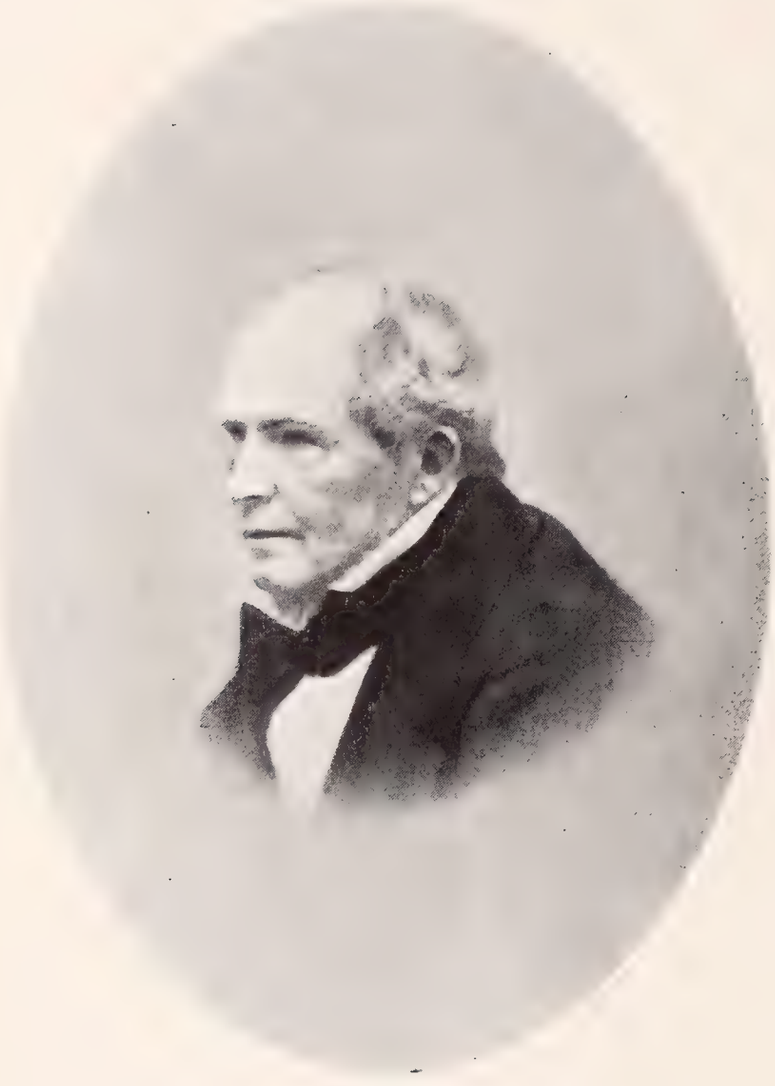
In 1912, the town of Westminster elected Henry Kellogg Willard Cemetery Commissioner for a term of five years, and in 1917, he was re-elected for a second term of five years, and again in 1922.

Whereas, Henry Kellogg Willard, has during the past year completed, at his own expense the erection of a beautiful iron fence around the Old Cemetery in the East Parish, adding much to the attractiveness of this sacred and historical place,

Therefore, Resolved, That the voters of the Town of Westminster in Town Meeting assembled this 6th day of March, 1917, extend to Mr. Willard a rising vote of thanks for his public-spirited act, and that the Clerk of the Town be instructed to spread a copy of this resolution on the Records of the Town; that a copy be sent to Mr. Willard; and also a copy be published in the Bellows Falls Times.

A True Copy.

Attest: Fred I. Lane
Town Clerk



Jonathan Dorr Bradley

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Jonathan Dorr Bradley was a graduate of Yale College and fitted for the legal profession. He practised law, first in Bellows Falls, and about 1832 removed to Brattleboro. In some specialties, he had no equal in his profession in this county, if in the State. His knowledge of mechanics — extensive scientific attainments and willingness to impart the same to others — rendered him an almost inexhaustible source of information upon matters often imperfectly understood by the learned. To understand thoroughly the laws governing the production of the natural and artificial or the discovery and bringing to light a hidden or obscure truth, seemed to be the greatest pleasure of his life. Pecuniary motives had but little, if anything, to do with his scientific labors, so far as he was personally concerned, but he gladly and freely furnished theories for the practical. Those who have met him in controversy at the bar or elsewhere, have learned that his mental exercises in the sciences did not render him a less formidable antagonist in debate.

In the days of Andrew Jackson, he acted with the democracy, but he was not a radical or so governed by prejudices as not candidly to weigh and examine the views of his opponents. His devotion to truth was ardent and unremitting, and he was always ready to

> Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
> On Christian or on heathen ground;
> The plant's divine where'er it grows,
> Amongst our friends or 'mongst our foes.

It became so apparent that the Democratic party had lost all claim to that name, by following John C. Calhoun to death and destruction, that Mr. Bradley early left the sinking ship, and ever acted with the dominant party in this State in sustaining the Old Flag. He represented Brattleboro in the State Legislature 1856-57.[1]

It was there that he became noted by his able action in the State House question. There was healing in his presence before tumultuous assemblies and heated clashing of opinions. He was on the first board of directors of the Vermont & Massachusetts Railroad Co., and no one in this place exerted so powerful an influence in forwarding the construction of that road to Brattleboro. His simple presence at railroad meetings in towns on the route was to all a harbinger of success, but, when his arguments, honest convictions and prophecies came forth in earnest tones, all doubts of success vanished. Difficulties of opposition only aroused him to greater efforts, and those efforts did not cease until the occasion for them passed away.

As memory calls up the early days of his advent here, we see him, as if but yesterday, at the Village Lyceum. From his inexhaustible mental resources came forth

[1] "Uncle Dorr (Jonathan) spent last Wednesday and Thursday with us, and was in fine spirits having met with great success and distinction in the legislature at Montpelier so that Gov. (Case) will have more reason for saying that we are an "historical family" in Vermont. It is a great pleasure to me to know that if we are so that the reputation has not been acquired by unworthy means and I trust not without deserving it." W. C. B.

Homestead of Jonathan Dorr Bradley, Brattleboro, Vermont

telling arguments, with playful sallies of wit, compelling a general laughter of the audience. Nor can we forget, when addressing a juvenile assembly how he held the attention of little boys and girls, who would seem to see nothing but his genial countenance, and hear nothing but his words of wisdom, so attractively and ingeniously adapted to their comprehension. Upon one occasion, in the Goodhue Oak Grove, July 1842, a stranger remarked:

"The gentleman who gave the last address has uttered the fewest words, but he has really said more than the five gentlemen who have preceded him. He is certainly a Christian, for he has given us the whole law and gospel. Who is he and what is his business?"

"He is a lawyer by profession, and his name is J. D. Bradley. If he is a Christian, I think he is not conscious of it, for he belongs to no church, and is rarely seen in attendance upon religious exercises."

The stranger added: "There never was a face like Mr. Bradley's on a bad man."

Perfect master of the science of adaptation to all grades of intellect, Mr. Bradley's remarks always found attentive listeners. The countenance of the hod-carrier, mechanic, scholar, farmer and merchant, all assumed a more happy and elevated expression, so long as the sound of his voice could be heard. His young professional brethren will ever gratefully remember the information imparted to them by him, in so

modest and inquiring a manner, as to make it seem he was the learner, to prevent a feeling of obligation from his inferiors. After some twenty-five years' practice of the law, his friend, Roswell M. Field, a noted lawyer of St. Louis, reproved him for not giving the Yankee proof of success in life.

"Roswell," said he, "I have laid up my treasures in heaven, where moth and rust doth not corrupt nor thieves break through and steal."

Near the close of a warm day in July, 1857, a prominent citizen of the village became highly excited in denouncing a lecturer upon slavery. Wiping the perspiration from his brow, he said to Mr. Bradley: "A man who will lecture about the country, forming abolition societies, deserves a coat of tar and feathers, and I hope Tyler will be ridden out of town on a rail before tomorrow night."

Mr. Bradley calmly replied, "I think among our societies we need one more, and I would suggest it be a keep cool society."

In conversation upon the cultivation of plums, Mr. Bradley said: "I know the curculio is considered a formidable obstacle to the culture of plums, but to a certain extent they are needful to prevent a too great abundance of fruit. When they appear in excess, we must fight them and if they are smarter than we are, they will get all the plums, to which they are entitled, by the same rule governing in transactions of far greater importance."

Soon after he entered on his professional career, he received the gift from a friend of a noble mastiff named Jowler, to whom he became much attached. About that time, a motion was made in the Legislature to tax dogs, which gave rise to the following *jeu d'esprit.* The effect was to defeat the motion, and it was laid aside for many years; indeed, until he became a member himself, when it was again introduced, and he recited, at the request of a colleague, the lines to Jowler with the same effect as before.

TO MY DOG JOWLER

Jowler! they have taxed you, honest friend!
Assessed you, put you in the roll,
To exile every dog they'll send,
Unless some friend will pay his toll.

By all that's good, the rascals meant
Betwixt us two to breed a strife,
And drive you into banishment,
Or bribe your friend to take your life.

But Jowler, don't you be alarmed!
If politicians do neglect you,
Confound their tax! you shan't be harmed,
I know your worth and I'll protect you!

But taxes by the constitution
Convey the right to represent,
So, dogs, by this resolution,
Might just as well as men be sent.

Now, dogs and men and voters hear!
That Jowler's put in nomination
To go, upon the coming year,
And aid in public legislation.

Jowler, avoid the demagogues,
Keep out of the minority;
Take care to smell of other dogs,
And vote with the majority.

Since his decease, the motion has passed into law.

After a professional life of thirty years, he died September 8, 1862, Brattleboro, Vermont.

"It is with great sorrow that we record the death of this distinguished gentleman. We learn that he was taken severely ill with fever some three weeks since, and that his disease made rapid progress, until it quenched one of the most cultivated intellects and genial hearts that our State has produced. He had a discerning, rapid and comprehensive mind, and an elegant and varied culture. He was quick and ardent in his sympathies, a lover of truth and justice, and a fervid hater of all shams and hypocrisy. He was a member, for Brattleboro, of the House of Representatives for two years, during which the State House controversy was waged, and distinguished himself as a leader in debate in that most brilliant conflict.

"If it had not been for his deafness, which prevented his hearing all points of discussion, no man that Vermont has produced would have surpassed him in the debate in the halls of legislation. But whatever might have been the qualities that fitted him for a public career, he was most eminent in social and private life. His reading was extensive, his memory was retentive, his style of conversation was playful and always appropriate to his theme, his perceptions were quick and vivid, his illustrations apt and beautiful, and his whole air and manner reminiscent of the school of older times in which he had his training. The death of such a man is a public calamity, and in common with his nearer associates and neighbors and friends, we would lay a small tribute of our high appreciation of his worth upon his fresh made grave." — *Vermont Watchman, September 19, 1862*

The Rev. Pliny H. White said of the Bradley family:

"Talent and scholarship have descended in a remarkable manner from generation to generation; and not only this, but have continually approached nearer and nearer to positive genius. William Czar had extraordinary talents, but his son, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, had more than talent,—even that indispensable something termed genius."

The following action of the Bar of the United States Circuit Court for the District of Vermont held at Rutland, October 3, 1862, testified to the high regard of the lawyers of Vermont for Mr. Bradley:

Resolved, That the members of this Bar have heard, with profound sensibility and regret, the announcement of the death of Honorable J. Dorr Bradley, since the last term of this court.

Resolved, That it is due to his memory that this occasion should not be allowed to pass without placing upon record, as the unanimous and deliberate judgment of his brethren throughout this State, that the profession to which his life was devoted loses in his death one of its most valuable members and most admired ornaments.

Resolved, That we shall cherish an unfailing and grateful remembrance, which none who knew him would willingly forget, of his distinguished abilities as an advocate, his varied and elegant acquirements as a scholar, his genial and attractive qualities as a man; and shall recall with a sad pleasure, in the scenes

Susan Mina Crosman Bradley

from which he has departed, those professional labors we shared with him, enriched on his part by learning so complete, by wit so rare and sense so full, and inspired always by so thorough an appreciation of what belonged to the lawyer and the gentleman.

Resolved, That these resolutions and the proceedings of this meeting be presented to the court, with the request of the Bar that they be allowed to be entered on the minutes, and that the clerk of the court be desired to transmit a copy to the family of the deceased, and to furnish copies for publication.

E. J. Phelps, for Committee

The resolutions were unanimously adopted, and the meeting adjourned.

Lucius B. Peck, Chairman

Clerk's Office,
United States Circuit Court, Dist. of Vermont.

I hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true copy of record.

B. B. Smalley, Clerk

Mr. Bradley's widow, Susan Mina Crosman Bradley, survived him thirty years. "She was a woman of the rarest beauty of character, — strong, quiet and evenly balanced, always exerting an indescribable influence of gentleness and benignity on those who were privileged to have her acquaintance. She was one of the original members of the Brattleboro Unitarian Church, in which her interest never failed. To all her friends it is a comfort to know that, after a life of singular peacefulness, the end came as peacefully, after an illness of about three weeks."

She died November 10, 1892, Brattleboro, Vermont.

Children of Jonathan Dorr and Susan Mina Crosman Bradley:

I. William Czar Bradley II b. December 17, 1831; d. May 1908.

II. Richards Bradley b. January 25, 1834; m. April 9, 1856, Sarah Ann Williams Merry b. January 26, 1834, d. December 12, 1914. He d. October 2, 1904.

III. Stephen Rowe Bradley III b. March 15, 1836; m. October 25, 1865, Augusta Tremaine b. January 24, 1847, d. August 7, 1905. He d. August 6, 1910.

IV. Arthur Crosman Bradley b. September 13, 1849; m. April 12, 1881, Lucy E. Nettleton b. May 27, 1851, d. December 5, 1918, the daughter of Col. Daniel Nettleton. He d. November 2, 1911, Newport, New Hampshire.

William Czar Bradley II

William Czar Bradley II "died at Linden Lodge, Brattleboro, Vermont, seventy-six years old; the cause of his death was the natural decline due to advancing years. After he entered the Harvard Divinity School, his health broke down completely and he was never able to enter on the work of his chosen profession. When his health improved, he occupied himself with books and literary pursuits and was for many years a familiar and much loved and respected personage in our village life. He tutored young men fitting for college, and for a time taught Greek and Latin in the High School. He was appointed librarian of the Brattleboro Free Library in 1887 and held that position for fifteen years. He had many of the mental traits that characterized his great-grandfather, Stephen Rowe, his grandfather, William Czar, and his father, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, — and with health he might have become distinguished in letters, or in the ministry. We must not forget that in Mr. Bradley's darkest hours his patience and cheerfulness never forsook him. Emerson's words applied well to him: 'The spirit is true to itself and finds its own support in any conditions — learns to live in what is calamity as easily as what is called felicity.'

"His funeral was held in the Unitarian Church where he was a constant and devoted attendant as long as his health permitted."

Richards Bradley was in early life engaged in the wholesale mercantile business in New York City, but returned to Brattleboro, 1856. He purchased (1858) the estate in the north part of the town, and built the house which has since been his home.

Later, he bought the West River and the Rice farms. Mr. Bradley gave his personal attention to the management and development of the two farms. In this work he was notably successful. Modern methods of cultivation were introduced and improvements adopted which made the farms models of their kind. He succeeded his father as a trustee of the Brattleboro Retreat and took an active part in the oversight of the farm, as well as in the management of the institution itself. He had a winter residence on Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, which was sold about 1894.

While Mr. Bradley was always interested in an active and helpful way with the larger affairs of Brattleboro, of the County and State, he had no taste for public life. He was a member of the Staff of Governor Horace Fairbanks, 1876-78. He had life-long connection with the Unitarian Church, and was constant in attendance upon its services and unfailing in his interest and helpfulness.

He possessed a rarely attractive personality, and was one of the most delightful companions. He had no liking for controversy, but saw the best in every person, and made every rough place smooth so far as personal influence could do this. His keen and ready wit, which found expression no less through the merry twinkle of the eye, than through the spoken word, will always be counted a heritage of memory by those who came nearest to him. His sympathy was spontaneous and his deeds of quiet charity without number.

Children of Richards and Sarah Williams Merry Bradley:

I. Robert Merry Bradley b. March 31, 1857; d. April 6, 1857.

II. Susan Mina Bradley b. January 13, 1859; m. February 19, 1890, Richards Bradley Grinnell; d. September, 1925.

III. Richards Merry Bradley b. February 10, 1861; m. March 24, 1892, Amy Owen Aldis b. April 2, 1865; d. December 16, 1918.

Children of Richards Merry and Amy Aldis Bradley:

1. Amy Owen Bradley b. July 3, 1893; m. August 28, 1920, Philip Hales Suter b. October 30, 1888.

Children of Philip Hales and Amy Owen Bradley Suter:

a. Amy Aldis Suter b. June 29, 1921.
b. Philip Hales Suter, Jr. b. October 8, 1923.

2. Helen Aldis Bradley b. February 25, 1895; m. January 1, 1925, Charles Morgan Rotch b. May 19, 1878.
3. Walter Williams Bradley b. July 17, 1896; d. March 18, 1901.

Richards Bradley

4. Sarah Merry Bradley b. March 9, 1898; m. June 21, 1924, Clarence James Gamble b. January 10, 1894.
5. Mary Townsend Bradley b. June 13, 1901.
6. Edith Richards Bradley b. January 3, 1903.
7. Ruth Bradley b. November 29, 1905; d. December 18, 1906.

IV. Jonathan Dorr Bradley II b. February 9, 1864; m. September 9, 1896, Frances Alvira Kales, b. October 14, 1868, Chicago, Illinois.

Children of Jonathan Dorr and Frances Alvira Kales Bradley:

1. Alice Pritchard Bradley b. January 13, 1899; m. October 22, 1921. Frederick Taylor Fisher b. September 4, 1896.

Children of Frederick Taylor and Alice Pritchard Bradley Fisher:

a. Bradley Fisher b. July 9, 1922.
b. Walter Lowrie Fisher b. April 26, 1925.

2. Eleanor Bradley b. June 1, 1901; m. June 24, 1925, Benjamin Carpenter, Jr.

V. Emily Bradley b. June 20, 1868; m. June 30, 1887, William Fessenden Wesselheoft b. March 5, 1864.

Children of William Fessenden and Emily Bradley Wesselhoeft:

1. Margaret Wesselhoeft b. October 25, 1888; m. June 10, 1916, George Hoyt Bigelow b. November 13, 1890.

Children of George Hoyt and Margaret Wesselhoeft Bigelow:

a. Margaret Bigelow b. April 7, 1918.
b. Bradley Bigelow b. October 1, 1921.

2. Susan Wesselhoeft b. July 1, 1891; m. October 25, 1913, Renouf Russell, b. September 4, 1891.

Children of Renouf and Susan Wesselhoeft Russell:

a. Renouf Russell, Jr., b. October 10, 1914.
b. Elise Renouf Russell b. June 17, 1916.
c. Susan Russell b. January 14, 1918.
d. Sarah Merry Russell b. May 10, 1921.

3. Alice Wesselhoeft b. February 3, 1893; m. June 27, 1913, Leverett Saltonstall b. September 1, 1892.

Children of Leverett and Alice Wesselhoeft Saltonstall:

a. Leverett Saltonstall, Jr., b. July 12, 1917.
b. Rosalie Saltonstall b. January 11, 1919; d. March 27, 1920.
c. Emily Bradley Saltonstall b. March 15, 1920.
d. Peter Brooks Saltonstall b. May 18, 1921.

4. Emily Wesselhoeft b. April 14, 1897; m. July 10, 1920, William Andros Barron, Jr., b. December 16, 1892.

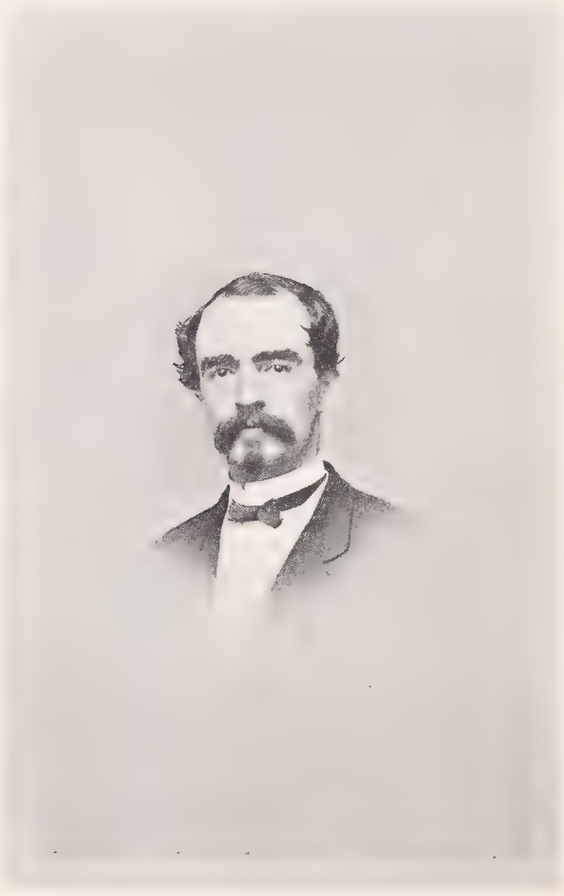
Child of William Andros and Emily Wesselhoeft Barron:

William Andros Barron III b. July 23, 1922.

VI. Sarah Merry Bradley b. October 20, 1868; m. June 17, 1891, Russell Tyson b. December 1, 1867, Shanghai, China.

VII. Walter Williams Bradley b. August 24, 1870; d. September 17, 1880.

Stephen Rowe Bradley III spent his youth in Brattleboro. In early manhood he went to New York to engage in the white lead business of the firm, later Hall, Bradley & Co. Through the invention of a process of oxidizing the lead by his brother Arthur, he was most successful in disposing of the business in 1890. He removed to Nyack 1874, where he became one of the most prominent and useful citizens,—public-spirited, enterprising, sympathetic and generous, — a man of large means, who devoted



Stephen Rowe Bradley III

much of his time and money to charity. During the great coal strike, when coal became scarce and prices high, Mr. Bradley put a large force of men at work cutting down trees and taking them to the sawmill, afterwards distributing the wood among the needy. He bought the Nyack Electric Light Plant, from which grew the Rockland Light and Power Co., of which he was President. He organized the Fibre Conduit Co., of Orangeburgh, which employs a large number of men, and he owned the Rockland Park Stock Farm, one of the largest and best conducted in New York State. When the Nyack National Bank was instituted in 1878, he was the principal organizer and Vice-President until his death. The Nyack hospital was established in 1895

largely through his efforts as President of the Association. He gave to the Hospital the building erected for President Cleveland's occupancy, and had it moved to its present site as an annex to the institution. He was President of the Nyack Library Association when it was organized, and for several years was President of the South Nyack Corporation. His death touched every good interest of the town.

Children of Stephen Rowe and Augusta Tremaine Bradley:

I. Stephen Rowe Bradley IV b. December 5, 1868; m. 1902, Katharine McPherson Scott.

Children of Stephen Rowe and Katharine Scott Bradley:

1. Katharine Bradley b. April 30, 1903.
2. Helen Beall Bradley b. November 23, 1904.
3. Stephen Rowe Bradley V b. May 10, 1906.
4. Edwin Tremaine Bradley b. March 26, 1909.
5. Mary Tremaine Bradley b. September 3, 1912.
6. Elizabeth Scott Bradley b. May 20, 1914.

II. Mary Tremaine Bradley b. July 24, 1871.

III. Augusta Bradley b. September 3, 1873; m. June 10, 1896, George Lewis Chapman b. July 19, 1867.

Children of George Lewis and Augusta Bradley Chapman:

1. Augusta Chapman b. April 16, 1897; m. October 25, 1919, Francis William Randebrock b. September 23, 1895.

Children of Francis William and Augusta Chapman Randebrock:

a. Barbara Augusta Randebrock b. July 26, 1920.
b. Frances Marion Randebrock b. May 30, 1922.

2. Marion Chapman b. November 26, 1898; m. November 22, 1923, Henry Russell Drowne, Jr., b. July 3, 1897.

IV. William Czar Bradley III b. July 16, 1875; m. Isabel Galloway.

Children of William Czar III and Isabel Galloway Bradley:

1. Isabel Bradley b. March 3, 1901.
2. Miriam Bradley b. July 21, 1906.

Arthur Crosman Bradley

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

Arthur Crosman Bradley was prepared for college at the Miles Military Academy, Brattleboro, Vermont, and graduated at Amherst College, 1870. He graduated at Columbia Law School, 1871, and later received the degrees M.A. and LL.B. He prepared for the practice of patent law in the office of George Clifford, New York City, one of the most celebrated lawyers in the country. He was admitted to the bar in New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire; and located at Newport, New Hampshire, 1873, where he practised patent law with the Hon. Edmund Burke for several years.

Mr. Bradley went to New York to join his brother, Stephen Rowe Bradley, in the manufacture of white lead into paint. He was superintendent of the establishment and devoted all his spare time to the study of and experimenting in chemistry, with the idea of finding some new and rapid method of converting lead into paint. After seven years' research, his efforts were rewarded by the invention of a process through oxidizing the lead, by subjecting it in the form of a powder to heat of a very high temperature, to manufacture tons of paint of the purest quality in a single day. He secured a patent. In 1889 he returned to Newport, New Hampshire, and erected the finest residence in town — ornamenting the grounds with rare plants, trees, and shrubs. He devoted his time to the study of literature, sciences, and theology — he learned the Hebrew language, was familiar with Greek, and knew Latin almost as well as he did English. Before he entered college he could repeat Andrews & Stoddard's Latin Grammar *verbatim* from beginning to end. He read German and French novels, and was a regular subscriber for periodicals printed in France and Germany. Mr. Bradley inherited the scientific genius of his father, Jonathan Dorr Bradley, and the culture of his grandfather, William Czar Bradley.

He was a life member of the London Society of Psychical Research, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, the Entomological Society of Ontario, American Association for the Advancement of Science, Fellow of the Geographical Society of New York, member of the Bibliophile Society of Boston, the Sons of the American Revolution, Boston Society of Natural History, New Hampshire Historical Society, University Club of New York City, St. Augustine Order of Elks, and the Osceola Club of St. Augustine. He was a member of the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention of 1902, a director of the First National Bank of Newport, and a trustee of the Newport Home for Aged Women.

His charities to the poor, sick and unfortunate were almost without number and always bestowed with the injunction, "let no one know of it." He disliked appearing in public and eschewed politics because he regarded politicians generally as dishonest self-seekers. He was a man of retiring modesty and the strictest integrity, of great learning and rare worth. — *The Granite Monthly*

Chapter III

DUDLEY ANCESTRY

Egbert I, King of England, m. Lady Redburga, First Queen of England.
Ethelwolf, King of England, m. Osbura, daughter of Oslac.
Alfred the Great, King of England, m. Lady Ethelbith, daughter of Earl Ethelan, b. 840; d. 901.
Edward the Elder, King of England, m. Edgina, daughter of Earl Sigellim.
Princess Edjura, of England, m. Henry, Count of Vermandois and Troyes.
Hubert, Count of Vermandois, m. Adelheld, daughter of Count de Valois.
Adela, Countess of Vermandois, m. Hugh, son of Henry I of France.
Lady Isabel de Vermandois, m. Robert, Earl of Millent and Luciston.

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1. King Henry of France, m. Anne of Russia, daughter of Jaroslaus, Grand Duke of Russia, and had

2. Prince Hugh the Great, Count de Vermandois (brother of Phillip I King of Spain), who m. Lady Adela, daughter of Hubert, Fourth Count de Vermandois and Troyes, son of Henry, Third Count de Vermandois and his wife Edgina, widow of Charles III, King of England, and had

3. Lady Isabel de Vermandois, 3d daughter (d. 1131), who m. (1) Robert de Bellemont, First Baron de Bellemont by tenure created Earl of Leicester and of Mellent, and had by him

4. Robert-Bossu de Bellemont, Second Earl of Leicester, Lord Justice of England; (d. 1168); m. Lady Amicia de Waer, a daughter of Ralph de Waer (or Wayer), Earl of Suffolk, Norfolk and Cambridge, and had

5. Geruase Paganel, Baron of Dudley, Staffordshire, who married Lady Falice, daughter and heir of Athelstan Dods, son of Jeffrey, son of Athelstan Dods, who built Dudley Castle, and had

6. Lady Hanyae Paganel, Baroness of Dudley, who m. John de Someri in County Cambridge, Baron of Dudley in right of his wife, and had

7. Ralph de Someri, Baron of Dudley; eldest son died in 1210, who m. Margaret, and had

8. William Percival de Someri, eldest son (d. 1221), who had

9. Roger de Someri, 2d (d. 1272, brother of Nicholas, eldest son Baron of Dudley), who m. (1) Lady Nicola de Albini, daughter of William, 2d Earl of Arundel and Sussex; m. (2) Lady Annabel or Amabel, daughter of Robert de Chaucumber, and widow of Gilbert, 3d Baron de Segrane (d. 1254), and had by his second wife,

10. Roger de Someri, Baron of Dudley; d. 1290, who had by Lady Agnes, his wife,

11. Lady Margaret de Someri, Baroness of Dudley, who inherited from her brothers Dudley Castle, the Manor of Seggesley, Chace of Perranet, Town of Dudley, etc.; she m. John de Sutton, Baron of Dudley in right of his wife (son of Richard, Baron de Sutton, son of Hugh de Sutton and Elizabeth, daughter and heir of William Patrick, Lord of Malpas Cheater), and had

12. John de Sutton, 2d Baron of Dudley (d. 1359); m. (1) Lady Isabella, daughter of John de Cherlton, Lord of Powys, and had

13. John de Sutton, 3rd Baron of Dudley (d. 1371); m. Lady Joan Chriton, and had

14. John de Sutton, 4th Baron of Dudley (d. 1407); m. Constance Blount, and had

15. Sir John de Sutton, K. G., 5th Baron of Dudley by tenure and by writ, 1424, 1st Lord Dudley, who carried the Royal Standard at the funeral of King Henry V and was Lieutenant of Ireland and Treasurer to King Henry VI (d. 1482). He m. Lady Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Berkely, of Beuestone, Kent, and widow of Edward Cherlton, Lord of Powys, and had

16. Edmund Sutton, of Dudley eldest son d-v-p (brother of John de Dudley, father of Edmund Dudley, K. G., beheaded by Henry VIII, whose son was Sir John Dudley, K. G., Viscount L'Isle, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland, beheaded 1533), who m. (1) Lady Joice, sister of John de Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, and had John, 2d Lord Dudley (d. 1531); and m. (2) Lady Maud, daughter of Thomas, 8th Lord Clifford, and widow of Sir Thomas Harrington, and had by her

17. Thomas Dudley, of London, Draper, eldest son (will dated October 18, 1549; buried at St. Michaels, Cornhill); who m. Margaret, daughter of Launcelot Threlkeld, Esq. of Garworth-or Melraerby Hall, Cumberland; she d. 1551 and had

18. John Dudley, Draper (will dated July 29, 1545, d-v-p, buried at St. Michaels, Cornhill); who m. Elizabeth, daughter of John Clerk, of London, Draper; and had, with other children, John, of London; will dated 1542, names his younger brother, Roger, his sole executor.

19. Capt. Roger Dudley, of Cannon's Ashby, Northamptonshire, a soldier in the Civil Wars, in which he lost his life about 1586, aged 64; the name of his wife has not been preserved; he was the father of

20. Thomas Dudley, b. 1575, England (d. July 31, 1653, Roxbury, Massachusetts); m. (1) April 25, 1603 Dorothy Yorke b. 1583, d. December 27, 1643, and had

21. Mercy Dudley b. September 27, 1621 (d. July 1, 1691); m. 1639, Rev. John Woodbridge b. 1613, England, d. March 17, 1694-5, and had

22. Martha Woodbridge b. about 1659; m. July 8, 1680, Capt. Samuel Ruggles. (See Ruggles Ancestry. Part One Chapter III.)

Children of Mark and Ann Ruggles Dorr Richards:

I. Sarah Richards b. March 9, 1783; m. 1802, William Czar Bradley; d. August 7, 1866, Brattleboro, Vermont. (See Bradley Ancestry. Part One, Chapter II.)

II. Harriet Richards b. July 23, 1784; m. April 1807, John Holton b. February 11, 1777, d. November 26, 1815. She d. August 20, 1811, Springfield, Vermont.

Child of John and Harriet Richards Holton:

1. Harriet Holton b. November 28, 1808; m. June 28, 1838, John Humphrey Noyes b. September 3, 1811, Putney, Vermont.

Child of John Humphrey and Harriet Holton Noyes:

a. Theodore Richards Noyes b. July 26, 1841, graduated July 18, 1867, Yale Medical School.

III. Fanny Richards b. November 7, 1786, Boston, Massachusetts; m. 1812, Samuel Wadsworth Porter, d. August 11, 1882. She d. March 11, 1869, Springfield, Vermont.

Children of Samuel Wadsworth and Fanny Richards Porter:

1. Helen Ann Porter b. January 3, 1814, Westminster, Vermont; m. September 12, 1838, Henry Foster Crain, M.D., d. March 15, 1894.

Children of Henry Foster and Helen Ann Porter Crain:

a. Helen Ann Crain b. May 7, 1839; d. May 11, 1924.
b. Fanny Louise Crain b. September 1, 1842; d. November 11, 1886.
c. Ada Porter Crain b. November 22, 1845; d. July 8, 1923.
d. Leila Merab Crain b. December 18, 1848; d. August 16, 1876.
e. Mary Richards Crain b. September 14, 1850; d. September 12, 1917.
f. Harry Richards Crain b. August 12, 1852; d. August 10, 1854.
g. Mark Richards Crain b. November 16, 1855; m. November 22, 1888, Abbie Adams, d. July 2, 1914. He d. October 14, 1915.
h. Noble Joshua Crain b. February 19, 1861; m. April 9, 1885, Josephine Branchand. Residence, Bandon, California.

2. Mark Richards Porter b. December 10, 1821; d. August 11, 1848, Brattleboro, Vermont.

3. Frederick Wadsworth Porter b. August 27, 1823; m. October 25, 1847, Caroline Silsby; d. 1900.

Children of Frederick Wadsworth and Caroline S. Porter:

a. Anna Silsby Porter b. June 22, 1854; m. October 9, 1872, John W. Marsh.

Children of John W. and Anna Silsby Porter Marsh:

John Porter Marsh b. February 1874.
Miriam Elizabeth Marsh b. August 7, 1875.

b. William Bradley Porter b. February 22, 1855; d. September 12, 1871.
c. Frank Farrington Porter b. June 30, 1858.
d. Elizabeth West Porter b. June 4, 1868.
e. Russell Williams Porter b. December 13, 1871.

4. Frances Harriet Porter, m. September 14, 1852, Royal Blake Stearns.

Children of Royal Blake and Frances Porter Stearns:

a. Frederick Richards Stearns b. April 21, 1854; m. June 1, 1876, Ida A. Connor.
b. Margaret Eliza Stearns b. May 17, 1858; m. January 18, 1877, Halsted Burnet.

Child of Halsted and Margaret Stearns Burnet:

William Porter Burnet b. January 19, 1876.

IV. James Richards b. July 18, 1788; d. January 31, 1790, Boston, Massachusetts.

V. James Richards b. October 4, 1790; d. September 16, 1794, Boston, Massachusetts.

VI. Mary Ann Richards b. August 21, 1792; d. September 16, 1792.

VII. Clarissa Richards b. January 11, 1796; d. October 22, 1796, Boston, Massachusetts.

PUBLIC OFFICES HELD BY STEPHEN ROWE BRADLEY WILLIAM CZAR BRADLEY AND MARK RICHARDS

Representatives —
Stephen R. Bradley served with Nathaniel Robinson in 1780.
Benjamin Burt served with Stephen R. Bradley in 1781.
Stephen R. Bradley 1780, '81, '84, '85, '88, '90 and 1800.
Mark Richards 1801, '02, '04, '24, '26, '28, '32 and 1834.
William Czar Bradley 1806, '07, '19 and 1850.

Vermont Legislature —
Stephen Rowe Bradley, Speaker 1785.

Judge of Supreme Court —
Stephen Rowe Bradley, 1788.

Windham County Court —
Stephen Rowe Bradley, State's Attorney 1781-82 and 1783.
Stephen Rowe Bradley, Assistant Judge 1783.

Members of Congress —
Stephen Rowe Bradley 1791-94.
Stephen Rowe Bradley 1801-1813.
William Czar Bradley 1813-27.
Mark Richards 1817-21.

U. S. Agent under Treaty of Ghent —
William Czar Bradley 1814.

Lieutenant-Governor —
Mark Richards 1830.

County Officers —
Mark Richards, High Sheriff, 1806-10.
William Czar Bradley, State's Attorney 1806-11.

Presidential Electors —
Mark Richards 1812-1824.
William Czar Bradley, 1856.

Member of State Constitutional Convention —
William Czar Bradley 1857.

Councilors —
Stephen Rowe Bradley 1798.
William Czar Bradley 1812.
Mark Richards 1813-1815.

Town Clerk —
Stephen Rowe Bradley 1782.
William Czar Bradley 1804, 1806.

Registrar of Probate —
Stephen Rowe Bradley 1783-93.

First Selectman —
Stephen Rowe Bradley 1782, 1789.
Mark Richards 1801, 1822 and 1824.
William Czar Bradley 1810.

Colonel George Bradley Kellogg

Chapter IV

CHILDREN OF DANIEL III AND JANE McAFFEE KELLOGG

I. Henry Kellogg b. August 23, 1823, graduated from Williams College; d. 1844.

II. George Bradley Kellogg b. November 6, 1826, Rockingham, Vermont; studied law with Asa Keyes, Brattleboro, Vermont; commenced to practise law in Rockingham, Vermont, 1846; m. March 15, 1847, Mary Lee Sykes, b. October 10, 1826, the daughter of Uriel and Elizabeth Edwards Sykes; removed to Brattleboro, 1855; was appointed State's Attorney for Windham County, 1854-59, Adjutant and Inspector General of Vermont, 1854-59; represented the town of Brattleboro, in the General Assembly for two years; was appointed Postmaster of Brattleboro, 1861; was active in raising the Vermont Cavalry Regiment and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel during the Rebellion. After the War, he practised his profession in St. Louis, where he died November 13, 1875.

Children of George Bradley and Mary Lee Sykes Kellogg:

I. Jane McAffee Kellogg b. September 23, 1849; d. November 28, 1919.

II. Sarah Bradley Kellogg b. January 6, 1853; d. August 17, 1853.

Jane McAffee Kellogg m. January 17, 1872, Victor Williams Fisher b. September 30, 1843, Prague, Germany, the son of Dr. Gustavus and Rosa Taussig Fisher, Prague, Germany.

Children of Victor Williams and Jane McAffee Kellogg Fisher:

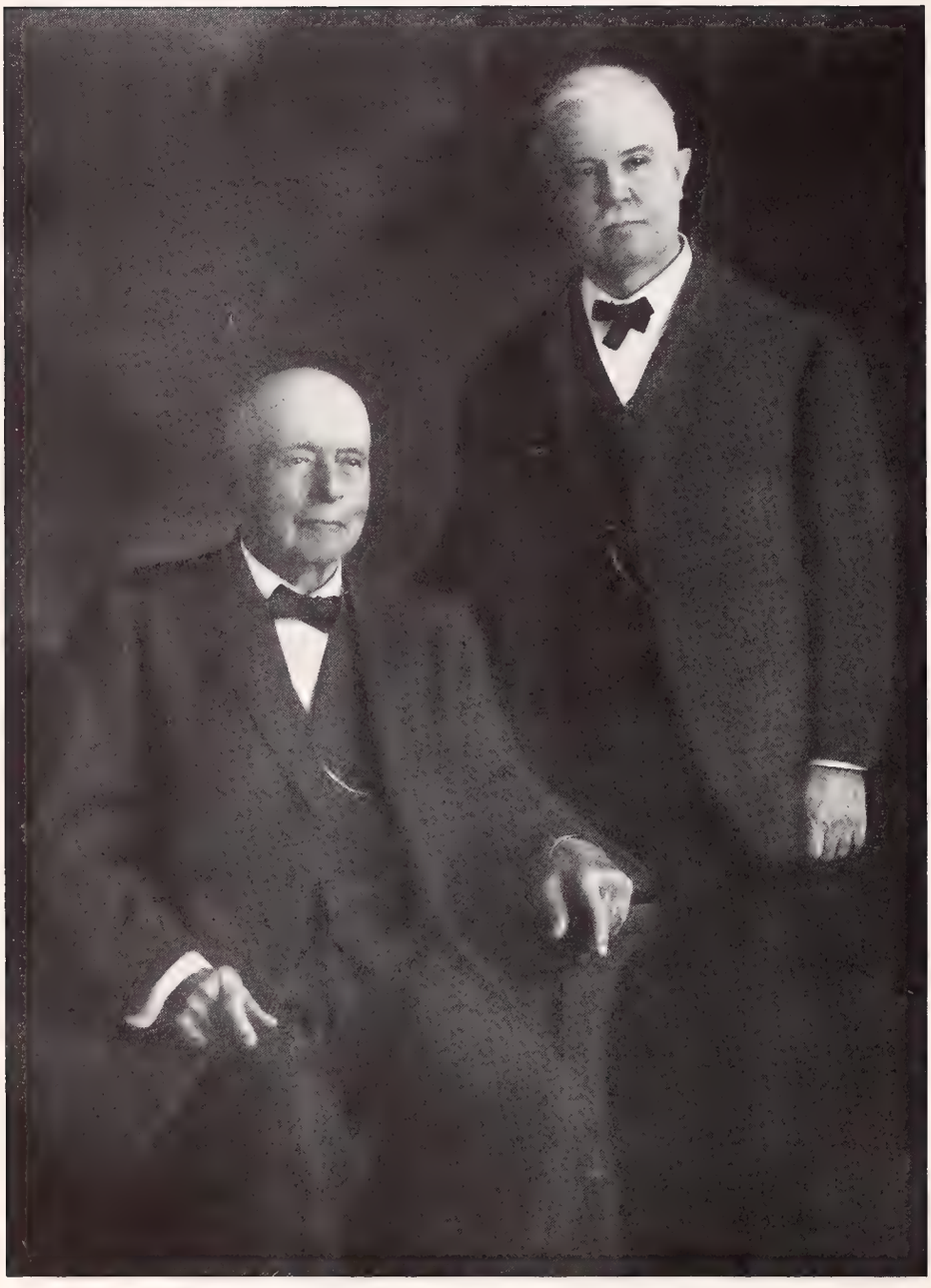
1. Mary Lee Fisher b. October 22, 1872; m. May 29, 1896, Alfred Leonard Fassett b. August 28, 1873.

Children of Alfred Leonard and Mary Lee Fisher Fassett:

Howard Field Fassett b. March 1, 1901.
Margaret Kellogg Fassett b. February 10, 1908.
Edna Jane Fassett b. December 6, 1910.

2. James Edward Fisher b. October 22, 1872; m. Leona Carolina Andrews.
3. Guy Kellogg Fisher b. January 29, 1875; m. Amelia Ann Brenenkamp; d. January 28, 1915.
4. Rosa McAffee Fisher b. November 19, 1878; d. October 20, 1919.

Daniel Kellogg IV b. April 9, 1835, Saxton's River, Vermont, the son of Daniel III and Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg. He attended school at Keyesville, New York, and Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, New Hampshire. He m. 1861, Margaret White May, the daughter of John and Catherine Vose May, b. April 10, 1833, d. November 30, 1892. His married life was ideal. He succeeded his brother, George Bradley Kellogg, as Postmaster of Brattleboro, a position he held nine years, when he resigned under a change of political administration, 1869. Under his management this office attained



Daniel Kellogg and Henry Kellogg Willard

a high state of efficiency; his unfailing courtesy and genial manner won him a host of friends.

Later, he was proprietor of the Bates House, Rutland, Vermont, and the Crocker House, New London, Connecticut. For many years, he was one of the Side-Judges of Windham County Court, holding session in Newfane, Vermont. The last eight years of his life, he spent the winters in Pasadena, California; he loved the city and the balmy air of Southern California benefited his health. He spent several summers on Nantucket Island, the guest of his nephew, Henry Kellogg Willard. He was a member of the noted Pacific Club, Nantucket, where he loved to talk with the old captains.

He was a courteous gentleman of the old school, a type of American life which is fast passing away. He was open-hearted and generous, of a wonderful sunshiny disposition, and had a kind word for everyone. It may be truly said of him that he never spoke a cross word to a living being. He was benevolent to a marked degree and a great comforter to those in sorrow and trouble, a wise counselor and a true and loyal friend.

He celebrated his eighty-third birthday anniversary with relatives and friends in Pasadena before returning to Westminster, June 1918. His home was with his younger daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Wright, who did everything for his comfort and pleasure.

He died October 7, 1918. We can scarcely speak of his passing on as death — it was transition, for he was ill only for a day. With his last words "Thank you," in recognition of some attention shown him by his son-in-law, he calmly closed his eyes and peacefully passed on to Life Eternal.

Buried in Old Cemetery, Westminster, Vermont.

Children of Daniel IV and Margaret May Kellogg:

I. William May Kellogg b. July 27, 1862; d. March 22, 1915.

II. Merab Ann Bradley Kellogg b. April 1865; m. John Harris Williams.

Children of John Harris and Merab Ann Kellogg Williams:

1. Mary Kellogg Williams b. May 27, 1885; m. 1908, Harleigh Parkhurst.

Child of Harleigh and Mary Williams Parkhurst:

Mary Parkhurst b. October 25, 1910.

2. Alice Brooks Williams b. September 23, 1887.
3. Merab Bradley Williams b. June 28, 1895; d. March 25, 1916.
4. John Harris Williams b. June 8, 1897; m. June 14, 1922, Margaret Dudley Klous b. April 17, 1895.
5. Stephen Bradley Williams b. July 10, 1909.

III. Susan White Kellogg b. June 12, 1871; m. December 16, 1911, George C. Wright, Westminster, Vermont. He d. January 22, 1923.

Esther Smith Kellogg Field

THE FIELD FAMILY

Esther Smith Kellogg b. February 26, 1780, the elder sister of Daniel Kellogg III, was thoroughly trained and educated in the severe discipline and stern religious faith of her Puritan ancestors. "Yes," writes Eugene Field, "Grandma was Puritanical, not to the extent of persecution, but a Puritan in the severity of her faith, and in the exacting nicety of her interpretation of her duties to God and Mankind. . . . My lovely old Grandmother was one of the very elect. How many times have I carried her footstove for her and filled it in the vestry-room. . . . . I remember now how ashamed I used to be to carry her footstove all the way up that long aisle. I was such a foolish boy then — and now, ah me, how ready and glad and proud I should be to do that service for dear old Grandma."

She married Martin Field February 22, 1802. He was b. February 12, 1773, Leverett, Massachusetts; graduated from Williams College, 1798; received the honorary degree of A.M. from Dartmouth College, 1805; studied law with his uncle, Lucius Hubbard of Chester, Vermont; commenced to practise law in Newfane, Vermont, January 1800. He was State's Attorney for Windham County for ten years — repeatedly representing the town of Newfane in the General Assembly and Constitutional Convention, and was elected Major-General of the First Division of the Vermont Militia, 1819.

Martin Field was full of anecdotes and could tell a story flashing with wit and ridicule with inimitable grace which rendered him a popular and distinguished advocate, and for nearly thirty years enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. A skilful player on the violin, he never abandoned its use until he became so deaf that he could not distinctly hear its tones. Late in life, he became interested in geology and mineralogy, and collected an extensive and rare cabinet of minerals, generously given by his widow to Middlebury College.

He was indebted in a great measure for his success in life to the industry and prudence of his wife. "Her husband," wrote her son, Charles Kellogg Field, "was genial and social, full of humor and mirth, oftentimes filling the house with his jocund laugh. She, however, true to her refined womanly instinct — her sense of propriety rarely disturbed by his merry and harmless jests — with great discretion pursued the even tenor of her way. Patiently and with unfaltering devotion to the higher and nobler purposes of life, she always maintained her self-possession, strenuously avoided all levity and frivolity and never failed in the end of controlling both husband and household."

General Martin Field

Charles Kellogg Field

The favors conferred upon her were gratefully remembered and generously repaid, and she was so gentle and benevolent, that she won the admiration and good-will of all with whom she was associated.

Martin Field d. October 3, 1833.
Esther Kellogg Field d. June 6, 1867.
Buried, Old Cemetery, Newfane, Vermont.

Children of Martin and Esther Smith Kellogg Field:

I. Charles Kellogg Field b. April 24, 1803, Newfane, Vermont.
II. Mary Hubbard Field b. September 13, 1804.
III. Roswell Martin Field b. February 22, 1807.
IV. John Fisher Field b. September 25, 1808; d. August 25, 1847.

I. Charles Kellogg Field was fitted for college at Amherst, Massachusetts; entered Middlebury College, Vermont, at the age of fifteen, 1818; graduated 1822; studied law under his father for three years and was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Newfane, Vermont; removed to Wilmington, Vermont, 1828. He m. June 29, 1828, Julia Ann Kellogg, Cooperstown, New York; represented the town of Wilmington in the State Legislature 1835, '36, '37, and '38; was elected delegate to the State Constitutional Convention, 1836; returned to Newfane, December 1838; represented the town of Newfane in the State Legislature 1853, '54, '55, '56 and '60 and represented the town in the Constitutional Convention 1843, '56 and '57. He removed to Brattleboro, Vermont, 1861; was elected a member of the Council of Censors, 1869, and was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention from the town of Brattleboro, 1870. He d. 1880 Brattleboro, Vermont.

Children of Charles Kellogg and Julia Ann Kellogg Field:

1. Julia Kellogg Field b. October 14, 1829, Wilmington, Vermont; m. January 14, 1859, Elisha Payne Jewett b. June 5, 1801, West Lebanon, New Hampshire; d. August 15, 1894. She d. December 30, 1890, Montpelier, Vermont.

Child of Elisha Payne and Julia Kellogg Field Jewett:

Ruth Payne Jewett b. October 11, 1865, Montpelier, Vermont; m. September 2, 1885, Professor John W. Burgess b. August 26, 1844. She is a portrait painter; a member of the Art Students' League, the Woman's Art Club and the Barnard Club, New York City; and a patron of the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

2. Martin Field b. September 24, 1831, Wilmington, Vermont; d. September 3, 1861.
3. Esther Sophia Field b. January 5, 1834, Wilmington, Vermont; d. April 17, 1837.
4. Mary Hubbard Field b. August 5, 1839, Newfane, Vermont; m. June 1, 1868, Henry C. Willard, Brattleboro, Vermont.

Child of Henry C. and Mary Hubbard Field Willard:

David Willard b. March 2, 1871.

5. Henry Kellogg Field b. June 8, 1848, Newfane, Vermont; graduated Amherst College, 1869; studied law in the office of Field and Tyler, Brattleboro, Vermont; admitted to the bar of Windham County, 1871. He m. November 25, 1872, Kate L. Daniels, daughter of Lorenzo and Elizabeth Amelia Daniels, Hartford, Connecticut; practised law in Montpelier, Vermont; later, he removed to San Francisco, California, where he successfully engaged in the Insurance business. He d. June 18, 1907.

Children of Henry Kellogg and Kate Daniels Field:

a. Charles Kellogg Field b. September 18, 1873.
b. Martin Field b. February 3, 1875; d. April 21, 1906.
c. Henry Willard Field b. May 18, 1877.
d. Russell Bunce Field b. March 24, 1880; m. August 7, 1907, Florence Palmer, Alameda, California.

Child of Russell Bunce and Florence Palmer Field:

Palmer Field b. April 11, 1912.

e. Alan Daniels Field b. October 21, 1887; m. January 15, 1912, Caroline Hall, Alameda, California.

Child of Alan Daniels and Caroline Hall Field:

Margaret Field b. May 12, 1918.

f. Kate Daniels Field b. October 29, 1891; m. November 25, 1911, Harry W. Sharp, Oakland, California.

Child of Harry W. and Kate Daniels Field Sharp,

Edith Catharine Sharp b. December 16, 1913.

II. Mary Hubbard Field b. September 13, 1804; m. (1) July 27, 1824, Theodore Francis French, Troy, New York, d. September 11, 1828; m. (2) December 24, 1835, Thomas Jones, Enfield, Connecticut, d. October 21, 1853. She d. 1879, Amherst, Massachusetts.

Children of Theodore Francis and Mary Hubbard Field French:

1. Mary Field French b. June 30, 1825; d. April 15, 1900, Amherst, Massachusetts.
2. Theodore Francis Field b. May 3, 1827; d. June 30, 1828.
3. Theodore Francis Field b. December 11, 1828; d. September 21, 1865.

Children of Thomas and Mary Hubbard Field French Jones:

1. Samuel Minot Jones b. September 16, 1836, Enfield, Connecticut; m. 1897, Harriet Stenger, Pennsylvania. He d. October 10, 1912, Morristown, New Jersey.

Child of Samuel Minot and Harriet Stenger Jones:

Minot Jones b. June 21, 1899.

2. Martin Field Jones b. June 1, 1838; d. September 11, 1838.
3. Augusta Thayer Jones b. July 5, 1845; m. August 24, 1869, John Williams Burgess, Nashville, Tennessee.

Roswell M. Field

III. Roswell Martin Field b. February 22, 1867, Newfane, Vermont; fitted for college with Reverend Luke Whitcomb, Townshend, Vermont; entered Middlebury College at eleven years of age, 1818; graduated 1822; studied law with Daniel Kellogg III, Rockingham, Vermont; admitted to the bar at eighteen years of age, September 1825; practised law in Windham County 1825-39; represented the town of Newfane in the General Assembly of Vermont 1835-36; was elected State's Attorney for Windham County 1832, '33, '34, '35. While a member of the Legislature 1835, he wrote an able report in favor of abrogating the rule of the common law excluding atheists from giving testimony in courts of Justice. In 1851 it was renewed by Loyal C. Kellogg of Benson, and passed into a law. The special pleas which he drew and filed in the libel suit of Torrey vs. Field were declared by Judge Story to be masterpieces of special pleading.

His first success at the bar in St. Louis, where he removed in 1839, was in cases involving the intricate old Spanish Claims. He gained a national reputation in the famous Dred Scott case, which he started and carried on until the appeal was entered in the United States Supreme Court. During the Rebellion, he was among the calm and patriotic men who influenced public action and saved the city and State. He readily aided young men of talent whom he found struggling against poverty and adversity.

In his social relations, he was a genial and confiding companion. He was a finished scholar and read Greek, Latin, French, German and Spanish, besides having an extensive acquaintance with English literature and general science. A skilful musician, he gathered about him children, of whom he was passionately fond, to beguile with the flute and violin. He m. May 30, 1848, Frances Reed, St. Louis, d. November 18, 1856. He d. July 12, 1869, St. Louis, Missouri.

At a session of the Supreme Court of the State of Missouri, Samuel Knox said that the Court had "lost an able and faithful counsellor and its highest ornament in the death of Mr. Field. He was so modest in all his greatness as never to excite envy, so varied in his gifts, so wide in his range of thought, that no person in his society could experience anything but pleasure and profit. Uniting great industry and acquirements with most brilliant wit and genius, and accurately informed on all subjects, both in science and in the arts, his statements were always terse and clear, his arguments logical and his conclusions difficult to evade. In a long and eventful professional career, no charge of duplicity or unfairness raised the slightest doubt of the highest professional honor and personal integrity. One thus distinguished is no ordinary loss—a loss to the court, to the profession, to the community in which he lived."

Mr. Knox then offered the report of a committee appointed by the St. Louis bar at a meeting called to pay a tribute of respect to the memory of Mr. Field and moved that the report be entered upon the records of the Court — "an enduring memorial of

the love and regard of the members of the St. Louis bar for their departed brother. Judge Wagner, in behalf of the Court, responded as follows: "The members of this Court have heard with the deepest regret of the death of Roswell Martin Field and the warm and deserved tribute which has just been paid to his memory receives an assenting response from the hearts of all those who knew him. In the decease of our lamented friend and brother, the bar of Missouri has lost one of its brightest ornaments. To a naturally keen, vigorous and analytical mind, he added a thorough mastery of legal principles combined with high scholarly attainments. He studied law as a science and delighted to explore its philosophic principles. So deeply was he imbued with its true spirit, that he would sooner have failed in success, than have won a case by trenching upon a sound legal rule. . . . .

"With his professional brethren, he was full of courtesy and kindness, and his whole conduct was marked by entire integrity and perfect truth. It is fit and proper that the death of such a man should be marked by all the honors which we can pay to his memory . . . . It is therefore ordered that the report of the proceedings of the bar, which have been presented, be entered on record on the Minutes of this Court, and out of respect for his memory, it will be further ordered that this Court do now adjourn."

Children of Roswell Martin and Frances Reed Field:

I. Eugene Field b. September 2, 1850; m. October 15, 1873, Julia Comstock; d. November 4, 1895, Chicago, Illinois.

Children of Eugene and Julia Comstock Field:

1. Mary French Field b. March 5, 1876, St. Joseph, Missouri; m. October 16, 1901, William Cassell Englar.

Children of William Cassell and Mary French Field Englar:

   a. Eugene Field Englar b. July 25, 1902.
   b. William Cassell Englar, Jr., b. January 21, 1904.

2. Melvin Gray Field b. 1878; buried May 28, 1890.
3. Eugene Field b. January 29, 1880, St. Louis, Missouri.
4. Frederick Skiff Field b. September 3, 1891, Kansas City.
5. Roswell Francis Field b. March 27, 1893, Chicago, Illinois.
6. Ruth Gray Field b. March 27, 1894.

II. Roswell Martin Field II b. September 1, 1851, St. Louis, Missouri; graduated from the University of Missouri; entered upon newspaper work, 1872; m. October 28, 1885, Etta Dexter, Kansas City, Missouri; became one of the editors of the *Evening Post*, Chicago, July 1895. He collaborated with his brother Eugene in the volume of adaptations from Horace and published a book of Western Stories.

EUGENE FIELD, "*the good Knight sans peur and sans monnaie,*" was the eldest son of Roswell Martin and Frances Reed Field, and until six years of age lived at his parents' home in St. Louis, Missouri.

How fair you are, my mother!
Ah, though 'tis many a year
Since you were here,
Still do I see your beauteous face,
And with the glow
Of your dark eyes cometh a grace
Of long ago.

On the death of his mother, 1856, he and his brother Roswell were entrusted to the care of a cousin, Miss Mary Field French, and the following nine years were spent in Amherst, Massachusetts, under the "gracious love" of his mother-cousin.

A dying mother gave to you
Her child a many year ago;
How in your gracious love he grew,
You know, dear patient heart, you know.
. . . . . .
To you, I dedicate this book,
And, as you read it line by line,
Upon its faults as kindly look
As you have always looked on mine.

Roswell writes their boyhood was similar to that of other boys brought up with the best surroundings in a Massachusetts village, where the college atmosphere prevailed. Eugene, the leader among the daring spirits of his own age and sex, "had his boyish pleasures and his trials, his share of that queer mixture of nineteenth century worldliness and almost austere Puritanism, which is yet characteristic of many New England families. . . . . He had a passion for pets, but unlike most boys, he seemed to carry his pets into a higher sphere and to give them a personality. For each pet, whether dog, cat, goat, or squirrel, he not only had a name, but it was his delight to fancy that each possessed a peculiar dialect of human speech and each he addressed in the humorous manner conceived. He early acquired the habit of drawing amusing pictures of his playmates and pets."

The austere New England Sabbath and the teachings of the Bible and Sacred Songs left their impress on his life and writing. He said, "If I could be grateful to New England for nothing else, I should bless her forevermore for grounding me with the Bible and the Spelling-Book."

In 1865, Eugene entered a class of six boys under the guidance of the "grand old man of Monson," the Reverend James Tufts, who said "it was impossible to cherish anger against a pupil whose contrition was as profuse and whimsical as his transgressions were frequent." He found him "about an average boy in his lessons, not dull, but not a quick and ready scholar like his father, — always bright and lively in conversation, abounding in wit, self-possessed. . . . . He inherited from his father a rich, strong, musical and sympathetic voice. . . . . In all his fun, he showed ever a certain purity and nobility of character."

At the age of eighteen years, September 5, 1868, he entered Williams College. The death of his father in St. Louis, July 12, 1869, brought Eugene to the West and in the autumn of 1869 he entered the Sophomore class at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. He was restless under the restraint of set rules and studying subjects in which he had no interest — he enjoyed reading the Latin classics and declaiming, and in the autumn of 1870, he joined his brother Roswell in the Junior class at the University of Missouri.

Eugene Field

This "genial, sportive, song-singing, fun-making companion" left the University in the spring, and, as he said, "his education began when he fancied he had left it off for the serious business of life." Inheriting from his father about $25,000, he began his professional career in St. Louis under the kindly influence and enduring friendship of Mr. Melvin L. Gray, the executor of his father's estate.

He first thought of the theatre, and confided to Edwin Forrest his aspirations. The tragedians' reply, suggesting his "sawing wood" did not discourage him, but the financial failure of his first company venture decided him to turn his attention toward journalism with its possibilities into the field of letters. Upon the receipt of the first money from his father's estate, Eugene invited a young friend, Edgar V. Comstock, to go as his guest to Europe. In his words, "In 1872, I visited Europe spending six months and my patrimony in France, Italy, Ireland and England."

The next most important event was his marriage with Julia Sutherland Comstock, a girl of sixteen, at St. Joseph, Missouri, October 16, 1873. The honeymoon was spent in New York, where Eugene in showing his child-wife the wonders of the city, kept her "in a perpetual state of amazement as to what he would do next." When his dividends had been spent, and the land speculation of his father had dwindled in value, he became a reporter on the St. Louis *Evening Journal.* This was followed by a short time as city-editor of the *St. Joseph's Gazette*, 1875-76; but he soon returned to St. Louis to become editorial writer and paragrapher of the *Times-Journal.* He started the column "Funny Fancies" filled with "clever squibs and lively sallies." At thirty years of age, 1880, Eugene removed to Kansas City and was managing-editor of the *Times*, filling the pages with "the liveliest accounts and comments on the dull comedy, eccentricity and pathos of life."

His salary did not begin to allow for his tastes and his pleasures, and as he had no idea of business, to his wife was intrusted the management of the household expenditures. A poem "The Good Knight and His Lady" delightfully pictures the home-life.

Soothly there was no lady faire
In all the province could compare
With Lady Julia Field,
The noble knight's most beauteous wife
For whom at any time his life
He would right gladly yield.

'Twas at a tourney in St. Joe
The good knight met her first, I trow,
And was enamoured, straight.
And in less time than you could say
A pater noster — he did pray
Her to become his mate.

And from the time she won his heart,
She sweetly played her wifely part —
Contented with her lot!
And though the little knightly horde
Came faster than they could afford,
The good wife grumbled not,

But when arrived a prattling son,
She simply said, "God's will be done —
This babe shall give us joy!"
And when a little girl appeared,
The good wife quoth — " 'Tis well, I feared
'Twould be another boy!"

She leased her castle by the year —
Her tables groaned with sumptuous cheer,
As epicures all say;

She paid her bills on Tuesdays, when
On Monday nights that best of men —
Her husband — drew his pay.

And often, when the good knight craved
A dime wherewith he might get shaved
She doled him out the same;
For these and other generous deeds
The good and honest knight must needs
Have loved the kindly dame.

At all events, he never strayed
From those hymeneal vows he made
When their two loves combined.
A matron more discreet than she
Or husband more devote than he
It would be hard to find.

He continued his merry-making life in Denver, 1881-83, where he went to become the managing-editor of the *Tribune*, and to start the column, headed "Odds and Ends" — satirical skits on current events and every-day affairs in primer-style, many times with a sting. Later, the paragraphs were gathered together for *The Tribune Primer*, now much sought for by bibliomaniacs. But, with all his mild, wild ways, he never neglected his work nor his domestic duties. Suffering from dyspepsia caused by an inherited weakness, irregularity in hours of eating and sleeping and from too severe application to work, he became depressed and alarmed, and eagerly accepted the generous offer of Melville E. Stone of an independent desk on the *Chicago Morning News*.

When Eugene Field left Denver, August 1883, he had resolved to study and endeavor "to win a place of lasting distinction" in the literary world. He established the column of "Sharps and Flats" in the *Morning News*, where he introduced his paraphrases of Horace. He began the study of English Literature of the 15th and 16th centuries. The Tales of King Arthur and Knights of the Round Table especially delighted his poetic soul, and from the Old English Ballads he learned "the power of simple words and thoughts when added to rhyme to reach the human heart." His earlier library had been a dilapidated edition of Bartlett's Familar Quotations, Cruden's Concordance of the Bible and a well-thumbed copy of the King James Version of the Bible.

For inspiration he depended more on the companionship of his fellowmen. "Comradeship was the indispensable factor in my brother's life. It was strong in his youth — it grew to be an imperative necessity in later life."—(Roswell) The free and easy, irregular habits of his early life gave place to "studious application and methodical labors," but he neglected all out-door exercises that would have strengthened his physical frame. When forty-one years old, Eugene Field had acquired a name and fame, and was beginning to accumulate from the royalties on his writings, "A Little Book of Western Verse" and "A Little Book of Popular Tales." But it was not until July 1895, that he acquired the much-longed-for home, overlooking Lake Michigan, provided, as he said, "with all the modern conveniences, including an ample veranda and a genial mortgage." He was his own landlord and paid taxes, and was exempt from the payment of rent. The best room was the library filled with books and cabinets for curios; he inherited from his father an infatuation for collecting, and the home was called "The Sabine Farm."

It was then that he wrote "How good it is to live in this beautiful world of ours — how varied and countless are the blessings bestowed upon us — how sweet is the beneficence of Nature — how dear is the companionship of humanity." His unfinished work was "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac." While he was busy with his writings and lectures, his vital forces were wearing out. On the evening of November the fourth, he complained of a pain in his head, and was a little feverish, and death came during the night. It was as he wished "just a dropping to sleep here and an awakening yonder."

And thus passed on this gentle and genial spirit. "With his sweet pen, he waged unceasing battle for all things beautiful, and true, and pure in this modern world. His best songs sing of mother's love and

childhood and of the eternal bond between them. He hated shams, and humbug, and false pretense, and that is why his daily paragraphs gleam and sparkle with relentless satire and ridicule. He detested the solemn dulness of conventional a life and that is why he scourged society with the "knotted lash of sarcasm," and dissipated melancholy with the unchecked effrontery of his mirth. — *Slayson Thompson*

His last message to the children of his pen, "Love Songs of Childhood," was:

"Go forth, little lyrics, and sing to the hearts of men. This beautiful world is full of song, and thy voices may not be heard of all — but sing on, children of ours; sing to the hearts of men, and thy song shall at least swell the universal harmony that bespeaketh God's love and the sweetness of humanity."

IN THE FIRELIGHT

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
While like winged spirits, here and there,
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And so the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from a further room
Comes, "Now I lay me down to sleep."

And somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years
And linger with a loved one there;
And as I hear my child's amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me —
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And Mother holds my hand again.

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of Mother's face!
Yet, as the shadows round me creep,
I do not seem to be alone,
Sweet magic of that treble tone,
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Chapter V

First

Annual Catalogue

of the

TRUSTEES, TEACHERS AND PUPILS

in the

HIGH SCHOOL, WALPOLE, N. H.

August, 1832

Boston

Press of Waitt and Dow

1832

Trustees

His Excellency Samuel Dinsmoor
Hon. William C. Bradley
Rev. Sylvester Sage
Rev. Jaazeniah Crosby
Rev. Thomas R. Sullivan
Thomas Bellows, Esq.
Jacob N. Knapp, Esq.
Horace Hall, Esq.

Executive Committee

Ebenezer Morse, M.D.
Abel Bellows, Esq.
Jacob N. Knapp, Esq.
Col. Josiah Bellows
Col. Leonard Bisco
Frederick Vose, Esq.

Instructors

Charles H. Allen, A.B., *Principal*
Joseph Packard, A.B., } *Assistants*
Mrs. Maria Burrill, }

YOUNG GENTLEMEN'S SEMINARY

English Department

* * *

Allbe, Albert Merriam	Westminster, Vt.

* * *

Willard, Henry	Westminster, Vt.
Willard, Justus	Westminster, Vt.
Willard, Martin	Westminster, Vt.
Willard, Joslyn	Westminster, Vt.
Willard, Edwin	Westminster, Vt.

* * *

Remarks, Vacations, Terms, Etc.

* * *

Some liberal-minded individuals, incited by a desire to secure to their children those literary privileges, which, previously, absence from the paternal roof alone could afford, erected the last summer in that place a commodious and elegant edifice. The site selected was a commanding one; not so adjacent to the public road as to be disturbed by the hum of business, nor so remote as to render the ascent toilsome and unpleasant.

* * *

The government of this Institution is mild and parental in its character. Coercion, when necessary, is imposed more by persuasion and expostulation than by corporal force. It requires the observance of strict morality, punctual attendance on Public Worship, decorum and propriety of manner. The Instructors consider themselves as the *elder brothers* of their pupils—ready to suggest and answer inquiries—to assist the development of the expanding intellect, and to temper the vivacity of youth by seasonable and prudent suggestions.[1]

[1] Now known as the Walpole Academy. This first catalogue was preserved by A. M. Allbe, aged ninety-three years, who died early in 1916. "The old Academy at Walpole, a very famous school, was erected about eighty-three years ago. The Principal, Professor Allen, was a remarkable Greek scholar. Pupils came from many States. I was there as a schoolmate of Henry A. Willard." Recollections of Albert Merriam Allbe, 1912.

CITY HOTEL

Washington, D. C.

The City Hotel which has been almost entirely rebuilt during the past summer under the personal supervision of the undersigned and having been leased by them for a term of years will be opened about the 15th of November for the reception of company. The House is pleasantly situated on Pennsylvania Avenue, Corner of Fourteenth Street, near the President's House and Executive Offices and but a short walk or ride from the Capitol. The building is four-stories high, fronting 140 feet on Pennsylvania Avenue and 175 feet on 14th Street and contains 140 rooms which are well arranged, having parlors with chambers attached, and suites of rooms for families, all well lighted and ventilated.

It has been constructed after the most improved plans, with all modern inventions introduced, and will be furnished with entire new furniture, made to order for the House. The Ladies' parlor is large and pleasant, and opens upon a fine balcony in front of the House, and is of easy access and convenient to the Ladies' Ordinary.

The undersigned having had long experience in Hotel keeping trust, by their personal attention to business and to the wants of their guests, to merit a share of public patronage.

E. D. WILLARD
H. A. WILLARD

Washington, D. C., Oct. 4, 1847

NATIONAL HOTEL, WASHINGTON

THIS HOTEL, having been entirely remodelled and thoroughly repaired in every part, and furnished throughout with the best and most modern style of furniture, will be opened for the reception of guests, under the management and superintendence of the subscriber, on Thursday — the first day of November next.

Oct. 27-1 year *E. D. WILLARD*

From the Washington D. C. News, October 27, 1849

WILLARD'S HOTEL

SINCE the close of the last business season this Hotel has undergone a thorough renovation, papering, painting, &c., and many other improvements added for the comfort and convenience of its guests. With personal attention to business and with capable assistants, I trust this Hotel will merit a share of the coming winter business.

Nov. 17—tf. *H. A. WILLARD.*

The Washington News, December 22, 1849.

EDWARD EVERETT'S TOAST

"After the cloth was removed, the health of the Messrs. Willard was proposed as the first toast, and then Mr. Edward Everett was requested to make a reply. He spoke with his accustomed ease, saying there are occasions when deeds speak louder than words, and this was one of them. Instead of Mr. Willard returning thanks to the company present, it was the company that was under obligations to him. In fact, he thought that in paying their respects to Mr. Willard, they were but doing a duty, though certainly a duty most easily performed. 'There are few duties in life,' said Mr. Everett, 'that require less nerve than to come together and eat a good dinner. There is very little self-denial in that. Indeed, self-denial is not the principle which generally carries us to a hotel, although it sometimes happens that we have to practise it while there.' Mr. Everett went on to say that under the roof which sheltered them he had passed a winter with John Quincy Adams, Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Story, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay, and Mr. Webster. These were all gone, but with them he could name another then living, but not unworthy to be associated with them, Washington Irving. 'Think of men like these gathered together at the same time around the festive board under this roof! That was, indeed, the feast of reason, not merely the flash of merriment, which set the table in a roar, but that gushing out of convivial eloquence; that cheerful interchange of friendly feeling in which the politician and the partisan are forgotten. Yes, gentlemen,' Mr. Everett went on to say, 'there were giants in those days; giants in intellect, but in character and spirit they were gentlemen, and in their familiar intercourse with each other they had all the tenderness of brethren'." — *Reminiscences, Ben Perley Poore*

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

"1861 was a very dark time in the history of our Country. No decisive victories had been won and the divided nation held its breath in fear of what the dim and uncertain future would bring forth. One day James Freeman Clarke was driving with Dr. and Mrs. Howe through the streets of Washington, and the carriage stopped to allow a regiment of troops to pass. The soldiers were singing 'John Brown's Body Lies A-Mouldering in the Grave' — Dr. Clarke turned to Mrs. Howe and said: 'I wish you could write a poem for that tune.' Mrs. Howe replied that she wished she could; she returned to Willard's Hotel that night and went to bed and to sleep. The next morning just before dawn, she suddenly awakened as though some one had laid a hand upon her shoulder, and the great Battle Hymn of the Republic came sweeping through her mind, borne there from out the mysterious unknown upon 'the wings of song.'

"Mrs. Howe lay perfectly still and the song came on like the tramp of marching feet. When the last line was finished, she arose in the darkness and took an old stub of a pen that she remembered seeing in the room and wrote off on the Willard Hotel paper this immortal hymn, bearing the date of November 1861.

"Who can read and re-read for the hundredth time without a thrill this wonderfully inspired hymn?"

Mida Frances Webb

Thine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by their dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my contemnors, so with you My Grace shall deal;
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat,
O be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
With the glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

Henry Kellogg and Helen Parker Willard, November 6, 1901

WEDDING

The marriage of Helen Wilson Parker and Henry Kellogg Willard, at noon today, was a home event surrounded by every circumstance and detail that could possibly add to the importance and interest attending the union of two families, both of which stand so high in this community. The spacious residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Southard Parker, 1738 Connecticut Avenue, was a garden of flowers, palms and foliage plants arranged in each of the lower rooms in tasteful harmony with the permanent decorations. In the drawing room white chrysanthemums adorned mantels and tables, and with the background of palms made a bower in the wide bay window, where the couple stood to be married. When the bridal party was about to enter the room, two young nieces of the bride, Ruth Parker Larner and Margaret Parker Larner, dressed in white, came forward stretching white ribbons to the window-bower to form an aisle through which the bride advanced to the waiting clergymen,—Rev. Teunis S. Hamlin, D.D., of the Church of the Covenant, who officiated, assisted by Rev. R. R. Shippen, D.D., of Brockton, Mass., a former pastor of All Souls Church, and an intimate friend of the groom's family. The bride was escorted by her father, her only attendant being her sister Lucy. The groom came in with his mother, Mrs. Henry A. Willard. The bride's dress was of Venetian lace of ivory tint, and of a filmy design. The lower part of the skirt was in rich panels that fell over soft, thickly-ruched ruffles of chiffon. The lace was relieved with the chiffon on the bodice, and the tulle veil was caught with a diamond sunburst, the gift of the groom. Her flowers, lilies-of-the-valley, were arranged in a shower bouquet. The gown of the maid-of-honor was of blue crepe-de-chine with cream lace trimmings. Her flowers were La France roses.

Mrs. Parker wore a dress of gray brocade; Miss Parker, blue and white silk, and Mrs. John B. Larner, rose crepe-de-chine. Mr. and Mrs. Parker's five sons, Messrs. W. W., Edmund S., Ezra D., B. W. and Andrew were all present. Other relatives of the bride were Mr. and Mrs. George C. Wilson, of Pittsburgh, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Mayer, Mifflin, Pa., and Mrs. Peyton Boyle, of Baltimore, a bridesmaid at Mrs. Parker's wedding, and Miss Boyle.

The groom's relatives present, beside his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Willard, were Mr. C. C. Willard, Dr. and Mrs. John C. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Willard, Mrs. Richards Bradley, of Brattleboro, Vt., Mrs. William F. Wesselhoeft, of Boston, Miss May Bradley and Mr. S. Rowe Bradley, Jr., of Nyack, N. Y., and Mr. J. Dorr Bradley, of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Howe and Miss Calma Howe, of Cambridge, Mass. Among the few personal friends who witnessed the marriage, were Mr. W. H. Reed, of this city, and Lieutenant Theodore F. Burgdorff, U. S. N. The reception from one until two-thirty o'clock was attended by several hundred guests. — *The Evening Star, Washington, November 6, 1901*

NANTUCKET HOME

On the steamer bringing Henry A. and Sarah B. Willard for their first visit to Nantucket, was the Rev. Robert Collyer, who enthused them with his praise of the lovely Island. The family boarded at the Bay View House. In 1881, when the question arose — "Where to pass the summer?" — "Straight to Nantucket," was the verdict. That year, one of the old Nantucket homes[1] was purchased and named Wesko[2]. In 1882, the meeting with Mrs. Charlotte C. Pearson became the basis of a strong and lasting friendship. She was the best of neighbors, introducing many of her Nantucket friends; among them were Judge and Mrs. Thaddeus C. Defriez, Captain and Mrs. David Baxter, Mrs. William Starbuck, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W. Perry, Mr. and Mrs. James Easton, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin C. Easton, Mrs. Katharine Starbuck, Mrs. Charles Coffin and Mrs. Harriet Dunham.

Captain Henry Coleman and Henry A. Willard had the most pleasant dealings in real estate, purchasing together property on the Cliff and Brant Point. They had great faith in the future of Nantucket and its real estate. The loyal and abiding friendship existing between Sarah Bradley Willard and Mrs. Defriez was a great joy to both. Another of her intimate friends was Mrs. Lucia B. Tyng of Peoria, Illinois, who with her three boys spent several summers at the Sherbourne House.

The Unitarian Church was a source of great comfort and interest. Pew No. 8 is still occupied by the family. Many afternoon receptions and garden parties were given to the visiting Unitarian clergy and laity. The ministers, Rev. Mr. Savage, the Rev. Mr. Roys and, at the last, the Rev. Dr. John Snyder, were most esteemed friends.

The most prominent member of the Unitarian Church was Mr. F. C. Sanford, President of the Pacific Bank. He stood at the inner central door at the top of the steps every Sunday morning, and with a genial hospitality ushered strangers to their seats. He took pride in relating that if silver dollars should be placed close enough together to entirely cover the floor of the church auditorium, the amount would not suffice to equal the wealth, at one time, of this Unitarian Society.

[1] 1752 — Judith & Eben Gardner to John Beard, 6 pounds 13 shillings.
1799 — John Beard & Seth Folger division.
1811 — John Beard to John B. Beard.
1861 — John B. Beard to Sarah Smith.
1874 — Sarah Smith to M. V. Reynolds.
1881 — M. V. Reynolds to H. A. Willard.

[2] Wesquo or Wescoe signifying "White Rock" the quartz boulder, which gave the name to the town, was situated near the Masonic Building.

The Fish Lot division laid out about 1717, was the most important laid out on the Island and soon became densely populated. It began at a point on the hill back of the Masonic building, the corner of Union and Main Streets, and was bounded east by Quanaty or Wesco bank, west by Ray's Court and Pine Street, and southerly a line from Pine to Union Streets drawn along the outer end of Fair Street.

The most distinguished guest at the old house on Orange Street was President Chester A. Arthur. One day Mr. Sanford came to Mr. Willard and said: "The President's yacht is just beyond the Bar — What is the proper thing to do?" He replied, "We will send a note of invitation to the yacht extending the hospitality of the town to the President." The President came ashore — Mr. Sanford drove him around

Nantucket Home, Orange Street

the town, stopping at Mr. Willard's home where he was entertained, Mrs. Willard herself passing the wine to the honored guest. Later some Nantucketers asked permission to sit in the Summer House, and one lady said, "I do not know which chair the President occupied but to make sure of the right one, I have sat in all of them."

Among notable guests were Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, the wife of President Harrison, 1889, General John M. Wilson, U. S. A., General John H. Ketcham, Member of Congress, N. Y., Justice Samuel F. Miller, U. S. Supreme Court, and General William B. Hazen, U. S. Weather Bureau.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

at the

LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE

of

ALL SOULS CHURCH,

Washington, D. C.

June 27, 1877

PROGRAM

1. Invocation — Rev. Clay MacCauley
2. Laying of the Corner-Stone
   By the Grand Master, assisted by the Grand Lodge, of Free and Accepted Masons of the District of Columbia
3. Address — Rev. R. R. Shippen, Secretary of the Unitarian Association
4. Music by the Band, and Collection
5. Corner-Stone Hymn
   All persons requested to join in the singing of the Hymn.
6. Benediction

Committee of Arrangements

Geo. B. Clark, W. C. Murdock, W. P. Dunwoody

Committee on Invitations

Clay MacCauley, H. A. Willard

Ushers

H. K. Willard, C. W. Murdock, W. J. Hutchinson, G. B. Clark, Jr.

All Souls Church

ALL SOULS CHURCH HONORS DECEASED MEMBERS

Memorial services were held at All Souls Church, June 27, 1897, when three tablets were unveiled and dedicated to the memory of Mrs. Susan Dorr Willard, William C. Murdock, and Reuben A. Bacon. The ceremonies were elaborate and impressive. Memorial addresses were made as the tablets were unveiled, beautiful tributes being paid to the memory of those honored.

Reverend Bradford Leavitt, pastor of the church, referred to the significance of the memorial service, saying:

We have come to perform a service of dedication and commemoration. It is no great hero of war, or great saint of the church, that we would honor with these tablets, but three out of our own body, members with us of this church who by their lives and deeds have made it seem fitting that they should be thus appropriately recognized. Two of them were members of that Board of Trustees, who had charge of the building of this church; to whose courageous efforts, energy and enterprise we owe this church, and to whom, with those still remaining with us, we owe a debt of affection and gratitude. The other, a woman, who by her kindly, gentle Christian spirit, won from her former pastor the title of a "Mother in Israel," which she truly was. It is by such unaffected Christian lives coming and living themselves out among us as she did — it is to such ones as she, that we owe more of the good of the world than to the songs of poets or the preaching of priests.

Mr. Henry K. Willard said:

In the history of All Souls Church this 27th day of June is one of the most sacred anniversaries. No more appropriate day in the whole year could be chosen on which to unveil and dedicate these memorial tablets. Twenty years ago today the corner-stone was laid, under the direction of the board of nine trustees, composed of Messrs. Henry A. Willard, Israel P. Libbey, William P. Dunwoody, George B. Clark, L. H. Pelouze, R. A. Bacon, W. F. Wallace, J. H. Baxter and W. C. Murdock. At the death of General Pelouze, a tablet was erected to his memory by the church, and it was then contemplated that the same thing should be done as others of this first board passed away. This was followed by the erection of a tablet to the memory of Commodore Isaiah Hanscom, who succeeded General Pelouze on the board, and one to Mr. George B. Clark. We are glad that the friends of two of that board have thus honored them today. Six of that first board of trustees have passed away; two are present to unite with us in this simple service.

Mr. E. B. Hay unveiled the tablet to Mr. W. C. Murdock, and said:

The custom of memorials in some manner or form is an index of civilization, extending from the savage's symbols down to the songs and literature that embalm the memory of those who are departed, so that they may be thought of long after they have been taken out of our midst. This is a simple service of a dedication of a memorial tablet in a building that knew those who are to be thus commemorated during their life-time. It is appropriate that these tablets should be put just in this place to commemorate these three who are thus honored, especially though in the instance of Mr. Murdock, in whose behalf I have been invited to say just a few words, as a token of the affection that we here as churchmen and as individuals bear him who was in our midst and by us much loved.

The General who enjoys the privilege of getting the result of victory who was not in the battle should not receive the same amount of commendation as he who was in the midst of the fight and bore the brunt of the conflict. Mr. Murdock was a member of your association in its inception, and through his energy with others, through his generosity, this beautiful edifice stands today and has stood from the beginning. When this little circle that had left the familiar place of worship in the lower part of the city

came together for the purpose of organizing a branching forth, Mr. Murdock then, by reason of his elocutionary ability, the softness of his voice, and the impressiveness of his manner, came to read the service of the church in the first company that gathered together, that led afterward to the union of all of this faith. Therefore, he was in the beginning of it, and though delayed long in making some special tribute to him, yet it is not too late to place upon the walls of this edifice a marble tablet to his memory. Therefore, I feel honored because of my personal relationship with Mr. Murdock to be a part of these exercises, and, in behalf of all the love and the affection that was centered about him in this church circle, — in behalf of all his energy and zeal and loyalty to it in the beginning of it, and in his life-time, we wish to pay to him a tribute. In behalf of his friends who have contributed toward this, and in behalf of this institution, I unveil this marble tablet to him.

His name was not written high upon any roll of heroes; it was not emblazoned in any characters in the tablets of fame, but in those hearts that came near to him his memory is written in golden and illuminated letters that will last longer than marble tablets, and in the hearts of those who loved him there will always be a shrine for those that felt this devotion to this departed member, a friend to always make homage.

PROTEST OF HENRY K. WILLARD AGAINST SALE OF PRESENT SITE OF ALL SOULS CHURCH

Washington, D. C., July 19, 1910

The American Unitarian Association, Boston.

Gentlemen:

As a member of All Souls Church, Washington, D. C., since 1877, and as only son and representative of the late Henry Augustus Willard, who was the largest individual subscriber to the building fund of All Souls Church, I, herewith, respectfully make formal and earnest protest against the proposed sale by the present Trustees of All Souls Church, of the church property at the corner of Fourteenth and L Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C.

I further respectfully request, that the mortgage given by John Purdy, Geo. E. Baker and Frederick B. Lilley, late Trustees of the First Unitarian Society of Washington, in the District of Columbia, at the request, and by the direction of the said First Unitarian Society of Washington, conveying to the American Unitarian Association of Boston, its successors and assigns, the church property at the corner of Fourteenth and L Streets, to secure an indebtedness to said Association in the sum of thirty-five thousand dollars in lawful money of the United States, loaned and advanced by said Association to said Society, to aid and assist the said Society in the purchase of the ground and the construction of a church edifice thereon for the uses and purposes of Unitarian religious worship in the City of Washington be not released by your Association, nor transferred to cover another site which the present Trustees of All Souls Church may have selected, or may select, and may have agreed to buy, or may buy elsewhere in or near said city.

The First Unitarian Church of Washington was located on the corner of Sixth and D Streets, N. W. Dissatisfied with Mr. Hinckley, the late Henry Augustus and Sarah Bradley Willard, with others, withdrew and formed the new All Souls Society. The new Society worshipped for some time in Willard Hall; my father contributed in large measure to the expenses and entertained the ministers.

The first pastor of the Society was Rev. Russell N. Bellows, son of the late Dr. Henry W. Bellows of New York City. As Dr. Bellows, Sr., could not come himself, he said, "I will send my son Russell to you," and the church was named All Souls after Dr. Bellows' church in New York. The first Unitarian Society became so hopelessly involved in debt that Mr. Hinckley resigned, and the members of the Society said to the Trustees of All Souls Church, "You may take the Church property if you will pay our debt." The remaining members united with All Souls Society.

After many months of hard fighting with Congress, my father, through the aid of Senator Allen G. Thurman, Ohio, and Thomas P. Morgan, Commissioner of the District of Columbia, secured the passage by Congress of the appropriation approximating $20,000, for the purchase of the property, corner of Sixth and D Streets, N. W., for a Police Court. There was opposition by Senator Roscoe Conkling, New York, and Messrs. W. D. Davidge and Jesse B. Wilson, the two latter owning residences in the vicinity.

Your Association would not advance one dollar of the $35,000 until it had a positive guarantee that $35,000 pledged by the Washington congregation would be absolutely forthcoming, and All Souls Church dedicated free of debt. My father inquired of Mr. Kidder, President of the American Unitarian Association, "What guarantee do you want? Will my personal Government Bonds deposited with you in escrow as a pledge that I will faithfully perform my duty, do?" Mr. Kidder replied that this would be satisfactory. It was understood between my father and Mr. Kidder that this mortgage would remain perpetually and never be released, the intention both of the mortgagor and mortgagee being, that this principal $35,000 should be held in perpetual trust as a guarantee that the present site of All Souls and the improvements thereon should be used exclusively and in perpetuity solely for the purposes of Unitarian religious worship.

The mortgage was prepared with great care, its intent being to insure against the possibility of a sale of this property by future Trustees and future members of the congregation who could not by any possibility have the same degree of interest, sentimental or otherwise, attaching to those who labored with untiring and totally unselfish effort toward founding the Society. This very contingency, to guard against the perils of which this deed of trust or mortgage was framed, has arisen. The present Trustees and, on their recommendation, a majority of the present congregation, have at a recent meeting voted to sell the property.

On September 20, 1909, in reply to a letter of Mr. James F. Hood, Secretary, All Souls Society, I wrote the following letter, outlining forcibly the reason for my parents' and my own strong opposition to the proposed sale of All Souls Church, or altering or enlarging the present edifice.

Washington, D. C.
September 20, 1909

Mr. James F. Hood,
Dear Sir:

Your letter, in regard to the suggested sale of All Souls Church and the plan for building a larger church, received. In reply, would say I am strongly opposed to the sale of All Souls Church or to altering or enlarging the present church edifice or diverting it from the use for which it was intended originally, viz., a place of religious worship for those professing or desiring the Unitarian faith.

Such a change as is suggested or proposed by your letter, seems sacrilege. I am unwilling to subscribe a dollar for such a project which, even if practical, certainly is not desired by either my parents or myself. If it had not been for my father and the substantial work he performed and the sums he and his friends raised, the church would not have been built. New people have come and few are left of the old members who were present at the laying of the corner-stone, in 1877, and the dedication of the church edifice, free from debt, in 1878. Nearly thirty-two years have passed and there is now at All Souls Church practically a new generation and almost a new houseful of worshippers. There are a few members of the families left of the original subscribers to the building Fund and a few who knew well my parents' untiring efforts in the building of the church, when my father was not only Chairman of the Building Committee, but Chairman of the Board of Trustees. The few who appreciated the work he did would join with me, in the earnest protest against the change you suggest.

If our city has grown so that this church edifice has not at present seating capacity for all those who desire to hear sermons of our liberal faith, then the time has come for another and larger church, and two Unitarian churches would not seem too many for our city of 325,000 inhabitants, which is constantly growing. If St. Louis can support, as it does, two churches, then Washington certainly could support two. But let the present edifice remain unsold, out of debt, intact and without change as to its site, a permanent home of Unitarianism in our National Capital, and a monument for years and generations to come to my father and mother, who were among the early pioneers of Unitarianism in this city. That was the day when this faith was not as popular as it is today, and when it meant a good deal, to carry the Unitarian banner in a city so largely orthodox.

Yours very truly,
H. K. Willard

My father frequently said All Souls Church could never be diverted from Unitarian religious worship. He had in mind the mortgage, referred to above, which he regarded as an absolutely ample safeguard for the protection and preservation of the property. During my three years as member of the Board of Trustees of All Souls, I succeeded in installing memorial tablets to the memory of my grandmother, Mrs. Susan Dorr Willard, William C. Murdock and Dr. R. A. Bacon, thus continuing the idea of making All Souls a memorial church, even as it is now, with its Paul Revere bell and John Quincy Adams chair, a historic church.

Yours truly,
H. K. Willard

OUR FUTURE GOVERNMENT

The interest in the discussion of the question of our future form of government remains unabated. The best minds in the city are giving the subject that earnest attention which its gravity demands, and are manifesting an anxiety for a good and stable form of government which bodes well for the continued prosperity of the District.

The following conversation was held by a representative of The National Republican, with Mr. Henry A. Willard, late vice-president of the Board of Public Works. Mr. Willard's long residence in Washington, his honorable connection with advancing enterprises, and his intimate personal and pecuniary association with the enduring interests of the seat of our National Government, render his opinions worthy of consideration.

The National Republican: "Are you in favor, Mr. Willard, of restoring any of the old forms of government for the District?"

Mr. Willard: "By no means. Under those regimes it was difficult to make improvements owing to the delay incident to such unwieldy bodies. With such administrations the future progress of our District would be greatly retarded. The experience of the past has, I think, fully shown that the old municipal governments were not adapted to the proper control of the District, nor development of its resources, nor the promotion of the best interests of its inhabitants."

"What, then, in your opinion, is the best form of a government for the District?"

"I would prefer Commissioners, a part of them appointed by the President, and the remainder elected by the people. I would have this board chosen so as to form, nearly as possible, a permanent body, elected, say for two and four years, in order that there may be a stable organization, and that the information and experience acquired should not be lost, but be carried on continuously, so as to become efficient in the progress of the Government. One of these Commissioners appointed by the President should be an engineer from the War Department."

"How would you have the District represented in Congress?"

"By a Delegate elected by the votes of the people of the District. Such a Delegate will understand the affairs of the District better, and will more earnestly represent its needs than a committee of members of Congress from distant States. Besides, a Delegate would have access to the floors of Congress, and to all its committees, and being without patronage, his time and acts could not be influenced or affected by it."

"Mr. Willard, are you in favor of unqualified suffrage in the District?"

"No, I am not. I prefer a property qualification, and for this reason: Those who own property will be more interested in improvements, and look more closely after disbursements than those who have nothing to be improved or injured — no votes to be cast except by those who represent property. This, I am aware, is an unpopular idea, but if our District is to be experimental ground, I would like to see this experiment tried. It is much easier to enlarge than to restrict suffrage. But this property qualification I would make so liberal as to include small owners of real estate: indeed, all taxpayers."

"How would you have the taxes apportioned?"

"This, too, is a delicate matter to settle, but in reply to your question, I would say that perhaps the United States ought to pay one-half. All the avenues and streets should be under the charge of the

Commissioners, and the Government, in paying its portion of taxes, should maintain its share of the expenses of streets and avenues, and, of course, it should take exclusive care of its reservations. As I have before stated, one of these Commissioners would, under my plan, be a United States Engineer, and likely to be familiar with the wants and interests of the States in this District."

"What powers would you give the Commissioners in the appointment of officers and employees?"

"For that matter, I would have all essential or leading officers designated in the organic act, and rest the power of appointment and removal with the Commissioners. Inferior officers and mere employees I would have appointed by the Commissioners. Our form of government should be a unity, and not be composed of various branches, such as health, police, and so on."

"How often do you think assessments should be made?"

"I think about once in four years, adding to the list the annual improvements. Among other reasons for such a course, I mention this one: parties leasing property for a limited period would know the exact amount of taxes to be levied for that period."

"And how would you have disbursements made?"

"In the most guarded manner, and by responsible agents, and under well defined restrictions, and with the best and most careful system of accounts."

"How would you have the school affairs of the District regulated?"

"It seems to me that there should be trustees elected by the people every two years — a certain number for two and a certain number for four years, so as to have all the time experienced members. The trustees should be selected with the utmost care, having reference solely to their qualifications for the position, so as to have our schools of the highest possible order."

"What are your ideas, Mr. Willard, of the future of this District?"

"The National Republican is aware of the fact that I have lived in Washington nearly thirty years, and that I have devoted myself closely to business, having no political aspirations, and never seeking office. But I have all along felt a deep interest in the prosperity and beauty of our city. I believe that the great man, whose name it bears, desired that in all respects it should be made one of the noblest cities of the world, and the chief among the capitals of nations. I wish to see in it superior work and the grandest and most enduring of improvements and adornments to which coming generations will point with pride. Such, to some extent, was intended to be the character of the work of the last three years. I do not believe that the money expended during that period has been wasted, and, though large sums have been expended, I am confident that by the increased value of real estate, the District has been benefited double that amount. There will be loss instead of gain by stopping improvements in their present stage. The improvements have already silenced the clamors of the few for the removal of the Capital, and have given to the people at large a feeling of security in its permanence, and a pride in its beauty." — *The National Republican, Washington, D. C., August 21, 1874.*

KNOW ALL MEN:

That we, the National Savings Bank of the District of Columbia, and George H. Plant, Wm. S. Huntington, Lewis Clephane, H. A. Willard, S. P. Brown, Wm. Stickney, B. P. Snyder, J. H. Lathrop, Z. C. Robbins, Jos. Casey, J. M. Latta, Wm. H. Philip, Alex. R. Shepherd, M. G. Emery, A. L. Sturtevant, and Andrew Wylie, are held and firmly bound unto the United States of America to the just and full sum of two hundred thousand dollars, lawful money of the United States, to which payment well and truly to be made and done we bind ourselves, our executors and administrators jointly, but not severally, by these presents.

Sealed with our seals, and dated this thirty-first day of October, anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and seventy.

The conditions of this obligation are such that if the above named and bonded corporation of the National Savings Bank of the District of Columbia, shall and does well and truly, and from time to time pay and satisfy, or cause to be paid and satisfied, to each and every depositor in such Bank, or to such person or persons as may be entitled thereto, such sum or sums as may be due and owing from such Bank to such persons respectively, within thirty days after such several deposits shall have been demanded, then this obligation to be made void, or else to be and remain in full force and virtue.

LEWIS CLEPHANE, *Secretary* H. A. WILLARD, *President*

Signed and sealed in presence of us:

W. C. Murdock
Joseph Alexander

Geo. H. Plant (Seal)
W. S. Huntington (Seal)
Lewis Clephane (Seal)
H. A. Willard (Seal)
S. P. Brown (Seal)
Wm. Stickney (Seal)
B. P. Snyder (Seal)
J. H. Lathrop (Seal)
Z. C. Robbins (Seal)
Joseph Casey (Seal)
J. M. Latta (Seal)
Wm. H. Philip (Seal)
Alex. R. Shepherd (Seal)
M. G. Emery (Seal)
A. L. Sturtevant (Seal)
Andrew Wylie (Seal)

I approve the foregoing bond and the sufficiency of the securities thereof. A. B. OLIN

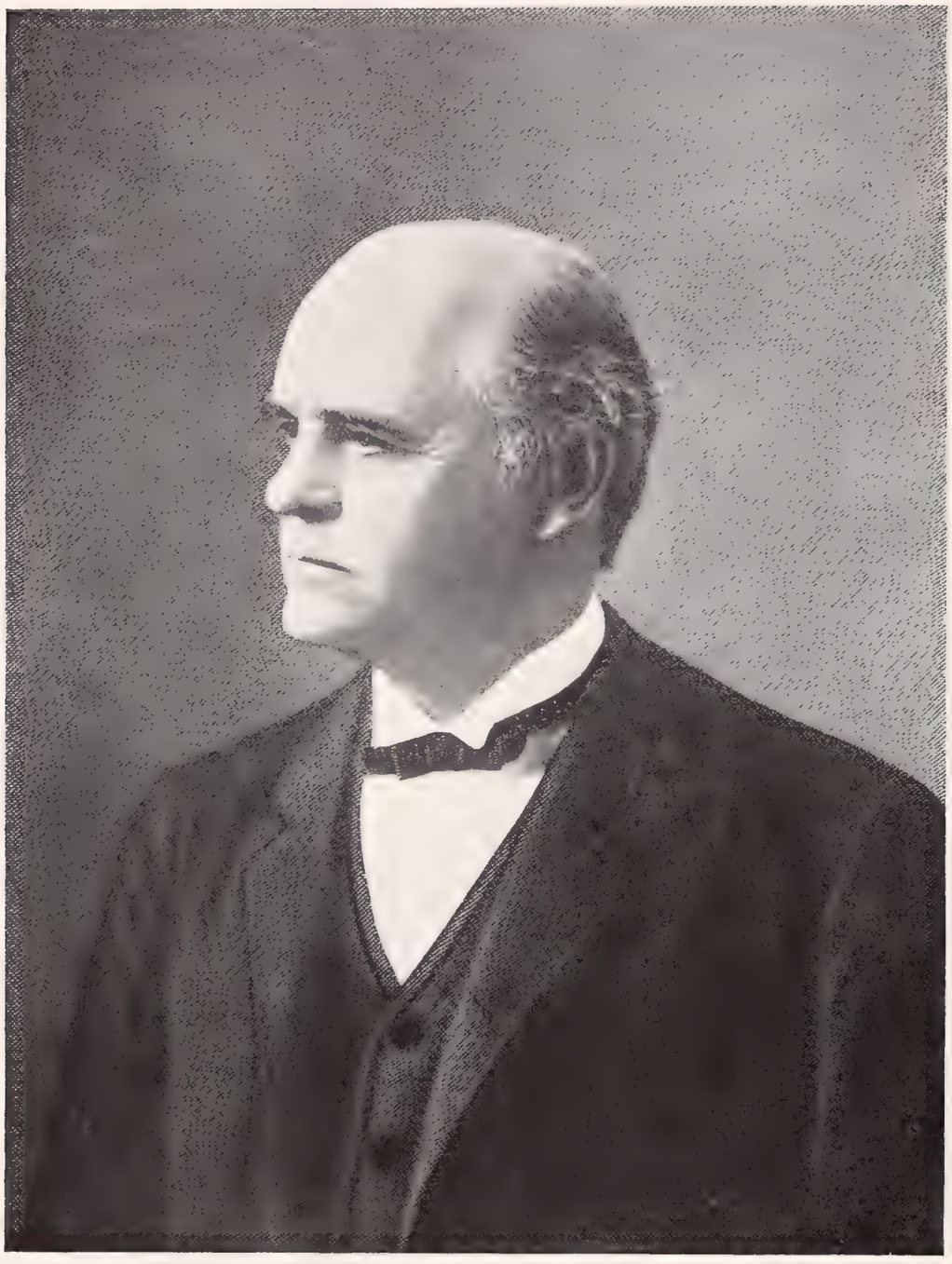
October 31, 1870 Justice Supreme Court, D. C.

District of Columbia, to wit; Clerk's office of the Supreme Court of the said District. In testimony that the foregoing two pages printed matter, entitled "An Act to incorporate the National Savings Bank of the District of Columbia," and two annexed pages of paper writing, the same being the bond of the incorporators of the said Savings Bank, are truly taken from and copied of the original filed in said Clerk's office in obedience to sec. 11 of said act.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court
October 31, 1870.

R. G. MEIGS,
Clerk

{Seal of the Supreme Court of the Dist. of Col.}



A. C. Williams

May 12. 1902

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

COLUMBIA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

THE WASHINGTON CLUB

1710 I Street, Northwest

Washington, D. C.

Tuesday, May 21, 1912

8 o'clock p.m.

The Society was called to order by the President, who said:

This evening is to be devoted to a paper describing the life of an honored member of this Society, Henry A. Willard, which will be presented by his son, Henry K. Willard. The life of Mr. Willard is part of the city, to which he came in the latter part of 1847, and throughout all that time he was one of the active and energetic promoters of all that was good for the upbuilding of the city of Washington.

Mr. Henry Kellogg Willard — Life of Henry Augustus Willard

(*Columbia Historical Records Vol. 20, pp. 241-282.*)

The President

This biographical sketch, which has been told in such a beautiful, interesting and filial manner, has touched the sympathetic chord in us all. The paper, which is accuracy itself, is also one of great historic moment. It has data connected with it which goes with the early formation, the building up of this city, and will be of inestimable value to the records of the Columbia Historial Society.

Dr. Tindall

Mr. President, and ladies and gentlemen: I was a very great admirer personally of Mr. Willard. I first became acquainted with him about 1868, when he was a member of the Board of Health of the city of Washington, and attached to the office of Mayor Bowen. He then became a member of the Board of Health by appointment of President Grant. I do not think he held any other office under the government until 1873, when Alexander R. Shepherd was appointed Governor of the District of Columbia, and continued as such until June 20, 1874, when he was legislated out of office.

From about the last of September until June 20, 1874, Mr. Willard was Vice-President of the Board of Public Works, and he administered the office entirely to the satisfaction of all concerned. I never heard any complaint about him. The three of a very celebrated trio were Mayor Bowen, the Hon. John Sherman and Mr. Willard.

K Street was very dusty, and the Mayor complained several times to me of the dust and how to avoid it; finally, he told me that he and Mr. Willard and Mr. Sherman had concluded to have the street parked. Their intention was to park it in the carriage-way. While they were discussing that, Mr. Sherman came into the office. I suggested to them to put an alternative clause in the bill to make it applicable to sides of the street, as well as to the middle. Mr. Sherman had the bill amended accordingly. Mr. Willard was one of the principal persons who had the bill passed through the Councils to have the street parked.

I always remember him as a very genial man and I also remember Mrs. Willard. I always thought that Mrs. Willard and Mrs. Bowen, the wife of Mayor Bowen, were two of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. I saw them at the time when I was quite a young man and I was more impressed by personal beauty than I am now, but my recollections are, that they were ladies of great personal beauty and exceeding grace of manner.

Allen C. Clark

Mr. President, members and guests of the Society: Henry Augustus Willard lived in the city of Washington from the year 1847 to the year 1910. For sixty-two years the life of the city and the life of

Mr. Willard ran parallel. The city lives and will live as long as these United States are an independent nation among the nations of the earth. The influence of the life of Mr. Willard will be until we know not when, as on the great waters one wave impels another on to the horizon and beyond.

This is not a memorial meeting. The Society meets in its proper province of making history of what is worth the making. Individual accomplishments that materially affect the people, and a sketch of him who accomplished it, are worth imperishable records.

I first heard of Henry A. Willard when I was a school-boy, when I, with bright "morning face" with my school books strapped and thrown across my shoulder, made the shortest distance in the longest time. I recall, as if only yesterday, that circulars had been distributed in the schools. I received one and during the recess I stretched myself upon the grass — the ease habit was even then chronic — and read the circular. It had some "Poor Richard" philosophy — "Save dimes and have dollars" — "He who saves his money, keeps his nose off the grindstone" — "Start right, keep right" — something like that.

It was an invitation of the National Savings Bank and Mr. Willard's name was on it as President. It impressed me — and on a Saturday from my most humble and remote home, I trudged across the city. I took with me my newsboy's earnings, $1.50, and entrusted it all to the keeping of Mr. Willard's company, one-half in my brother's name that he might have a sure foundation in life, and the other seventy-five cents to my credit. To this day I have the bank book. It is numbered 2025, but the seventy-five cents has long since been withdrawn. The initial date is February 3, 1872. That is forty years ago. From that time to this there have been sixty thousand additional depositors. The influence of that institution has tended to make tens of thousands saving and successful, provident and prudent. And saying that of the institution is saying the same of Mr. Willard, the founder.

The next I saw Mr. Willard I was a clerk in the tax department. It was in the regime of the Board of Public Works. In the daytime, with others in the office, I was busy taking the payments of those who came to pay. In the evenings I came to make a list of those who did not come to pay, to make it carefully — the name correct, the amount correct, the description correct — that the delinquent might not by some technicality overthrow the tax sale.

The captain of the watch at the doorway had a register. On that register nearly every evening Mr. Willard's and my name were close together, his, in a hand that resembled John Hancock's on the Declaration of Independence — mine, the Spencerian system. Our names were on the register from different causes. Mine had exact minute of coming and going that there might be a complete computation of the time, for I confidently expected to be paid for that special service. But the cities of republics, like the republics themselves, are ungrateful, and for that special service from that day to this I received neither recompense nor regard. Mr. Willard came from a luxurious home; denied himself repose that the public might not be neglected. His part was unselfish.

The National City is pitched upon the most beautiful spot of nature. Standing upon the heights of Georgetown, the panorama — the city encircled by majestic hills and the magnificent river — caused a father to exclaim, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." Natural advantages are nothing without availment; there must be thoroughfares and conveniences. The Board of Public Works decided the city should have them all at once. The vast undertaking involved variety and intricacy. Streets and avenues were to be cut or filled to a more uniform grade; carriage-ways were to be paved and foot walks and alley-ways. Sewers were to be constructed and water-mains laid and parking perfected. This involved numerous contracts, much bookkeeping and constant supervision. Why did Mr. Willard and his associates come at night? I guess it was the financiering. For such financiering as that of the Board of Public Works was never known before and likely will never be again. The manipulations of Wall Street to that of the Board aforesaid, were the primer to the sixth reader, or simple addition to algebra.

The Board issued all sorts of obligations to pay the contractor and even issued statements of account which passed current at a market rate. I heard Governor Shepherd say, that he would not acknowledge that they over-stepped the law, but they got very close to the edge. Each member of the Board had a distinctive province. Colonel Magruder was the Treasurer. He was never where a Treasurer

might be expected to be. His elusiveness had excuse. There was an abundance hereabout which equalled that of the valley in Italy "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brook in Vallombrosa." The abundance here consisted of debtors and duns.

Governor Shepherd kept the minds of the legislating moguls diverted from the main issue; that is, he gave them *divertissement* by dinners and drives, while they passed appropriation and authority for bond issues. Governor Shepherd would knock down and leave the Vice-President to pacify the injured. Mr. Willard was the Vice-President. Mr. Willard was the pacifier. I recall one instance. The Board directed an extreme cut in the grade of Seventh Street. The merchants on that important business thoroughfare called a mass meeting to proclaim against the outrage. Governor Shepherd was to meet them. He asked Mr. Willard to be there with him. Mr. Willard found himself there by himself, as far as the Board of Public Works was concerned. He was equal. In his calm way he pointed out to the property owners the benefits — the greater benefits to come — that would many times compensate them for the present discomforts. In short, the disgruntled went their ways contented.

Finally, I was acquainted with Mr. Willard in a social more than in a business way. Mr. Willard had a hobby. To recreate himself from the strains of affairs, he made an autographic collection. He conceived the idea from the signatures of the notables upon his hotel register. He gave to his hobby that same energy and enterprise and intelligence that he did to his business. It was a hobby of culture. It made him happy. It is said no man is happy without a hobby, and the comprehensiveness of Mr. Willard's must have made him very happy. Indeed it did. He told me so. His autographic galaxy is perhaps as important as any in the United States, and most likely it is the largest. There are thousands of examples. They embrace the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, the Presidents, their Cabinets, Washingtonians, the L'Enfant Memorial School, the eminent in state, in army, in navy, in education, in every way. In my mind it is an item for civic pride that the city had a citizen with this collection. I speak of this collection because I attempted to catalogue it. While at this work I was with Mr. Willard at his home and I benefited by his geniality and hospitality.

Mr. Willard did well; he did well in many ways. He arouses our admiration. He deserves our adequate tribute. I grapple for it. I have it — Mr. Willard, an American.

Wilhelmus Bryan

Mr. President, ladies and gentlemen: It is a fine tribute to a human life, that is made from the love and affection of the human heart. We have been told tonight of the fidelity of Mr. Willard to his friends, and his fidelity to friendship. It seems to me that in these remarks which we have heard from his son, we find one of the finest memorials of that life in the sincere expression of love and regard from one who knew him the best.

Mr. Willard passed a busy life, stretched over a longer span than is allotted to most, and he was a most successful man. But I doubt whether anything that he achieved will surpass what he has left in the heart and in the mind of his son. It is a noble tribute.

I was interested in following this chain of the events in Mr. Willard's life, and noticing the different phases of it. There was one phase of it that specially impressed me, and that was the faith and confidence that Mr. Willard had in the future of this city. It was manifested in the most substantial way, because when he came here sixty years ago, he invested his first earnings in this city, and he continued to invest his surplus in Washington real estate. In this generation and at this time, it may seem something of an anomaly to speak of that as anything unusual. But it has only been in the last quarter of a century, that Washington real estate has been at all desirable as an investment. I think the tendency was to appeal to men outside rather than to men who lived in the city and who knew most about it. It only emphasizes the wonderful change that has gone on in this city in the last quarter of a century, a change which has been vital and fundamental in the life of the city. It has brought the city out from a condition which we will say now was a reproach to the nation; but it was not then so regarded because the city has developed along with the national idea. The idea of this country as a nation has been a development since the war, and this city is one of the finest expressions to the flower of that sentiment.

But prior to that time the city was neglected; it was a troublesome proposition and there seemed to be no future. It was only a few minds that were able to see and believe that as the country developed the city would develop. Mr. Willard seems to have been one of those men; and I think it can be said to his credit that we can place him in the ranks of the men who early recognized that Washington, as the capital of the country, was bound to be worthy to be the nation's capital.

Judge C. S. Bundy

I feel that it would be presumptuous in me if I rose with any expectation of adding greatly to the admirable tributes that have been paid to our late fellow citizen. But to any man of average intelligence, who has lived in the city of Washington for the past forty-five years and has watched the current of public sentiment, it is not difficult to say something about the character of Mr. Willard.

It seems to me that the Willard family belong especially to a very small class of men who were able to accumulate large fortunes without incurring criticism. As I sat here tonight, I asked myself why is this so, and I think the answer is apparent and will occur almost to any of us, that the Willards deserve all they got.

Most people, or very many people, get rich by leaps and bounds, and they appropriate what actually and in equity belongs to less fortunate or less enterprising neighbors.

But the Willards did not accumulate their fortunes that way. They succeeded as hotel-keepers because they kept the best hotel in the city and charged moderate and reasonable prices. In every thing and in every enterprise they were vigilant, they were industrious, they were honorable, and while they made money they at the same time made friends.

One of the highest tributes that can be paid to Mr. Henry A. Willard is, that he, during his long life, in all the fierce competitions with men who, like himself, were ambitious, passed through life without incurring any of these resentments.

These other men who have gotten rich by over-reaching their neighbors have gone down to the grave, many of them "unwept, unhonored and unsung." But how different is it with Mr. Willard! We have listened to one of the most eloquent tributes coming from a dutiful son to his father and mother, and especially to his mother, and if Henry A. Willard in the sky above us could look down here tonight, he would have thought that he had not lived in vain. We have here, I am proud to say, evidence that he has transmitted some of his most charming qualities to the second and third generation of those who have come after him; and my hope is, that it will be perpetual and continue to the last generation of recorded time.

Louis P. Shoemaker

I cannot well refrain from saying a few words on this occasion. We have had many meetings of the Columbia Historical Society, but none so unique, none so touching, none so intensely personal and historical as this one.

Sentiment lies at the foundation of everything in life. It lies at the foundation of even love, and love controls the world. It lies at the foundation of the relationship between husband and wife, and father and son, and between man and woman. Therefore, it is eminently proper that this Society, standing for its purpose to record striking features which have occurred in the past in the District of Columbia as the home of our Government, that we should have been able on this occasion to have Mr. Willard recite so beautifully and so effectively and affectionately his feeling for his father and his mother and the history in which they took so important a part in the relationship of the District Government.

It was Gladstone, the old English Statesman, who said, "Give me a man in public life who will take honor and duty for his guide and not the mere purpose of the passing hour." I feel I am justified in saying that Mr. Willard exemplified greater qualities than were spoken of by Mr. Gladstone, by taking honor and duty for his guide not only in public life but in private life as well.

LIST OF HOUSES BUILT BY HENRY A. WILLARD

1. 1709, 1711, T Street, N. W.
   Not owned by family.

2. 14th Street, near U Street, N. W.
   Not owned by family.

3. 1337 K Street, N. W. 1868.

4. 1343 E Street, N. W.

5. 1333 K Street, N. W. 1873.
   Addition 1893.

6. 1322, 1324, 1326 L Street, N. W.
   1326 L Street, N. W., was deeded to Henry Kellogg Willard on his twenty-first birthday, October 20, 1877, by a parchment deed. Deeded to Henry Augustus Willard II on his twenty-first birthday, September 20, 1923.
   1324 L Street was deeded to William Bradley Willard on his twenty-first birthday, August 17, 1925, by a parchment deed.

7. A number of houses on south half Square 362, between Westminster Street, North, S Street, South—9th Street, East—and 10th Street, West.
   All these houses have been sold except the following:
   1806, 1808, 1810, 9th Street.
   917 S Street.
   937 S Street. Deeded to Henry Kellogg Willard.
   928 Westminster Street.
   Wedding gift to Henry Kellogg Willard, 1901.

8. The Kellogg Building, 1416 F Street, N. W. 1884.

9. The Westminster, 17th and Q Streets, N. W.
   Gift to Henry Kellogg Willard 1893.

Built after the eightieth birthday of Henry Augustus Willard.

10. The Willard Building 1902. Deeded to Sarah Bradley Willard.

11. The Occidental, 1411 Pennsylvania Avenue.

12. Kellogg Building. West Section.

13. 1320 L Street, N. W.

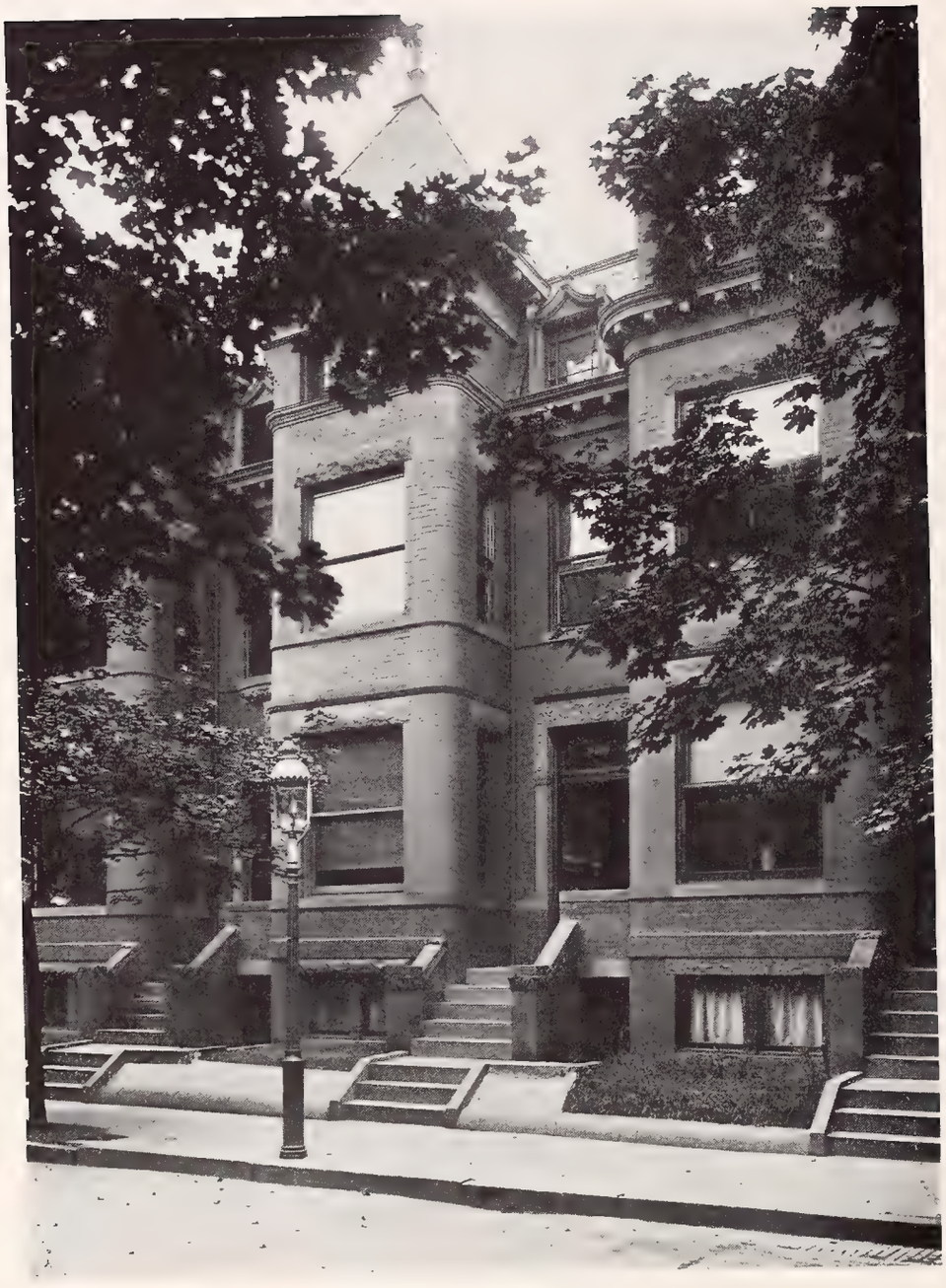
14. Row of three houses, 9th Street, between I and K Streets, N. E.
    Not owned by family.

1343 E Street, N.W.

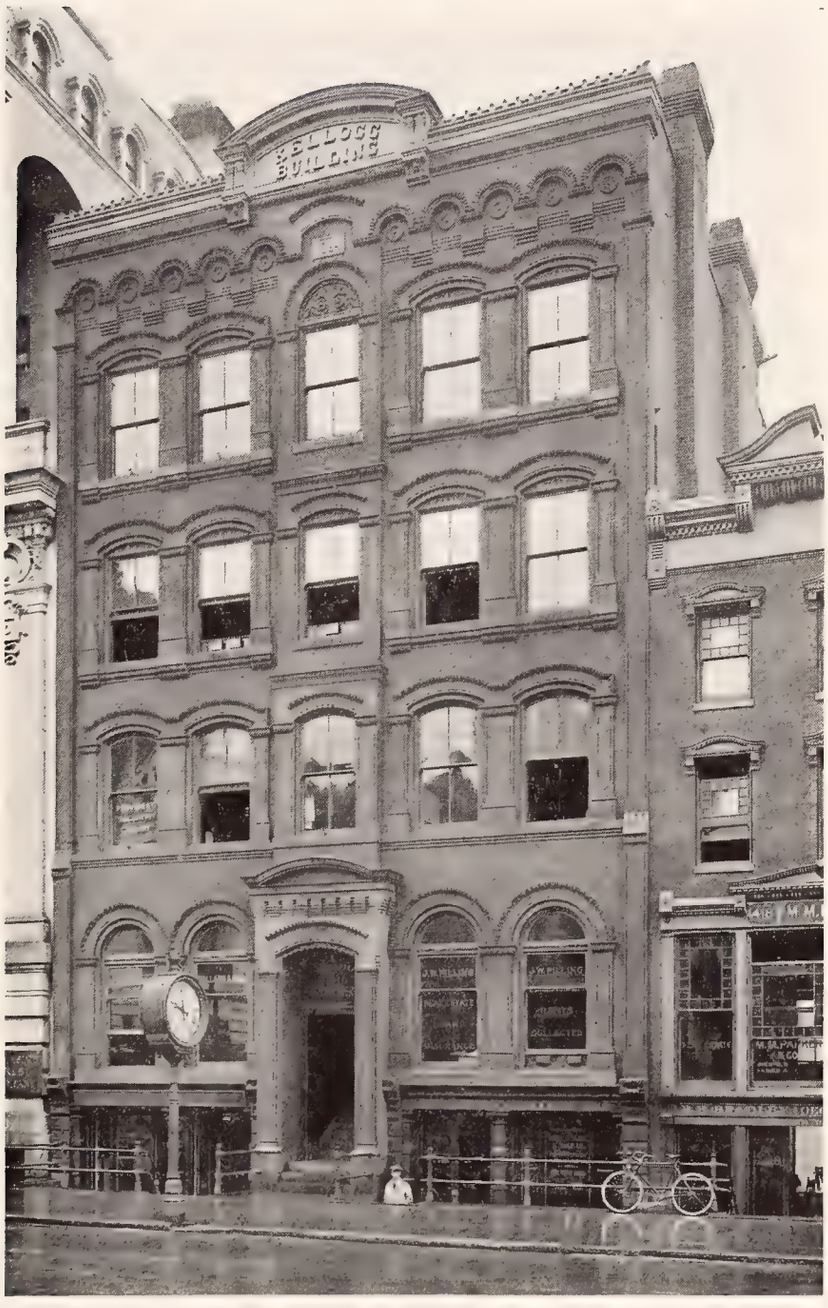
1320-26 L Street, N.W.

Row of Houses, S Street, between 9th and 10th, N.W

1806-10 9th Street, N. W.



928 Westminster Street



The Kellogg Building, 1416 F St., N.W., Washington, D. C.

The Westminster

The Willard Building, 513-515 Fourteenth St., N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

Occidental Hotel, 1411 Pennsylvania Ave., N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF HENRY A. WILLARD

I, HENRY A. WILLARD, of the City of Washington, District of Columbia, do make, publish and declare this to be my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and annulling any and all Wills and Codicils by me at any time heretofore made.

All of the property and estate, real, personal and mixed, of every character and description, wheresoever situated and whensoever acquired, of which I shall die seized and possessed, I give, bequeath and devise, absolutely and in fee simple, unto my wife, Sarah Bradley Willard.

I nominate, constitute and appoint my said wife, Sarah Bradley Willard, Executrix of this my last Will and Testament, and direct that no bond or other security be required from her, conditioned for the due and proper performance of her duties as Executrix.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand, this twenty-seventh day of May A.D. 1908, to this my last Will and Testament.

(Signed) HENRY A. WILLARD

Signed, published and declared by the above named testator, HENRY A. WILLARD, as and for his last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who at his request, in his presence and in the presence of each other; have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses, this twenty-seventh day of May A.D. 1908.

(Signed)	THOMAS R. JONES	N. Y. Ave. and 15th St., Washington, D. C.
"	WM. D. HOOVER	Washington, D. C.
"	HENRY K. WILLARD	Washington, D. C.

Sarah Bradley Willard at 43

Chapter VI

The following extracts taken from the letters written by my parents to me during my four years at Yale College, 1875-79, bear witness of the great devotion, constant interest and untiring energy in my behalf. (H. K. W.)

Freshman

S. B. W.
September 26, 1875

I feel proud too, that you have accomplished by faithful study and energy what I know you have long desired, viz., to be a member of one of the first Colleges in this Country.

I can assure you we feel very proud and happy about you, my dear Boy. It is very gratifying that you should take your stand in the first division and I am confident you are happy and well repaid for diligence and faithful study. I shall take pride in telling Mr. Young when I see him, for in some things certainly he helped you to lay the groundwork of an education.

S. B. W.
October 22, 1875

I fully understand dear Harry, that the studies will be very hard this term but do not worry — keep in mind that Papa and I will not care in the least if you are changed to another division. We are assured you will do as well as you can and with great confidence in your good sense and manliness, want you to be careful and preserve your health even if you do not rank as high in your class.

S. B. W.
January 12, 1876

This world is full of vexation and trouble and we may have our share of joy and pleasure and it is left with each individual to determine his own cause — whether he will make his life one of usefulness to himself and others which brings its own reward.

H. A. W.
February 6, 1876

If it were not going north, the first trip that I would make would be to see you because that would give both your Mother and myself more pleasure than any plan or arrangement, but as it is not practical at present, we must content ourselves thinking of you and believing that you are doing well and fitting yourself for the station in life that you may select after your College life is through.

H. A. W.
February 13, 1876

I know you are doing well in your studies, and you must try to do well in all things — "do well! do well! do well!" as the Unitarian bell said in the verses you copied and sent to us. In doing well I mean do the best you know how and where the intentions are good the results will always at least in part be satisfactory.

We miss you dear Harry every hour in the day more than I can tell and think of you as bravely going on with your studies and doing well in the course of education you have so well planned and happy I know it must make you to know how proud Papa and I feel about you.

S. B. W.
February 13, 1876

Sophomore

It is a great pleasure to think over our good visit with you dear Harry, and to know you are so well located with a good chum and a good room. I can think over just how it looks with all its arrangements and imagine you studying to advance in your education which is a gratification to Papa and me and happy we are in the thought that you will strive to do just as well as you can. As we came out of chapel and looked at the multitude of

S. B. W.
September 19, 1876

students gathered together Papa remarked, "what an advantage to a young man to have a collegiate education." . . . . Papa is already thinking about your coming composition and hopes in a day or two to send some material for reference. I see by the Encyclopaedia that Nathan Hale was an American spy executed by the British, while "vice versa" John André was a British spy, and I suppose the idea is to contrast the two, and give your views as to their characters and actions after reading up what you can relative to the two.

S. B. W.
September 20, 1876

Papa and I are so interested about your composition that we have been looking up books and references and I have concluded to jot down and send you points which I think ought to be noticed and perhaps may aid you — 1st That both were spies, one — British, the other American — touch also on their characters. I find plenty of material in regard to André's character while but little about Hale — still you can draw inference from that little; his being judged trustworthy by his superior officer and his last words, "I only regret that I have not more lives to give for my country" — these certainly testify to his brave and noble traits.

2nd—Draw comparison between the treatment of each country,—the British hung Hale like a dog on a tree and buried him beneath the gibbet denying him both a clergyman and Bible, while the Americans gave André a trial by Army officers and would have exchanged him for the infamous traitor Arnold could it have been effected. This will be an excellent head to express your views upon. Also I should want to weave in that Fort Hale in the immediate vicinity of New Haven was named for Nathan Hale. In thinking about the two it seems to me while André is spoken of as possessing many fine traits, he showed weakness in being a tool for the traitor Arnold — while Hale was noble and true to his country and willing to sacrifice himself if so he might save her by an ignominious death.

S. B. W.
October 23, 1876

The composition I immediately read aloud to Papa and we both were delighted feeling you had surely done credit to yourself and your subject. It was beautifully expressed and well thought out, so you may well feel satisfied with your labor and as for Papa and Mama they were much gratified at your success. I believe it should be the aim of all young people to take a high stand both in speaking and writing which becomes constantly easier by practice. Papa says write Harry a complimentary letter about his composition.

S. B. W.
November 12, 1876

It has been an exciting week and sober one too, for we have all felt sad over Gov. Shepherd's financial troubles which seemed to culminate on Wednesday so he took a noble manly course of calling together at his house on Thursday about 25 of his personal friends and creditors and stating to them his heavy embarrassments. Papa has been his strong, true friend through all and the one whom the Gov. has constantly appealed to for aid and counsel — great sympathy has been expressed for him and well it may be for whether friends or enemies all know how much he has done for Washington. . . . . Papa bears up bravely under this heavy loss as it must be to him and says he shall stand it manfully although it comes bad at this time.

H. A. W.
November 15, 1876

No event has given me more real pleasure than I realized in receiving your letter — had I myself become embarrassed you could not have written kinder words or expressed more sympathy. Any parent could not otherwise than be proud of such a son. I know what you are striving to become and I am as certain that if your life & health are spared you will succeed as sure as the sun rises in the morning.

I am in no immediate trouble as to financial matters, to be sure I have loaned Gov. Shepherd from time to time sums of money which I cannot well afford to lose yet it is a satisfaction to me to know that I am better off for Gov. Shepherd having *lived*. He has his faults and who has not — but with him they are faults of the head & not the heart. Gov. Shepherd intentionally wronged no one and the thousands that have been kept employed through his majestic enterprises will realize the loss that will be felt if he is allowed to be withdrawn from our business community.

The enemies of Gov. Shepherd would exult in his downfall but I believe there are but a few in this community deserving this — but on the contrary there is much sympathy and he is a man that cannot be put down and if he were he could not be kept down.

Henry Kellogg Willard at 19

Papa and I are much gratified as I know you are that you keep up to your high stand in scholarship.

S. B. W.
January 11, 1877

I am sure you must feel quite jubilant and see that your worry about second division was entirely needless. Do not worry any more my dear Boy for a faithful student as you have been is sure to do well and that makes our family trio happy all round, for nothing gladdens the "old folks' " hearts like good news from you.

The Christmas vacation was truly a joy to Papa and me and now delightful to look back upon and

S. B. W.
January 12, 1877

think how much we enjoyed with you at home. . . . . We miss you my dear Boy more than I can tell in the K street home which is dear to us all, but are bright and cheerful for we are confident in your well-doing and your letters are a great comfort.

I write a word this morning just to say do not for a moment worry about Mathematics or any

S. B. W.
April 16, 1877

lessons you may not be able to recite as well as you could wish. Keep in mind dear Harry that Papa and I will not be troubled in the least if your stand is lower for we know you study well and do the best you can and as you will realize when you get to our age that *college honors* are of *small account* — indeed the record has always been those who do but moderately well in their class make the smartest men — and I know what you desire is a good education to fit you for the realities of life — therefore do take my advice and keep on cheerfully and bravely with your work, and whatever discouragements turn up do not be disheartened, for remember to feel well in mind and body is worth more for success in life than all the mathematics in the world. You know Papa Bradley whom we all think of as a noble example had so little mathematics in his head that simple Arithmetic was a sorry puzzle to him, so do not be troubled my dear Boy but keep bright amid whatever little trials may come and in so doing you will insure the happiness of Papa and Mama and I am sure of yourself.

Mama has expressed my sentiments. Health and strength are worth all the college honors that

H. A. W.
April 16, 1877

ever existed. What you want is the knowledge to take hold of business practically and you have a hundred times more than I had — so do the best you can & you will be all right.

I am sorry indeed that your eyes still feel so badly but do keep up good courage dear Harry, scarcely

S. B. W.
May 29, 1877

more than three weeks to vacation and then you know how devoted I shall be with heart and hands doing everything I can for you. A good rest, home comforts and a long vacation I am sure will do wonders. I can hardly tell you how much Papa and I are counting on the family trio being together again. When people say "what will you do this summer?" I always reply "wait until Harry comes and see what he would like to do."

Junior

I wish I were able to give you some material for your composition on Savings Banks. The

H. A. W.
December 1, 1877

fatality that has recently attended so many Savings Banks through the country has directed the attention of the thinking people as to what should be done to make the savings of the poor safe beyond peradventure. Savings Banks are no longer a safe depository. The presidents and directors may be honest in purpose & with the best intentions for the safe investments but they are liable to mistakes. What might seem to be good and prudent investments have proved to be insufficient. Mortgages on real estate have been looked upon as the only real safe investment but the great shrinkage in this value has been the cause of many failures in the past year or two. The experience of the two or three years shows that in forced sales of real estate held as security, the parties insured have been compelled to buy it in. The question then comes up what can the savings be invested in that will be safe, and at the same time be convertible into money when required by parties depositing. My answer is Govt. bonds, but here comes a difficulty — the high premium prevents the banks investing entirely, because the depositors expect a certain interest and the low rate of interest and high premium of Govt. bonds would not allow the paying of much interest on deposits. I have

become conscious that a law should be passed by Congress something like the following, viz., prohibiting any investments of Savings Banks in any securieties but what should be designated by law. These bonds to be issued by the U. S. Gov. at a rate of interest that the Gov. could be able to pay and to be known and designated as Savings Banks bonds. Whenever a Savings Bank accumulated a certain amount then the sum be deposited in the U. S. Treasury and a bond issued. The Govt. might in this way pay off its public debt or otherwise transfer its indebtedness to Savings of the people. I believe some law can be framed that will make Savings Banks safe but they will have to be controlled by the U. S. Govt. exclusively and not individual state or local authorities.

S. B. W.
December 5, 1877

Papa last evening started the old Willard clock running and we listen with delight to the sound both in ticking and striking which sounds like the old days at Westminster when the tall time-piece in the corner kept us posted with the flight of time and then memory brings to mind good Mama Bradley winding it up every Sunday.

S. B. W.
February 3, 1878

It seems delightful to think over your short visit home and Papa is constantly saying that you were so thoughtful and a tower of strength to him which I know will be cheering to you when you are studying hard in bringing up omitted lessons. It has been a wonderful comfort to me my dear Boy to see you face to face and we shall look back on Dedication week as a glorious time full of happy memories. Next comes Junior Promenade which I trust will go off well and equal your expectations in all respects. I shall think of you on Tuesday evening as constantly trying the glide waltz which struck me as very funny if your gyrations in the back parlor were a fair sample.

H. A. W.
March 8, 1878

Mama read your essay on Chase aloud to me and if I were permitted to be a judge I think it splendid & while as you say you were not one of the fortunate of the ten selected for the Junior Exhibition you have reason to believe the composition was a good one. . . . . It is all very well to be successful — to be the salutatorian or the valedictorian of a class at College but if you have nothing else but these honors and lack the practical knowledge required to successfully make your way in the world, then I should say be contented with doing your best and get that which will aid you in every day life. I was glad to know that your chum was one of the appointees — you have been very fortunate in having such a worthy person to be your intimate friend. There is no foolishness about him.

S. B. W.
June 16, 1878

Yesterday I made Mr. Macauley a short call in his study, and asked him for suggestions about your optional for next year. He is certainly a scholarly man and I think a good deal of his advice. He said either European History or English Literature. The latter would show you the beautiful thoughts of great men while European History would prove of service as a lawyer opening your mind to a noble, manly view of things — this I could see he inclined most to as what you would need in your education fitting you for after pursuits.

Senior

S. B. W.
September 11, 1878

The old folks at home miss more than I can tell the *Senior at Yale* who left them last night, indeed it seems as if half the house had walked off. This, however, we will not dwell upon for we are doing well and shall find great comfort in thinking about you and your well-doing.

S. B. W.
October 1, 1878

I am glad you find the studies of Senior year more agreeable than previous sessions and think you will find 78 & 79 the pleasantest year of all. As for the geological excursions I am confident they are good in three ways — health, improvement and pleasure.

S. B. W.
November 22, 1878

We too, dear Harry are longing for vacation and rejoice it is only four weeks to wait. Papa is constantly thinking what a comfort it will be when you have graduated and you are with us at home to help him in all business matters and the time does not seem far off when we say only a part of a year.

But three weeks and your Mother and myself hope to be with you to see you graduate. Don't worry too much over examinations for I realize myself how much more health is than honors. What we want is your return home with an education that will aid you in making a start in the world. My health has not been good few weeks back and I have made myself sick worrying about matters beyond my control. I am looking for the time you will be home and help me in my matters and at the same time you will get an insight into business matters and will by my experience be able to shun and avoid the mistakes I have made in business.

H. A. W.
May 3, 1879

I did not write yesterday for we went to the exercises at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. . . . . I was more interested as Pres. Porter delivered the address. . . . . Just before leaving Papa shook hands with Pres. Porter and told him he had a Boy under him — a Senior at Yale, Willard by name and the President replied "Yes and a good Boy too." This was very pleasant.

S. B. W.
May 8, 1879

With regard to Commencement Speakers you know dear Harry as I have told you a multitude of times Papa and I are just as happy and proud over you as if you were on the list. I am delighted you look at it in the right light as you do. We know that you have worked faithfully and aimed for a good education which gratifies us. . . . As you say it is certainly an honor to be one of the 40 best writers in so large a class. Papa is a good deal nervous and worried about his pecuniary matters but I tell him I am sure he will feel better when he has you at home. I rejoice it is only four weeks before we go on.

S. B. W.
May 22, 1879

Do not worry about examinations — we know you will do the best you can and there is no fear but you will get through all right. Papa says write Harry there are lots of fellows get through who do not know half as much as he does and he is sure you will come out well. So you see we are both full of cheery words for our dear Son, whom we are always thinking of with hearts full of love.

S. B. W.
June 3, 1879

I can hardly express dear Harry how rejoiced we are that the time is so near for Papa and I long to have you with us and I begin to wonder how we ever spared you for more than eight years of school and college life.

S. B. W.
June 15, 1879

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF SARAH BRADLEY WILLARD

I, Sarah Bradley Willard, of the City of Washington, District of Columbia, being of sound and disposing mind, and realizing the uncertainty of life, do hereby make this my last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all Wills and Codicils by me at any time heretofore made.

Item I. I appoint the National Savings and Trust Company, a corporation organized under the laws of the District of Columbia and engaged in business therein, and my son, Henry Kellogg Willard, of the City of Washington, in said District, Executors and Trustees of this my last Will and Testament. In the event of the death of my said son during my lifetime, or upon his death should he survive me, I appoint William D. Hoover, of said City of Washington, District of Columbia, Co-Executor and Co-Trustee with said National Savings and Trust Company. I request and direct that no bond or other security be required from either of the persons above named, conditioned for the due and proper performance of their duties of Executor.

Item II. I give and bequeath all of my jewelry unto my granddaughter and namesake, Sarah Kellogg Willard.

Item III. I give and bequeath all of my household furniture and effects unto my son, Henry Kellogg Willard, for his exclusive use and benefit during his lifetime. Upon his death all of such furniture and effects shall be distributed equally among my three grandchildren, Henry Augustus Willard, Second, William Bradley Willard and Sarah Kellogg Willard, or the survivors of them. Neither my said son nor his estate shall be chargeable with any loss or damage to such furniture and effects occasioned by his use thereof.

Item IV. I give and devise house numbered 1333 K Street, Northwest, in the City of Washington, District of Columbia, together with the land upon which the same is erected and which is appurtenant thereto, unto my son, Henry Kellogg Willard, for and during the term of his natural life.

Subject thereto I give and devise said property unto my grandson, Henry Augustus Willard, Second, for and during the term of his natural life.

Subject to the above two life estates, I give and devise said property, in fee simple, unto the children of said Henry Augustus Willard, Second, living at the time of his death, absolutely and in fee simple, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

It is my wish and desire that my said son and my said grandson, Henry Augustus Willard, Second, retain this property as their exclusive residence during such portions of each year as they may reside in Washington.

Item V. I give and devise house numbered 1337 K Street, Northwest, in said City of Washington, District of Columbia, together with the land upon which the same is erected, and which is appurtenant thereto, unto my son, Henry Kellogg Willard, for and during the term of his natural life.

Subject thereto I give and devise said property unto my two grandchildren, William Bradley Willard and Sarah Kellogg Willard, for and during the terms of their respective natural lives.

Subject to said three life estates, I give and devise said property unto the surviving children of my said two grandchildren, William Bradley Willard and Sarah Kellogg Willard, in fee simple, in equal shares, as tenants in common.

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It is my wish and I desire that said house be occupied as a home by my said two grandchildren, William Bradley Willard and Sarah Kellogg Willard, during such portions of each year as my son shall deem it best for them to reside in Washington.

ITEM VI. I give and devise unto my son, Henry Kellogg Willard, during the term of his natural life, and subject thereto, unto my grandson, Henry Augustus Willard, Second, in fee simple, my house numbered 44 Orange Street, together with the land upon which the same is erected and which is appurtenant thereto, located in Nantucket, Massachusetts.

ITEM VII. I give and devise unto my son, Henry Kellogg Willard, for and during the term of his natural life, and subject thereto, unto my grandson, William Bradley Willard, for and during the term of his natural life, the office of my grandfather, the late William C. Bradley, together with the land upon which the same is erected and which is appurtenant thereto, in Westminster, Vermont, also the use of the entire contents of said office, for and during the term of the natural life of each; subject to said life estates, I give and devise said real estate and personal property, absolutely, unto the State of Vermont. Neither my said son nor my grandson shall be charged with any loss or damage occasioned by this use of the contents of said office.

ITEM VIII. All of the rest, residue and remainder of my estate, of every kind whatsoever, whensoever the same may have been acquired and wheresoever the same may be situate, I give, bequeath and devise unto said National Savings and Trust Company and my said son, Henry Kellogg Willard, or should he be then dead, or upon his death, unto said National Savings and Trust Company and said William D. Hoover, in absolute estate, as joint tenants, in trust nevertheless for the following uses and purposes, and none other, that is to say:

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To take, hold and manage the same as trust estate or fund, to collect the rents, profits and income thereof, and to pay all necessary costs, charges and expenses incurred in the proper management, control and preservation of my estate, including a reasonable compensation to themselves for their services as Trustees, and to pay at convenient intervals all of the net income unto my husband, Henry Augustus Willard, during the term of his natural life.

Upon the death of my said husband, I direct my Trustees, as soon as practicable, to set apart out of the net income from my estate a sum not exceeding Twenty-five thousand Dollars ($25,000.), which shall be used by them for the purchase or longtime rental of a home for my son, Henry Kellogg Willard, for and during the term of his natural life, and thereafter for my grandchildren, for and during the term of their respective natural lives, and thereafter for their respective children, in fee simple, share and share alike. This home shall be located either in Brattleboro, Vermont; Westminster, Vermont; or Walpole, New Hampshire, the location to be selected by my said son, Henry Kellogg Willard. In event the property is purchased, the title thereto shall be taken in such manner as to vest the same as directed by this item of my Will.

My Trustees shall also, at the same time or immediately thereafter, out of the net income from my estate, set aside the sum of Fifty thousand Dollars $(50,000.), and pay the same unto the Garfield Memorial Hospital, which shall use the same in erecting a new building in memory of my husband, Henry Augustus Willard.

The balance of the net income from my estate until the sums above mentioned have been set aside, and thereafter all of the net income from my estate, shall be paid unto my son,

Henry Kellogg Willard. during his natural life; thereafter such net income shall be paid unto my grandchildren, Henry Augustus Willard, Second, William Bradley Willard and Sarah Kellogg Willard, in equal shares, for and during the term of their respective natural lives.

Should either of my said grandsons or my granddaughter die leaving no issue surviving him or her, the share of the one or more so dying shall be paid unto the survivors in equal shares, or unto the survivor. Should, however, the one or more dying leave issue him or her surviving, such issue shall receive, in equal shares, the portion of such income to which his, her or their parent would have been entitled if living.

Twenty-one years after the death of my last surviving grandchild, I direct my said Trustees, or the Trustee then acting, to divide my estate into such a number of equal parts as will provide one part for each of the children of my grandchildren then living, and to set over, assign, transfer and convey one of such parts unto each of such children and of said grandchildren.

It is my Will that all of the improved real estate belonging to my estate and as much of the personal property as my Executors and Trustees deem practicable, shall be kept intact and not sold, and that the same shall be distributed unto my great-grandchildren in as nearly the same condition as when it came into the control of my said Trustees as is practicable and possible.

My Trustees or the Trustee then acting shall have full power and authority at the time of the final division of my estate to make such sales and conveyances of such part of my property as it may be necessary to dispose of in order to equalize the various shares of my great-grandchildren, and in consummation of any such sale or sales, shall have authority to convey the property so sold in absolute estate unto the respective purchasers thereof, who shall be

under no obligation to see to the application of the purchase money.

Item IX. It is my desire and I direct that my body be interred beside that of my husband in the same plot in the Old Cemetery in Westminster, Vermont.

In Testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand this 20th day of June, A.D., 1908 to this my last Will and Testament, typewritten on six pages for the purpose of identifying pages one to five inclusive, I have signed the margin of each.

Sarah Bradley Willard

Signed, published and declared by the within named testatrix, Sarah Bradley Willard, as and for her last Will and Testament, in the presence of us, who at her request, in her presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses this 20th day of June, A.D., 1908.

Charles E. Nyman	1515 "S" Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.
Frank W. Stone	1844 Monroe Street, Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Anna M. Dudley Childs

CHAPTER VII

BIRTHDAY LETTERS

May 14, 1905

My dear Mr. Willard:

Not to many of us is it given to attain the age of eighty-five.

As you look back upon a long life of busy and successful achievement — much of your time devoted to public interests in the development of our Capital City and full of intercourse with live men and women gathered there from all parts of the country, you must have much that is pleasant and satisfactory to remember.

I shall never forget your unmeasured and cordial hospitality during the year I spent in Washington.

That you may both continue to enjoy many years of intensely interesting human life, until called to join the Heavenly throng, is the sincere wish of

Your old and grateful friend,

RUSSELL N. BELLOWS[1]

Walpole, New Hampshire.

My dear Sir:

Permit me to join your many friends in congratulating you upon reaching your 85th Birthday. It is rare to find a man attaining this age and at the same time preserving his mental and physical powers so free from impairment.

That you may live to celebrate many more such days crowned with honors and accompanied by troops of friends, is the sincere wish of

Your devoted friend,

H. B. BROWN[2]

Grand Hotel De Laville, Florence, Italy.

Dear Mr. Willard:

Accept my best wishes for a "Happy New Year" on your eighty-fifth Birthday, from your old-time friend and "Bridesmaid."

A. M. D. CHILDS[3]

Kansas City.

[1] First minister of All Souls Church.

[2] An Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

[3] Mrs. Anna M. Dudley, widow of Albert Childs, died May 26, 1912, at her home, 14 West Armour Boulevard, Kansas City. She was seventy-nine years old. The burial was in Boston. Mrs. Childs lived in Kansas City eighteen years. She was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Colonial Dames, being a direct descendant of Governor Thomas Dudley of Massachusetts. Two sons, A. W. Childs and F. Tracy Childs, both connected with the New England Bank, survive her.

Dear Mr. Willard:

Eighty-five! Anybody would be some old at eighty-five, anybody save you. Years fourscore and more of success — success not alone that business foresight gives — success that benefits those beside. Your success is so varied and so complete it is not to be particularized on a page — you have entertained the stranger within the gates — exercised public authority wisely for present and forward time — and executed the important directorships with the same fidelity as your own.

However, when I think of you, I think of your hospitality. I think of you as on the threshold welcoming the coming. You give a bounteous feast and grace the entertainment. Your guests, the most honorable, are honored by the hospitality.

Eighty-five! And you know who beside Caleb can boast "Lo, I am this day four-score and five years old — as my strength was then, even so is my strength now for war, both to go out and to come in."

Congratulatory yours,

Allen C. Clarke

My dear Mr. Willard:

On this eighty-fifth anniversary of your birth I send you kindly greetings and best wishes for your health and happiness.

Your life has been an active and successful one; it has blessed your family and also carried good cheer and sunshine into many homes.

I hope when the warm days of summer come, to meet you and Mrs. Willard at Wesco Cottage and enjoy your pleasant smile and feel the warm pressure of your hand.

Please extend to your family the warm regards of Mrs. Defriez and myself.

Very cordially and sincerely your friend,

Thaddeus C. Defriez

Nantucket, April 15, 1907.

Dear Mr. Willard:

I was glad to hear that you belong to the honorable company of people born in 1822.

Beginning with General Grant there is a long list of twenty of which you and I need not be ashamed.

I hope this may find you as well as I am. I hope you have something of my skill in making the people do what you tried to do in earlier days.

Always faithfully yours,

Edward E. Hale

Dear Mr. Willard:

I congratulate you upon having reached the eighty-fifth anniversary of your Birthday. You have had a long, prosperous and useful life and are no doubt thankful that you have been spared for so many years. Your life covers a most important part of your country's history and you will recall many events of great interest that have occurred during your time.

I deem it a great pleasure to have known and seen much of you during the past twenty years and more of a residence in this city.

Yours truly,

John M. Harlan

Supreme Court of the United States, Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Willard:

Permit me to congratulate you upon the eighty-fifth anniversary of your Birthday now so near at hand. I sincerely pray that your life may be preserved to engage in its celebration and that God will spare your life to receive the greetings of your hosts of friends on this and many succeeding anniversaries.

There is no home in the City of Washington that I am so fond of visiting as yours, where both Mrs. Haskins and myself always receive from you and your dear wife the warmest greetings and the most generous hospitality.

Mrs. Haskins takes pleasure in joining me in good wishes and lengthened life to you and yours. I am,

Sincerely yours,

KITTREDGE HASKINS

Brattleboro, Vermont.

Dear Mr. Willard:

It gives me pleasure to offer my congratulations on your eighty-fifth Birthday.

May it prove a happy one and may all your remaining years be full of health and happiness, is the wish of one who has enjoyed your hospitality for many years and is

Your friend,

LAURA D. HORNOR

My dear Mr. Willard:

Congratulations on your eighty-fifth Birthday. I can't wish you as many happy returns for I should then exceed the limit of the longest human life, except those mentioned in the Old Testament when the length of years was shorter than now, but I do sincerely hope that every remaining year on the earth may be full of joy and happiness and bring you nearer that perfect bliss which comes to all the children of men to whom the Maker shall say "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

In every relation in life you have performed the full duty of a man whom it is a pleasure to commend and a desire to imitate.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANKLIN T. HOWE

Henry A. Willard, Esq.,

Esteemed Friend:

Permit me to extend my heartfelt congratulations on the attainment of the ripe age of four-score and five years. You are indeed blessed in having with you the devoted and loving companion of your early days as well as a noble son and a bright and promising grandson who bears your own name. While the days of your many years have been filled with usefulness to your fellowmen and the community, I know you best as the Organizer and President of the National Savings Bank, whose foundations you laid so broad and deep that after nearly forty years, it has become one of the largest and most conservative financial institutions in the city.

Nothing in my own life do I appreciate more than the confidence you repose in my good intentions after an acquaintance of nearly forty years.

Most sincerely your friend,

THOMAS R. JONES

My dear Mr. Willard:

With my own trembling hand, unsteady with eighty-five years of service, I am glad to congratulate you on your approaching the 85th Anniversary of your Birthday. It has pleased the Almighty to prolong both of our days beyond the usual limit of human life, and you can rejoice in many good deeds done to your fellow-men.

Accept my heartiest good wishes on the occasion, with a prayer that God's blessing may accompany your remaining days.

Most cordially your friend,

JOHN A. KASSON

My dear old Friend:

I want to congratulate you most heartily on passing the 85th milestone of your active and useful life, in the full possession of your mental powers, though you are physically somewhat crippled by the infirmities of age.

It has been a great privilege for me to have enjoyed your friendship through all these years — a friendship that has never been marred by the slightest discord. We have been comrades together in the strenuous fight on behalf of Alexander Shepherd's plan of Comprehensive Improvements for the District of Columbia; and your active and intelligent support of that great public work was an important factor in its achievement. You are to be congratulated on having lived long enough to see the ripened fruits of your early labors in behalf of a reclaimed Washington.

When you came, it was a city with unpaved, dirty streets, without drainage or sewerage, and with a helpless and hopeless population of thirty or forty thousand inhabitants. You have seen it grow to be the most beautiful Capital City in the world, with a population of 300,000.

I trust that your life may be extended for many years to enjoy the companionship of your troops of friends, old and young, and to view the development of the city of your devotion into a still Greater Washington.

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

CROSBY S. NOYES

Pasadena, California.

My dear Mr. Willard:

You are such a typical and enthusiastic Vermonter that I feel that I owe you a line of congratulation on your approaching Birthday. Your good Vermont blood and stock gave you sound foundation for your many years of active life and labor and you have proved worthy of your heritage. Truly the strength of the hills has been yours. Your life has been an example and inspiration.

That you may count many more milestones with your present vigor of mind and body, is the earnest wish of

Yours very sincerely,

REDFIELD PROCTOR

U. S. Senate, Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Willard:

As a dear and valued friend of my parents and myself, I send you my best greetings and hearty congratulations on your Birthday. Eighty-five years of usefulness have crowned your honored life with the highest honors that can come to man, — the knowledge of eighty-five years well spent.

It has been a great privilege to have known and esteemed you since my birth, but greater still to have enjoyed your loyal friendship and close association for so many years.

May you have many more years of life and happiness with your devoted family.

Faithfully yours,

W. H. Reed

My dear Mr. Willard:

One who has lived a useless and purposeless life deserves condemnation and not praise, but one who for eighty-five years has lived a life of great usefulness and simplicity and who, by practising the homely virtues and the golden rule, has succeeded in his business undertakings and what is still better has succeeded in thoroughly establishing himself in the respect, confidence and esteem of all, certainly is deserving of words of praise and congratulation.

Therefore, Mr. Willard, I most heartily and sincerely congratulate you and wish for you many more years of health and happiness.

Very sincerely your friend,

Chas. H. Robb

United States Court of Appeals, Washington, D. C.

My dear Mr. Willard:

Please accept my congratulations on having lived eighty-five years in this pleasant and beautiful world, with the wish that you may have as many more Birthdays as you can enjoy.

That is the wish that Alexander Shepherd made for his friends of whom you were ever one of the most loyal.

Very sincerely yours,

Mary G. Shepherd

Bleak House.

My dear Mr. Willard:

Congratulations and best wishes upon your Eighty-Fifth Birthday. Was it not a lucky day when at about the same time we each picked out a pretty girl, the sweetest anywhere to be found. Now after more than fifty years of married life we are each alike blessed by the most loving and devoted wife upon the planet. My compliments to Mrs. Willard. She has taken good care of you, or you would not have been here today.

Just thirty years ago you were Chairman of All Souls Church Trustees, and I, as Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, were hand in hand busily working together in building the new church. Had it not been for you the church would not then have been built. Against many obstacles and doubts your energy and courage put it through. Since that time the church has steadily grown and prospered, and the city has doubled in population. In the present need of a second new church, where is the man to take your place?

When I was five and a half years old, you were just double my age. Probably I should then have greeted you — "How are you, old man?" May you live to be a hundred, and may I be there to see. Then being ninety-five per cent of your age, I will say, as I do now "God bless you, my boy!"

Affectionately yours,

Rush R. Shippen

Atlanta, Georgia.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

From a friend who will soon overtake the period of Mr. Willard's present birthday and whose locomotive powers have become like his, somewhat impaired:

Spring still makes spring in the mind
When eighty years are told;
Love makes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old —
Over the winter glaciers,
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snow-drift,
The warm rosebuds below.

Library of Congress — Ainsworth R. Spofford

Dear Mr. Willard:

On this my own Birthday I send you hearty greetings for your own.

We do not know what port we left
Nor in what harbor our ships are due;
The ocean that we sail is strange as sleep,
The winds are fitful, but the stars are true.

Most sincerely yours,

Wendell P. Stafford

District Supreme Court, Washington, D. C.

HENRY WILLARD — 85

White as New England snow his head;
Like District clay, he ages,
His hue, a tender sunset red,
His years like blowing pages.
His book has had an even tone,
His story steady growing.
He does not live his end alone
His stream from springs yet flowing.

High strides the town, his earlier day
Found but a wide abysm,
But through his faith, its feeble ray
Flashed like a crystal prism.
He saw it like the celery plant
Grow in the bank its splinter,
Its blossom part to morning slant,
Its ripening not till winter.

Excitements never broke his sleep,
Nor vanity his hunger,
He lived a life a man might keep
Till age grew calmly younger.
And this I need not tell in Gath.
Although too oft a pity,
Greater is he who guards his wrath
Than he who builds a city!

Geo. Alfred Townsend

Dear Mr. Willard:

We "O'er whom the sunset hues of life are cast" are given to retrospection, we think of the past as though it were the living present. It is in this respect that we see that energy and purpose of character that has made your life a success and we desire to greet and congratulate you that upon this your eighty-fifth birthday you can be cheered by the thought that you have been loyal to your friends and to your country, — that you are not only socially prominent, but you are held in high esteem by your business associates. You have been generous and unselfish in your labors for charity, exemplary in your devotion to home and family ties. We rejoice with you that your age is crowned with the affection of a wife and son and the loving remembrance of many friends.

May the blessing of the Lord that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow be yours, is the wish of

Your friend,

Miranda Barney Tulloch

My dear Friend:

I congratulate you upon your near approach to the age of four score years and five with good promise of many years remaining.

Few men have such a retrospect as you have. You have the mental vision of the steady growth of the nation's Capital City until it has become one of the most beautiful cities upon the earth, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that you have contributed largely to its development. Yours has been a most successful business life and your home life has been ideal. It would be difficult to think of any earthly good that you have not done.

That many happy years of health and happiness are in store for you and Mrs. Willard is my sincere wish.

Truly yours,

James M. Tyler

Brattleboro, Vermont.

A Wish for that Splendid Citizen

Mr. Henry A. Willard

on his eighty-fifth birthday anniversary

with the affectionate regards of

General John M. Wilson

"Sweet as the song which the robins sing
Pure as the flow of a crystal spring;
Deep as the depths of a mother's love,
True as your faith in the God above;
With a harvest of smiles and a famine of tears
Through all the course of coming years:
So sweet, so pure, so deep, so true,
Be the joy fate holds in store for you."

My dear Mr. Willard:

More than fifty years have passed since coming from the same section of New England we became acquainted in Washington, the Capital of our Country, which we had selected for our future home. During this period the city has been rapidly adding to the "beautiful" — the "magnificent."

While our lines of personal occupation have varied, we have had a deep common interest in the growth and prosperity of Washington and jointly have served its interests on some of the Boards organized for its welfare. "The Garfield Memorial Hospital" and "The National Metropolitan Bank" in which we have long served, the city may be proud to own.

We have traveled a much longer road in life pleasantly together than falls to the lot of most men, and I should be pleased could the journey be repeated.

But we must soon go hence to our future home, and may God grant that there our lives may be as happily associated as they have been here upon earth.

Yours sincerely,

J. Ormond Wilson

Chapter VIII

WILLARD — On Wednesday, November 3, 1909, at her residence, 1333 K Street, N. W., Sarah Bradley Willard, daughter of Judge Daniel Kellogg, of Saxton's River and Brattleboro, Vermont, and granddaughter of Honorable William C. Bradley, of Westminster, Vermont, aged 78 years 2 months and 17 days.

Funeral from her late residence, Saturday, November 6th, at 2.30 p.m. Interment Sunday, November 7th, at Westminster, Vermont. — *The Evening Star, November 3, 1909.*

NOBLE WOMAN'S DEATH

Mrs. Sarah Bradley Willard, one of Washington's best known residents and wife of Henry A. Willard, died unexpectedly of heart failure early this morning at the Willard home. The news of her death was a great shock to the many friends of the family.

Last evening about 11.30 o'clock the nurse, responding to Mrs. Willard's call, found the patient alarmingly ill. She immediately summoned the members of the family and medical assistance. Mrs. Willard gradually grew weaker and passed away shortly after midnight.

Mrs. Willard was regarded as one of the most amiable and charming women, both as a youthful matron and in her later years, when she presented an ideal picture of serene old age. She was much beloved by a host of friends for her charitable works and for her lovable traits of character.

The advance of years in her case was so gradual that it caused little change in her placid, happy, everyday life, even the casual acquaintance coming under the spell of her gentle manners and kindly disposition. As a hostess she was most gracious, and at her golden wedding celebration and upon the birthday anniversaries of her husband, she presided with a grace and delight that gave pleasure to every person who passed over her threshold.

She represented a type of the old-fashioned gentlewoman whose home was her world, but whose graciousness and kindly sympathy passed far beyond its confines to every human being with whom she came in contact, and in whose affairs she had the right and willingness to help. — *The Evening Star, November 3, 1909.*

BURIAL IN VERMONT

The last rites in Washington over the remains of Mrs. Sarah Bradley Kellogg Willard, wife of Henry A. Willard, will take place at 2.30 o'clock Saturday afternoon at the Willard home. The services are to be conducted by Rev. S. R. Maxwell, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Greenfield. Mass., and formerly of Walpole, New Hampshire, where H. K. Willard's summer home is located, Rev. Dr. John Van Schaick, Jr., of the Church of Our Father, of this city, and Rev. John Snyder, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Nantucket, Massachusetts. All of the pastors have been closely associated with the deceased and her family for a number of years.

After the services in this city the remains will be removed to Vermont, Mrs. Willard's native state. Short services are to be held in Walpole, to be followed by the interment at Westminster, Vermont, the scene of Mrs. Willard's girlhood. The funeral party composed of Mrs. Willard's close friends and relatives, will be H. A. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Willard, Henry Augustus Willard II, William Bradley

Willard, Sarah Kellogg Willard, Daniel Kellogg, Rev. S. R. Maxwell, Mrs. Laura B. Hornor, Miss Alice M. Prentiss, Mrs. P. B. Hayt, Dr. L. H. Reichelderfer, H. W. Reed and the family servants.

The day of the services in this city, Saturday, will fall on the fifty-fourth anniversary of Mrs. Willard's wedding day, for the celebration of which arrangements had been made by her family.

It is probable that members of the Association of Oldest Inhabitants, of which Mr. Willard is one of the Vice-Presidents, representatives of the Board of Managers of the Garfield Hospital, and members of the Daughters of the American Revolution, with both of which Mrs. Willard was closely allied, will be present. She also belonged to the Colonial Dames of Vermont.

Of the many beautiful traits in Mrs. Willard's character, which brought about her hosts of devoted friends, was the consuming love for her family. It was her great aid to her husband in large as well as the small things in life, especially during Mr. Willard's earlier struggles, which was responsible in a large measure for the success he later attained. Never in any stage in her married life did Mrs. Willard fail to interest herself deeply in the affairs of her husband, in which they presented a beautiful picture of domestic happiness in dependence upon each other.

Mrs. Willard was especially devoted to her seven-year old grandson, Henry Augustus Willard II, the child having made his home with his grandparents practically from birth. It was Mrs. Willard's self-imposed duty to minister to the child's slightest wants, and her affection for him was signally apparent to those who were upon terms of close intimacy with the family. One of her last gifts to her little grandson was a pony, September 20th last, the seventh anniversary of her grandson's birth. It was the child's hope and ambition that his grandmother drive with him. Other grandchildren surviving her are William Bradley Willard, five years, and Sarah Kellogg Willard, three years. Mrs. Willard is also survived by one brother, Mr. Daniel Kellogg of Westminster, Vermont.

For fifty-four years Mrs. Willard has been closely affiliated with the life of Washington City and because of her charities won a host of friends from all classes. During her life here one of the most notable events was the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of her wedding at her home four years ago.

Mrs. Willard, in addition to her interest and active work in behalf of the Garfield Hospital, with her husband was one of the active workers in the building of All Souls Unitarian Church in this city. She had been a devoted member of that faith for many years, and until her death took a deep interest in all of its affairs.

The pall bearers, selected from intimate friends of the Willard family, are Mr. Justice John M. Harlan, Governor William P. Kellogg, Colonel George M. Brayton, Mr. Thomas R. Jones, Mr. W. D. Hoover, Mr. H. B. Bennett, Dr. J. C. Boyd, Dr. L. H. Reichelderfer, Mr. George W. White and Mr. H. W. Reed.— *The Eevening Star, November 4, 1909*

LAST FUNERAL RITES

After the services the remains were taken on a special Pullman from Washington, D. C., to New Haven, Connecticut, on the Federal Express, and by special train to Springfield, Massachusetts, from which city it connected with the regular train arriving at Westminster Station shortly after 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. The funeral party from Washington was joined at Brattleboro by Colonel and Mrs. Kittredge Haskins and Richards M. Bradley. The cortege proceeded to Walpole to the former residence of Mrs. Willard's great-grandfather, the Honorable Stephen R. Bradley, and the summer residence of her son, Henry Kellogg Willard. Services were held there at two o'clock, Rev. S. R. Maxwell officiating. Fitting it was that the last chapter of her life's story was in the neighborhood where she spent her childhood and girlhood.

The services concluded, the funeral procession wended its way beyond the Old Cemetery in Westminster to the receiving tomb where the remains were placed until the final disposition of the body shall be decided upon. The exterior of the tomb was beautifully arranged with a very elaborate display of floral tributes. Rev. Mr. Maxwell recited the Committal prayers. —*The Bellows Falls Times, Thursday, November 11, 1909*

BOARD OF LADY MANAGERS
OF THE
GARFIELD HOSPITAL

Washington, D. C.
November 6, 1909

In the death of Mrs. H. A. Willard, the Garfield Memorial Hospital has lost one of its most valued and generous friends. From the date of its charter — May 18, 1882 — through all the years that have followed, Mrs. Willard has been untiring in her devotion to its interests, giving time and thought to its work and responding generously to all its needs. Until two years ago she was a most regular attendant upon the meetings of the Board, and, with her gentle, kindly presence and fine judgment, was ready at all times to aid in any project having for its object the growth and success of the work of ministering to the sick and suffering.

The Board of Lady Managers of the Hospital feel her loss keenly and wish, through this committee, to express their sympathy for Mr. Willard in the loss of the loving wife and devoted friend to whom, for more than half a century, he has never looked in vain for help and comfort in his work; and also to the son, Mr. H. K. Willard, his wife and children, who are left to mourn the loss of the devoted mother and grandmother, whose memory they and we must always hold dear.

(Signed) Malvina F. Harlan
Miranda Barney Tulloch
Elizabeth M. Rutherford

MINUTES OF EQUITABLE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, NOVEMBER 9, 1909

On motion of Mr. Blair, the Secretary was directed for the Board of Trustees to send to Mr. Willard its expression of sympathy for the loss of his wife.

A resolution of sympathy to the Honorable Henry A. Willard by the Trustees of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, unanimously adopted at their meeting, November 9, 1909:

We, your associate Trustees, sympathize with you in the bereavement.

Our association with you is of that agreeable nature, and our respect for your honorable character of that degree, that whatever deeply concerns you affects us. The noblest type of womanhood was Sarah Bradley Willard. In the family relation — wife, mother and grandmother — she had all the attributes of affection. Her helpfulness and usefulness were beyond the family roof; and, in church and in charity, she contributed wise counsel and substantial support. She had culture and character. In expression, she was kindly; in nature, cheerful; in manner, queenly — dignified. In her life she wore a crown, the gems of which were all the virtues.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION, MARY WASHINGTON CHAPTER, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

My dear Mr. Willard: The Mary Washington Chapter, D. A. R., at its last meeting instructed me to write and express to you its sincere sympathy to you in your great bereavement, and its own sense of personal loss in the death of Mrs. Willard, who was one of our charter members and who took such an energetic and active part in the work of the Society, as well as of the Chapter of which she was a beloved member.

Very sincerely,

(Signed) Eleanor B. Semmes,
Corresponding Sec., Mary Washington Chapter.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

WILLARD — At Walpole, New Hampshire, on Saturday, December 4, 1909, at 11:22 p.m., Henry Augustus Willard of Washington, D. C., aged 87 years 6 months and 20 days. Funeral was held at Walpole, Wednesday, December 8, at 2 o'clock p.m.

HENRY A. WILLARD

Henry A. Willard wrought chiefly for the development of Washington's business interests at a time when the capital needed such active efforts on the part of its citizens. He came here before the war and laid the foundations of his fortune before the civil strife began. In the years following the restoration of peace Washington was, from a financial and commercial point of view, in a formative state. The process of developing a self-sustaining business community was beginning. Mr. Willard engaged in this undertaking with exceptional ability and farsightedness. He had faith in the District. He saw beyond the present limitations and realized the possibilities for growth. He employed his capital wisely, contributing to the prosperity of others, organizing institutions of value to the city, conserving the business forces. With all his many practical obligations, he participated generously in the enterprises for the moral improvement of Washington, and in the course of his long career contributed liberally to a multitude of worthy causes. The day of his direct participation in Washington's working activity had ceased, but he remained, through his extensive holdings, a factor in the stable prosperity of the capital. Henry A. Willard has now become a memory, and his name will be borne in the minds of Washingtonians as that of a man who greatly aided in the development of the substantial features of the District's prosperity. — *Editorial from The Evening Star, December 6, 1909*

Henry A. Willard, who has just passed Beyond, saw the city of Washington undergo a complete transformation — a transformation from a straggling, ill-kept, unattractive and unpromising town into one of the most magnificent capitals of the world. His life spanned the decades that produced this wonderful transformation. He was of old Washington and of new Washington, and throughout it all his was an honorable and a useful part.

Having lived more than the allotted period, and enjoyed a green old age that comes of well-spent years, his peaceful passing is not unexpectedly chronicled. None the less, however, does his death bring deep sadness and genuine regret. Business and personal friends innumerable, who, a few short months ago, greeted him on his birthday and made the occasion notable, will ever hold in tender memory this fine, sturdy gentleman, whose name is indelibly associated with the Capital City and its best interests. — *Editorial from The Washington Herald, December 6, 1909*

At a special meeting of the Board of Directors of the Garfield Memorial Hospital the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Board of Directors of the Garfield Memorial Hospital have heard with great sorrow of the death of their friend and associate, Honorable Henry Augustus Willard, and desire to record with gratitude their sense of indebtedness to him for his faithful service on the Board, from the time of its inception to the date of his death.

His large business experience made him a wise counsellor; he never spared himself in his interest for the hospital, and was unfailing in his generosity.

Resolved, That this action be spread upon the Minutes, and a copy be sent to his son, Henry Kellogg Willard, with assurance of the deep sympathy of the Board of Directors for himself and his family.

Washington, D. C., December 9, 1909.

Willard-Bradley Memoirs

By the death of Henry Augustus Willard, the National Savings and Trust Company has lost its founder, its oldest stockholder and officer and its most steadfast friend.

In the first days of the National Savings Bank, Mr. Willard made possible the foundation of that Corporation, used his best efforts to inaugurate its successful career, and by his example and influence, attracted the first deposits — now grown to such gratifying proportions. While still active in business affairs, his interest in the National Savings Bank was not only constant, but its continued development was ever the object of his solicitude. In times of financial alarm — in 1873 and 1893 — the officers of that institution had his personal support and aid, and to these the Corporation was greatly indebted, and in the growth of later days no stockholder was more gratified than he.

The severance of such connections as these, of forty years and more, is a sad reminder of the transitory nature of this life, and the Board of Directors wish thus briefly to record their sense of grateful recollection, and direct that the assurance of this sentiment, as well as of their sincere sympathy, be conveyed to Mr. Henry K. Willard.

January 17, 1910.

RESOLUTIONS PASSED BY THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT SOCIETY

January 1, 1910

At a special meeting of the Society at the residence of Mr. Theodore W. Noyes, No. 1730 New Hampshire Avenue, there being present Mr. Justice Henry B. Brown, Surgeon-General Francis M. Gunnell, U. S. N. (retired), Brigadier-General John M. Wilson, U. S. A. (retired), Mr. Charles C. Glover, Dr. Edward M. Gallaudet, Mr. R. Ross Perry, Right Reverend Alfred Harding, Dr. Charles D. Walcott, Honorable Henry B. F. Macfarland, Mr. Aldis B. Browne, Mr. Herbert Putnam and Mr. F. L. Harvey, the following resolutions, presented by the Secretary, were read and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this Society have a deep sense of the loss sustained in the death of Henry Augustus Willard, one of its members.

Resolved, That in recording this resolution the following facts concerning our late colleague be noted in the journal:

Mr. Willard died at Walpole, New Hampshire, December 4, 1909, whither he had gone a month previous accompanying the remains of his wife for interment. Mr. Willard had been in feeble health for some time. He had attained the age of eighty-seven years. In the passing of Henry A. Willard the District of Columbia lost one of its foremost citizens — one whose long and busy life united the time of the older city of Washington with the later and newer one. He was closely associated with those distinguished citizens — pioneers in the history of Washington — whose energy and impetus gave our Republic its present magnificent Capital.

During his long citizenship here Mr. Willard was connected in one or another way with every practicable movement for the advancement of the National Capital. He was an officer or director in many of the city's financial institutions. A recital of the facts of his life, interesting and instructive, have happily been recorded in the daily press at the time of his death, a recital which will remain as a lasting tribute to the memory of Mr. Willard.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the members of Mr. Willard's family.

RESOLUTION PASSED BY ASSOCIATION OF OLDEST INHABITANTS

January 10, 1910

Resolved, That the Association of the Oldest Inhabitants of the District of Columbia has learned with deep sorrow of the recent passing away of Henry A. Willard, long one of its honored Vice-Presidents.

Mr. Willard has been for nearly a half century one of the most prominent citizens of the District of Columbia. He performed every duty that fell upon him with the strictest integrity and to the fullest satisfaction of all concerned. He held many public positions in the District and served all well.

In his private life as a benefactor and in all the works and trusts that were imposed upon him — financial, commercial and religious — he made for himself a record that will forever shine out as that of one of God's noblemen.

The Trustees of The Equitable Life Insurance Company at their meeting held December 14, 1909, passed a resolution that memorial resolutions to the late Henry Augustus Willard be prepared by a committee of three. The President, the Secretary and Mr. Blair were appointed the committee. The committee reported the following resolutions which were unanimously adopted:

Memorial to the late Henry Augustus Willard by the Equitable Life Insurance Company. Mr. Willard died December 4, 1909. In the full flower of age, four-score and seven years, he died. Mr. Willard was a Trustee of the Company from April 29, 1902. He showed that fidelity to this trust that he did to every trust he assumed — the consecration of every power he possessed.

The period of the removal of the general Government to Washington is one hundred and nine years. Since Mr. Willard came it is sixty-two years. More than half of the history of the city is during his citizenship. From a crude city, it is a city of national pride; from settlements in spots, it is a populous entirety. The part of Mr. Willard in the progress is major and manifold. To the physical and to the moral health of the community he gave heed, for to his instrumentality was the creation of the Health Department due, and he was chairman of the boards, or otherwise prominent, in the promotion of church, charity and reformation. His guidance, wise and salutary, was for private thrift and public good. He organized Institutions for encouraging saving and protecting property. Of large corporations of varied utility he was president. And in the government of the city (and District) he was honored with the Vice-Presidency of the Board of Public Works.

The strangers within the gates were welcomed. Willard's and Mr. Willard's proprietorship is notable in hotel history. The vocation was congenial to his nature. He was always hospitable and an occasion was a chance for his hospitality. His delight was in the home — in the entertainment of friends, in the cultivation of the mind and the collection of literary and historical products. He was, as in physical power, strong of will — fixed in his conviction and firm in his friendship. He retained remarkable vigor all the way as he reached the zenith of silvered age.

Resolved, That the passing away of Henry Augustus Willard gives deep sorrow to his associate Trustees.

Resolved, That a copy of the preamble and resolution be transmitted to the family.

Resolved, That a copy of the preamble and resolution be published in the local newspapers.

Extract from the minutes of a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of The American Security and Trust Company held at its office in the city of Washington, December 21, 1909.

The Executive Committee of the Company announced with regret to the Board of Directors the death of Mr. Henry A. Willard, one of its oldest associates on the Board.

Mr. Willard was elected a director on December 8, 1890, and served in that capacity to the time of his death. For more than a half a century he was identified with the business activities of the National Capital.

Possessed with rare good judgment he was called to employ the same in the conduct not only of his own affairs, but upon the Executive Board of many of the important financial and charitable institutions of his adopted city. Simple in his tastes and habits, he lived to a good old age and leaves behind an honorable name.

The foregoing communication was ordered to be spread in full on the minutes of the Board and a copy sent to the family of the deceased, with an expression of the sincere sympathy of the officers and directors of the Company.

James F. Hood
Secretary

Chapter IX

"THE IMMORTAL HOPE"

By Rev. Rush R. Shippen

Jesus Christ hath brought life and immortality to light. — 2 Tim. 1:10.

"Give me," said Herder, as he lay in the parched weariness of his last illness, "give me a great thought with which to quicken myself." Whereupon the German prose poet, Jean Paul Richter, writes "Reminiscences of Life's Best Hours for the Hour of Death," a brief, dainty story of an elderly village curate, whose son, in flush of youth and health, writes down his best thoughts to cheer his aged father amid the lengthening shadows of life's evening.

Jesus brings life more abundantly, reinforcing our better nature by the inspiration of his character and by great thoughts of brotherhood and duty, of God's love and the immortal hope. The last two go together. If God is good, immortality is sure.

1. Immortality cannot be proved as a demonstration of Euclid. Such faith cannot be purchased with gold. — The artist cherishes his sense of beauty until in the landscape he sees beauty to which common eyes are blind. Our souls must cherish faith like the sense of beauty and be sensitively receptive to the great religious truths.

The history of our planet is a long chapter of continuous evolution from lower forms to higher. Nature shows many analogies where seeming death is only transition, teaching that

> "There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
> This life of mortal breath
> Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
> Whose portal we call Death."

Wheat grain, sleeping for years, needs only favoring soil, rain, and sunshine to bring forth its mysterious life germ in green blade and golden harvest. To the doubting Corinthians, Saint Paul uses this figure to show the mortal putting on immortality.

Our senses deceive us, faith beclouded by our own blindness.

At noonday, you see the blue empyrean only vacant space. Faith assures us that the skies are studded with stars, the heavens above us thronged by mighty constellations. Only when night shadows fall about us are revealed the shining splendors of the midnight sky.

Blanco White thus wrote the noble sonnet:

"Mysterious Night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the green setting flame,
Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! Or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

2. Immortality is suggested by life's inequalities and incompleteness. . . . . The immortal hope reminds us that this world is not all. Scenes transient and incomplete point to things unseen and eternal.

When and where has man ever done his best, reached his climax, exhausted his resources and possibilities? . . . . In every soul are faculties and possibilities as yet unexpressed, undeveloped, and unsuspected.

Think of the splendid galaxy of shining stars of genius, who died in their early prime. . . . . .

A hundred years before Luther, John Huss of Bohemia, small in stature and weakened by six months in a dungeon, against Pope and Emperor took stand upon invisible principle to him as solid as granite, and, while a single word of recanting yes or no would have saved his life, deliberately and heroically through flaming fire sent his body to ashes rather than be false. As I stood on the great hillside above Lake Constance reading the immortal testimony on the great boulder from the mountain, I could but feel that the heroic soul which Europe's whole array of despotism could not conquer, surely could not be burned up by a fagot. . . . . .

Jesus, so little akin to clay, whose bread and meat were not of this world, whose very life blood was spirit and truth and love, whose words and deeds so superior to mortality survive the centuries, leading civilization at its best and still ready to lead mankind to loftier heights, — how could His divine personality be extinguished by nails in hands and feet? . . . . .

As we look into the immensities of the midnight sky, with flaming suns, countless millions of miles away, the Father's house of many mansions grows very large. . . . . .

3. Immortality is intimated by the soul's supremacy over flesh, sense, and earthly conditions. . . . . .

A hand may be lost. With no power to touch organ keys, in the soul still dwells the spirit of music. The voice may fail and no eloquence be possible, yet great thoughts still stir the soul. Milton became blind. With outer world forever shut from sight, his imagination revelled in sublime poetic visions. Beethoven grew deaf and could no longer hear organ or orchestra. In dead silence his gifted genius produced grandest harmony. May not the whole physical frame be worn and cast away, while the soul survives immortal?

Did it ever occur to you how much more we can see with our eyes shut than with them open? With open eye our vision is limited to these four walls and the people present. Close the eyes, and these courts become thronged with a great cloud of witnesses, loved ones with whom we have worked and worshipped, not now lost, but only gone before.

I need but to close my eyes, and in a moment I am at Taormina, that wonderful landscape of sea and mountain, in the old monastery, now Hotel Domenico, surrounded by picturesque gray crags and green ravines, the blue Mediterranean in front, seven hundred feet below; at the left a mile away the stone and brick ruin of an old Greek and Roman theatre, where more than two thousand years ago young men and maidens amused themselves with drama and dance. In the south at our right, ten miles away, and gradually sloping up from the sea ten thousand feet high, is snow-capped Mt. Aetna. Upon a short February day in early morning twilight the sky is without a cloud, the horizon's golden glow showing the sun soon coming from the sea. Speedily we step into the garden among the lemon trees. In a few minutes the coming sun, still below the horizon, to us unseen, touches the lofty ice of Aetna, and it sparkles like a diamond or a ruby. Gradually the rosy glow descends the snowy mountain side. Soon up from the waters of the blue Mediterranean wheels the broad disc, the orb of day, and speedily night vanishes and earth's shadows all flee away. The dear companion of that morning I trust has gone to a sunrise that knows no setting. Were I to remain on this planet for a century, long enough to wear out many bodies, that glorious vision of the sunrise upon Mt. Aetna could never fade away, an absolute and eternal possession of my soul.

Not as logical argument, but as helpful suggestion to reinforce faith, we then note nature's analogies showing seeming death to be transition, this life's incompleteness, the testimony of superior souls, the soul's supremacy over flesh and sense.

Happy is the divine ordinance that, as dear friends vanish from our sight, whether scattered on earth or gone to heaven, their imperfections speedily disappear, forgotten, while their virtues rise to clearer, fuller view. We remember them at their best.

And as we go from this world to another, I cherish the hope that something of our frailty will be left behind with our mortality. In the nearer presence of Him who

beneath the outward appearance sees the heart's better purpose, He in His great generosity will take us at our best.

For best guidance in the conduct of life and for good cheer and strength in the approach of death, we shall need to cherish the Immortal Hope.

LARKIN G. MEAD

A Green Mountain Genius

The town of Brattleboro, wrapped in its mantle of snow, looked very lovely that crisp, cold winter night. There was no opera, no theatres, no racketing or frolicking of any sort going on. The snow and the stars had it all their own way. I said it was "quiet," and yet from the windows of one pretty little white house, lights were gleaming, and now a young man, warmly muffled to the ears, crosses the threshold, and is joined by two or three young companions, who commence gathering the snow in heaps in front of the house, while he shapes it with his benumbed fingers into the form of a pedestal, occasionally stepping back and looking at it, or slapping his hands together to produce circulation.

Now upon the pedestal he commences modeling a figure, while his companions continue patiently to supply him with fresh heaps of pure white snow, one holding a lantern while he proceeds with his work. Noiselessly and industriously they toil, no policemen disturbing them with curious inquiries or a threatened "station house." Occasionally they enter the house, where warm flannels and warm beverages, and a good fire, and "mother's" encouraging smile, await them, to inspire the party with new energy.

It is near daylight and still our snow sculptor toils on, hour after hour, till, fair and lovely, stands before him, on this night of the New Year, the form of a Recording Angel, writing upon a scroll. Now the party, taking one long look, quietly retires, leaving the figure conspicuously standing at the meeting of two roads.

The stars gradually fade out, and Brattleboro begins to stir. First comes the earliest riser of all, poor "crazy Jim," who never seems to weary of wandering to and fro on the earth, and up and down on it. Dim in his confused brain, he tangled memories of childhood's "angels." He stands and gazes, awe-stricken and wondering, while his busy, chattering tongue is for the time quite still. Now a farmer from the mountain glides over the snow with his fleet horse and sleigh, with tinkling bells, and reins up, and shares crazy Jim's amazement.

As the morning wears on, the news flies that there is "an angel" among them. School boys and girls forget that it is "past nine," and stand spellbound by the side of their parents, whose wonder at the marvellous beauty of the figure is only equalled by their curiosity as to the fingers that so cunningly shaped it.

Had Brattleboro, with its other natural marvels, furnished also a genius? Was Vermont, rich in so many other treasures, to "keep" a sculptor? Artists were not wont to swarm in Brattleboro in mid-winter, how long soever might be the list of "arrivals" during the balmy days of summer. There was no name of distinction now on the hotel books. Who could it be? And what a pity such a beautiful thing should perish and fade away with the first warm rays of the sun.

Among the crowd who gathered to wonder and admire came an editor. This editor was intelligent, and, what is more, sympathetic and appreciative. He wrote a glowing account of the "snow angel." The paper containing it met the eye of rich old Nicholas Longworth, of Cincinnati. He immediately sent an order to the young sculptor, who was then modestly enjoying his first triumph from the windows of his father's little white house, to perpetuate it for him in marble, not forgetting to send with the order a generous check in advance.

Enlarged View of the Recording Angel

This was substantial praise. *This* looked like beginning the world right. For once, Fortune, too often churlish to genius, seemed about to take it at once into her ample lap.

But our sculptor did not presume on this. He finished his beautiful statue to the satisfaction of his patron, and with the proceeds went to Italy, where he could more easily command the requisites of the profession to which Nature had ordained him. One lovely creation after another has succeeded the snow angel, and are now cherished household treasures in his native land and State.

I am not a Vermonter, unless strong love for its grand mountains and intelligent people can make me one; still, though suffering under the disgrace of not having been born in that glorious old State, I feel just as proud of that young Green Mountain sculptor and his beautiful works, as if its lovely valleys had cradled me.

So, lest other States begin to wrangle by and by as to honor of producing him, I wish to place it on record that Larkin G. Mead was born and reared in *Brattleboro, Vermont*, and nowhere else. — *Fanny Fern*

Larkin Goldsmith Mead, aged seventy-five, died in Florence, Italy, October, 1910.

THE SNOW ANGEL

The sleigh bells danced that winter night;
Old Brattleboro rang with glee;
The windows overflowed with light;
Joy ruled each heart and Christmas-tide.
But to one the bells and mirth were naught —
His soul with deeper joy was fraught.
He waited until the guests were gone.
He waited to dream his dream alone;
And the night wore on.

Alone he stands in the silent night, —
He piles the snow in the village square;
With spade for chisel, a statue white
From the crystal quarry rises fair.
No light save the stars to guide his hand,
But the image obeys his soul's command.
The sky is draped with fleecy lawn,
The stars grow pale in the early dawn,
But the lad toils on.

And lo! in the morn the people came
To gaze at the wondrous vision there;
And they called it "The Angel," divining its name,
For it came in silence and unaware.
It seemed no mortal hand had wrought
The uplifted face of prayerful thought;
But its features wasted beneath the sun, —
Its life went out ere the day was done, —
And the lad dreamed on.

And his dream was this: In the years to be
I will carve the Angel in lasting stone;
In another land beyond the sea
I will toil in darkness, will dream alone,
While others sleep I will find a way
Up through the night to the light of day.
There's nothing desired beneath star or sun,
Which patient genius has not won.
And the lad toiled on.

The years go by. He has wrought with might, —
He has gained renown in the land of art;
But the thought inspired that Christmas night
Still kept its place in the sculptor's heart.
And the dream of the boy, that melted away
In the light of the sun that winter day,
Is embodied at last in enduring stone, —
Snow Angel in marble — his purpose won;
And the man toils on. [1]

[1] The above poem is the third in a book of Poems by Walter Bruce, author of "Land of Burns," entitled "In Clover and Heather." This book was published by William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London, 1890.

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